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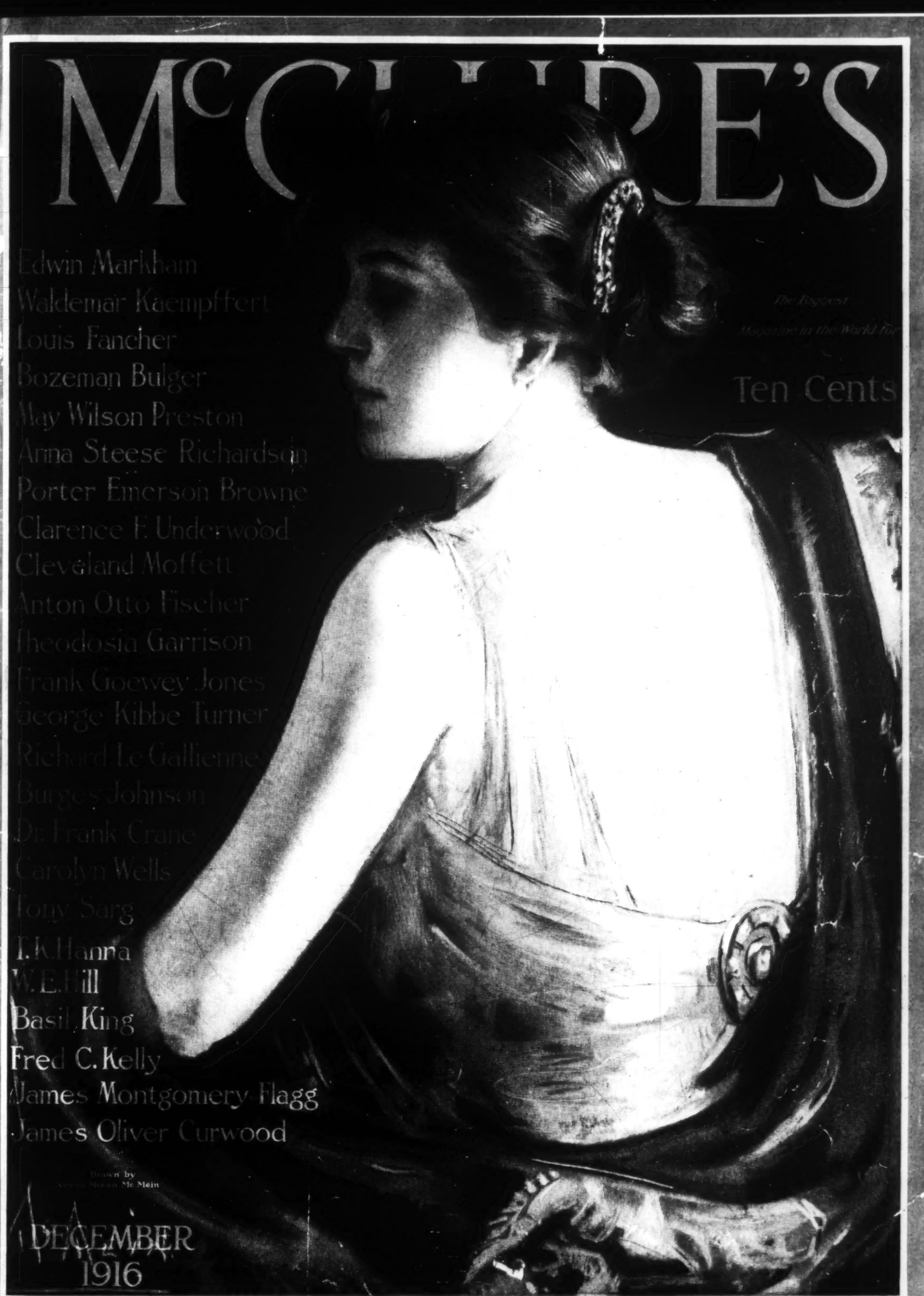

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DECEMBER
1916

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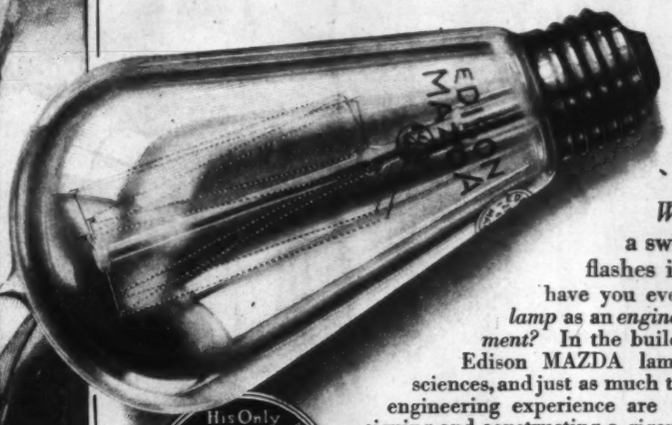

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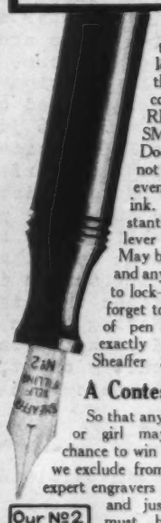

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A Personal Statement

From the President of the Encyclopaedia Britannica

I wish the public to know fully of the approaching exhaustion of the India paper issue of The Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Before I hit upon the idea of using India paper in printing the Britannica, all encyclopaedia volumes were heavy, bulky and very awkward to consult -- volumes for the public library rather than for the home. But The Encyclopaedia Britannica on the thin, light, opaque India paper worked a revolution in publishing, and found a wider public than had ever used an encyclopaedia before.

150,000 sets of the Britannica, or 4,350,000 volumes, have already been sold, of which 97.3 per cent. were printed on India paper.

To keep pace with this unprecedented sale every paper mill in the world that could make India paper worked day and night. WE HAVE USED 4,200 TONS, or 8,400,000 lbs. of it, whereas formerly only a few hundred tons were made in a year.

I was encouraged by the wonderful success of the Britannica to print The Century Dictionary, the only really adequate dictionary of the English language, on the same beautiful paper. I arranged for this -- and then our binder invented a new kind and style of binding which made it possible to issue The Century Dictionary with over 8,000 pages, formerly published in 10 volumes, in a single volume. A revolving rack which can be placed on any desk or table goes with each copy.

The principal raw material of India paper is a certain kind of flax grown in Germany, Belgium and Great Britain. THE WAR HAS RUINED THE FLAX INDUSTRY in those countries, not only for the present but for years to come. It has therefore eliminated India paper from the market and made impossible the reprinting of the Britannica and the Century except on old-fashioned book paper.

This means that anyone who desires to buy either of these works in their present ideal and perfect form must do so soon.

The exact stocks on hand are as follows:

(1) Of the Cambridge Issue, with large pages and large type, more than 75,000 sets have been sold, and there are only 1,700 sets remaining. Of course these will all be gone within a very short time.

(2) Of the Handy Volume Britannica, which is sold at 60% less than the Cambridge Issue, 70,000 sets were sold by Sears, Roebuck and Co. of Chicago, who have exclusive sale of this issue, in the six months from January 1st to July 1st, and there are less than half that number still unsold.

(3) There are less than 9,000 copies remaining of The Century Dictionary in its new one-volume form, but it is very doubtful if any of these will remain unsold by Christmas.

The question now arises, at what price shall these remaining sets of the Britannica and the Century, printed on India paper -- THE LAST THAT CAN EVER BE OFFERED -- be sold.

I would be justified in asking a much higher price, not only because the India paper sets are so nearly exhausted, but because it is impossible to replace them. But I have decided that as The Encyclopaedia Britannica is a great educational institution, every remaining set shall be sold at the same low price that I placed on it when I supposed that I could buy all the India paper I wanted and could print as many sets of The Encyclopaedia Britannica and The Century Dictionary as the public would buy.

I am an enthusiast on the subject of India paper for large books of reference. The Encyclopaedia Britannica is at least five times as handy as the same books printed on heavy paper, and this means that they will be used five times as frequently and therefore do five times as much good.

Having taken so much interest in perfecting this idea, I am of course very much disappointed that I cannot print, as I had expected to do, an unlimited number of copies of the Britannica and the Century on it, and in order that the public may not also be disappointed by applying TOO LATE for the sets that are left, I now give them FAIR WARNING to send in their orders without delay.

September 15, 1916. President.

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McClure's December Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (Page 41)
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods (Page 5)
Mellin's Food (Page 5)

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder (Page 2)

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum (Page 41)

Candies and Confections

Dean's Cough Drops (Page 83)
Luden's Cough Drops (Page 71)
Lowney's Chocolates (Page 56)
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops (Page 60)
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates (Page 51)

Cereals

Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co.
Shredded Wheat (Page 38)

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits

Atwood Grapefruit Company (Page 78)

Miscellaneous Food Products

Beech-nut Packing Company
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hill Bros (Page 76)
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co. (Page 67)
Swift & Co.

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 33)

Tonics

Malt-Nutrine
Pabst Extract Co. (Page 60)
Sanatogen
Vinol

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap
Florence Mfg. Co.
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Ivory Soap (Page 6)
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 58
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company (Page 5)
"Nujol" (Page 52)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Pompeian Olive Oil

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

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Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

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Volume XLVIII
Number 2

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1916

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

Someone and Somebody

The Gay New Serial

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by C. F. Underwood

Somebody

Chapter I — Concerning Someone and Somebody

SOMEWHERE in the world there is Someone. Somewhere in the world there is Somebody. If Someone meet Somebody, that is well; making for life, for love and for happiness, and for other little Someones and Somebodys, strong, straight, joyous. . . . If Someone does not meet Somebody, but instead meets Somebody Else, that is bad; making for misery, for hate and for unhappiness, and for little Someone Elses and Somebody Elses cankered at birth. . . . It also accounts for husbands and wives living respectively at Nice and Palm Beach; and for other husbands and wives telling unpleasant truths about each other in the Night Court.

But inasmuch as we have to do but with Someone and Somebody, all others we cursorily wave aside. They must take their turn.

By which more or less graceful flights of rhetoric, and pachydermous promulgation of a philosophy that is good because it was always thus, even when discussed by Adam and Eve — who, being the original and only Someone and Somebody, never found need to worry about making a mistake — we arrive at our story.

Someone

Walsingham VanDorn got the news at breakfast. It was transmitted to him through the medium of the morning press. And the morning press had devoted more space to the two men that had been killed in America than to the two million that were in process of being killed in Europe. Gently resting his elbow in a segment of prune pie, the while trying to cut a glass of buttermilk with his fork, Walsingham VanDorn's startled eyes scanned the headlines before him.

Prominent Financiers Dead
B. A. and R. A. Bass Killed in Motor Accident

While his cosmos whirled and his brain refused to credit the message of his eyes, came from somewhere a voice.

"Want anything else?" it asked.

Walsingham VanDorn nodded his head.

"No," he said. Then, dimly realizing — "Yes," he said; and shook his head.

Came the strange voice, now tinged of sarcasm:

"If you only want that prune pie to sleep on, would you mind taking it out in the alley? You ain't the only guy in this burg that eats, y'u know."

Walsingham VanDorn looked up. Before him stood a girl svelte and much becoiffed. He thrust the paper before her surprised eyes. "Look!" he said.

She nodded.

"I seen it already. Turrible, ain't it!"

He nodded. "It is," he murmured. "Simply immense!"

He saw that she looked surprised.

"I mean," he said, "of course."

The girl appeared appeased.

"Didjer know 'em?" asked the girl. She had no idea, of course, that he did. Can you imagine anyone who knew a multimillionaire eating prune pie and drinking buttermilk in a restaurant where a dollar would procure an amount of food that would necessitate a wheelbarrow to carry away?

"They were my uncles," returned Walsingham VanDorn.

The girl started.

"What?" she cried. Then, before he could reply: "Aw, lay off that stuff, kid. I may be workin' in Blodgett's Landing, but that ain't no sign I'm liable to get run over by the horse-cars."

Walsingham VanDorn insisted.

"Fact," he said. "My uncles. Both of 'em. Two uncles. Two. Count 'em!"

Then, realizing again his unhappiness of thought-conveyance, he paid his check, fell over a stool, apologized to the prune pie, and wandered forth into the light of day, and, leaning against a slothful horse that opened one eye, looked at him, dismissed him as harmless and went to sleep again, he let his eye run down the column of the morning press.

There was no mistake. Both his uncles were dead. Their chauffeur had tried to contend with natural philosophy in its law that two bodies may not at the same time occupy the same spot, or whatever it is, with the result that a Long Island express, tearing along at

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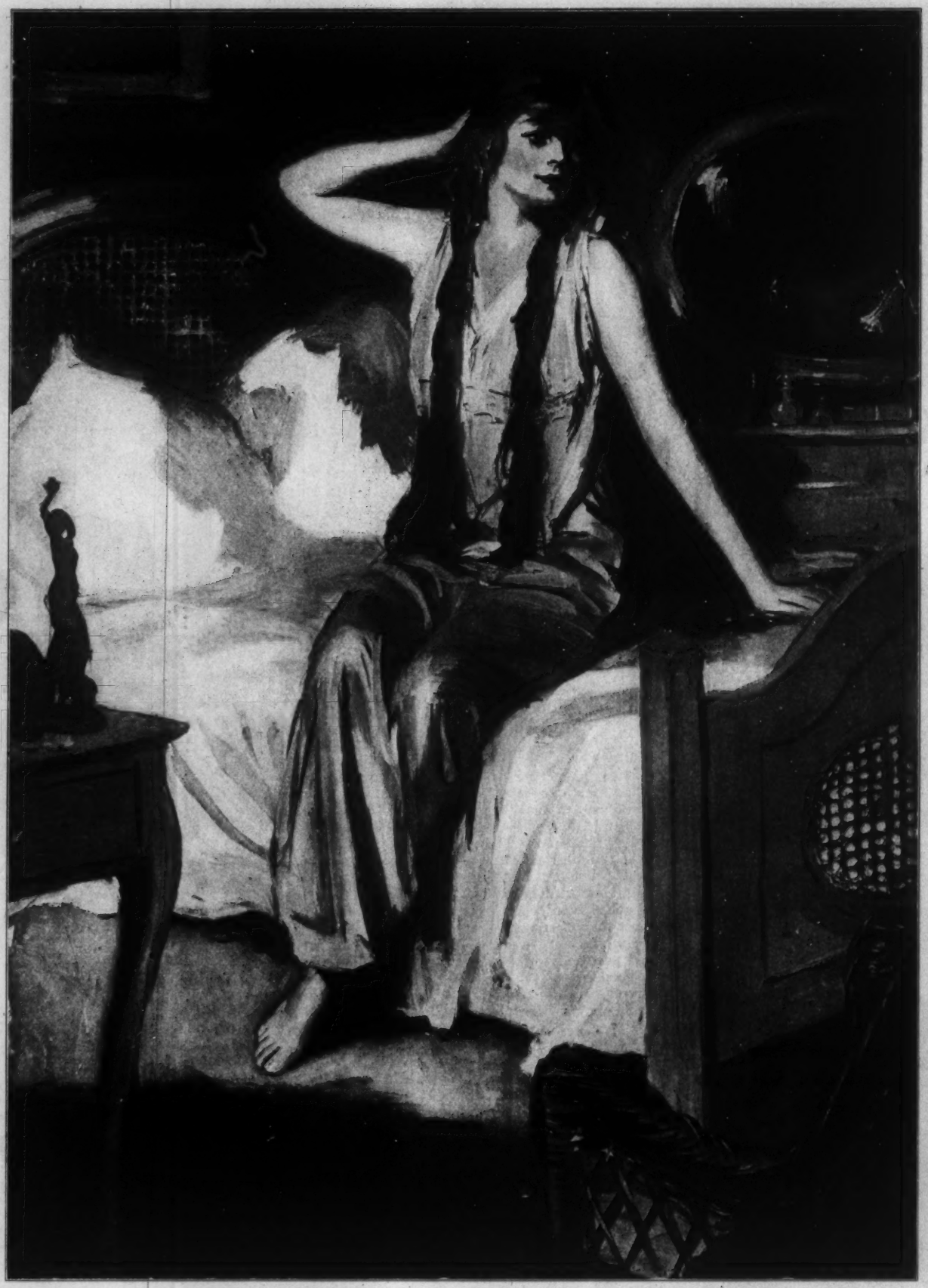

The shimmering silk and cobweb lace of her absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful robe de nuit fell back upon rounded shoulders

eighteen miles an hour, had arrived at a grade crossing simultaneously with the advent of his uncles' car. And, as usual, it had not been the train that suffered.

Yes, it was indeed a fact. Both his uncles were dead. And forty orphaned millions of dollars had been thrown upon the world. And inasmuch as both these uncles had always been too stingy to marry — when poor they said they couldn't afford a wife; and when rich, they were afraid they'd be married for their money — as indeed would have been highly probable, as it is strikingly hard to fascinate a woman of parts with a man who wears red flannel underwear and sends the office boy out for an apple for lunch — Walsingham VanDorn read eagerly down the column; for he knew that he was next of kin. And since his uncles had never given anybody anything while they were alive, it was reasonable to suppose that they hadn't arranged to do so when dead.

It would be hypocritical to convey upon Walsingham VanDorn's part any impression of sorrow. He was not sorry that they were dead. He was only sorry that his mother, who had been their sister, and whom they had sat calmly by and watched starve and work and work and starve until death came as a welcome relief, hadn't lived long enough to get from the estate enough money for a silk dress and a square meal, which had been that gentle soul's idea of unutterable affluence.

No, Walsingham VanDorn was not sorry that his uncles were dead. Nor, for that matter, was anybody else except the uncles themselves. To them, the idea that a Long Island express had bumped them into a hereafter in which their money was gone from them forever, must have been about as pleasant as being burned at the stake. It was a thing that no amount of golden clouds, white robes and wings could atone for; presupposing a criminal carelessness on the part of Saint Peter to begin with.

No, there was no regret over the sudden demise of Walsingham VanDorn's uncles. Quite the contrary, many a Tired Business Man, who was tired because he made himself that way, heaved a deep and soul-felt sigh of relief. Widows and orphans emerged from their places of hiding with a fine sense of lasting security. The only words of regret over the affair came from the clergyman who officiated at the funeral; and he had to sit up all night, and even then perjured himself, to do it.

For as B. A. & R. A. Bass they had come upon the Street. The Street, as the Street does, quickly saw, and took its opportunity. They came at once to be Barabbas. And, true to their name, for thirty years they had robbed, and robbed, and robbed, rich and poor alike. And at length God, in His justice, had taken them.

Walsingham VanDorn's memories of them were brief, but poignant. The first and only time he had ever seen them had been at his mother's funeral. They were strangely alike; thin, sharp-nosed, squint-eyed, and they wore whiskers. Walsingham VanDorn ever after hated a man with whiskers. They had sniveled a good deal about their dear sister's death — a sister that one-eighth of one per cent. of what they had made would have kept alive; they had put the whole seven mourners into one hack to save expense; and they had ended by beating the undertaker down from twenty-eight dollars to twenty-six fifty. Then they had said good-by to Walsingham, then *ætat* eight, telling him to be a good boy and follow the Golden Rule, and not to drink or smoke, and some day he would grow up to be a prosperous business man, or might even be president. Who knows?

Walsingham VanDorn, in adolescent clarity of vision, had asked the driver of the hearse a simple question. It was, "Why are uncles?" The driver of the hearse gave it up. But to atone for his ignorance, and because he was a father himself, he let Walsingham drive the hearse home.

In the years that followed, Walsingham VanDorn might have had no uncles at all for all the good or harm it did him. The Baxters had given him a home; they gave him a room over the woodshed in consideration of the filling thereof, and his meals because he mowed the grass, trimmed the hedges, and fed the horse, and milked the cow, and took care of the hens, and built the fires, and carried up the coal, and helped out washing dishes and making beds. In his spare time, he studied. And he grew up to be tall, and straight and firm, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped. The blood in him began to show; of Pilgrim stock he sprang, on both sides; of the men who stood at Concord and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and of the women who bade them stand. His uncles were the only two blots on the 'scutcheon. . . .

At fourteen he left the Baxters, to work after school hours and all day Saturday in the New York General Store, where they kept lawn-mowers and ice-cream and rope and preserves and horse-blankets and ploughs and plain and fancy shirtings and dry goods and a complete line of shoes and hosiery, to say nothing of kitchen utensils and eggs and linen dusters. You could also procure coal, wood, cement, lime and marriage licenses. Also fancy notions and glue.

At nineteen, he graduated from high school. The same day he made up his mind to go to college. The General Store was anxious to retain his services — so anxious that they offered to raise his salary from four-fifty a week to four seventy-five. But he was obdurate.

Then, for the second time, did his life impinge upon that of his uncles. Reading in the morning paper that they had cleared a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in a business transaction, he wrote them a letter. He said that he wanted to go to college, and wondered if they could lend him two hundred dollars.

They wrote him a nice letter back. They said that they couldn't. They also said that they were glad that he was getting along so well, and that if he really wanted to go to college, there were many ways in which he could work his way through. They said that lending people money, taught them to be dependent upon others rather than themselves. And that to Develop One's Character, One Should Fight the World Unaided.

Inasmuch as Walsingham had read all this when George Ade wrote it, he carefully placed the letter in the stove, and with deep and sincere thoughts, promptly disinherited both his uncles, this time for good.

He found means to work his way through college. He waited on the table at a dining club. He also took care of furnaces and sifted ashes. This obtained until the fall track meet. An amazed student body watched him do a hundred yards in nine and four-fifths seconds, win the 220-yard dash, the hurdles and the high jump. He wanted to enter the hammer throw, the running broad jump, the half-mile and mile runs and a few other things. But the trainer told him to lay off. He mentioned that there were other students in the college; and that he wanted to save him up for the Intercollegiate Meet.

Following the Intercollegiate Meet, at which he took three firsts, two seconds and a third, he was waited upon by different individuals in the behalf of various colleges. They wanted him to leave his present associations.

There was no professionalism, of course. Certainly not! It only so happened that they had a vacant scholarship in Elementary Zoölogy. Of course it didn't amount to much; only seven thousand a year. But an automobile went with it; which was an inducement.

Walsingham shook his head, and smiled. And went back to waiting on the table.

The ensuing year he won a scholarship. It had been given by a retired pork magnate in memory of an only son who might have lasted through the college course if he had had anything in his curriculum except alcohol. But as he hadn't, things became somewhat more congenial for VanDorn.

In four years, he graduated, with the high honors, the middle and the low. And then, taking his sheepskin under his arm, he went out into the world to cash it in for a living.

I am not going to surprise you. The first place he tried to get employment was a soap factory. He had a conversation with a Man in an outer office. He asked the Man if they needed anybody. The Man said they didn't.

He tried other places. It was much the same.

At the thirty-second place, he mentioned, to a man with square-toed shoes who was chewing tobacco, that he was a college graduate. The man said something about is that so, and informed him that he had seven college graduates in the place already; they were nailing up packing-cases in the cellar. He also went on to add that he himself, the president of the concern, had never even been to night school, and that the only studying the vice-president and general manager had ever done was when he subscribed to the International Correspondence School for a six weeks' course in practical plumbing.

Batting his eyes wanly, Walsingham VanDorn packed his diploma away in the bottom of his wicker suitcase under his other pair of socks and sat him down to answer an advertisement. It read, "Fortunes Made in Your Spare Time."

It went on to tell of the marvelous emoluments awaiting brilliant young men in selling the Know-All Encyclopedia of Universal Information, and expatiated glowingly on how Mr. Earl J. Hinkey, of 13 Myrtle Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan, had cleaned up seventy-two dollars and eight cents on his first day in business, and invited the reader to send in two dollars for a sample line.

Walsingham VanDorn sent in the two dollars, which left him four remaining. A few days later, he acquired the sample line, purchased two dollars and seventy cents' worth of railroad fare, was bitten twice by dogs, was invited once to eat supper in the kitchen if he'd chop wood for it, had had pained surprise expressed that he was not a piano tuner, had acquired a marvelous appetite, had entered the only restaurant in Blodgett's Landing and ordered a piece of prune pie and a glass of buttermilk. All of which, by graceful swoops, brings him to where we left him, outside the restaurant, leaning weakly against the somnolescent equine, his eyes glued to the paper, the prune pie still upon his elbow.

Walsingham VanDorn looked up. Before him stood a girl svelte and much becoiffed. He thrust the paper before her surprised eyes. "Look!" he said

Chapter II — Wherein We Sidestep Our Story to Talk About Money

IT is as trite as it is true, and as true as it is trite, to say that money is a strange thing. People that haven't it, want it. People that have it, don't know what to do with it. People that haven't any, think how happy they'd be if they had some. And people that have a lot think how happy they were when they didn't have any. People that haven't any, want a little. People that have a little, want a little more. People that have a little more, want a lot. And people that have a lot, want it all.

The lack of money makes people unhappy, discontented, miserable. The possession of money makes people unhappy, discontented, miserable. That is, for the most. A certain smaller class there is that money makes foolish, vain, lazy, dissipated, criminal or degenerate, according to natural instincts and the unfettered development thereof.

Money buys many things. Occasionally it buys something good; like bread lines, and scientific research, institutional endowments, works of art and ham and eggs. But for the most part it buys rum and women and votes, dissipation and vice and corruption, automobiles for people who ought to be walking, beauty doctors to work on raw material that is hopeless from the beginning, sycophants and liars and toadies, liveried footmen for bourgeois parvenus, beautiful pearls of art to hang in the million-dollar sties of human swine; it buys on the one hand filmy gowns, flaming jewels, opera-boxes, lace night-robes, ten-thousand-dollar limousines, tally-ho coaches, orchids, vintage wine and silk pajamas for the children of the rich. And for the children of the poor the right to work fourteen hours a day in a mill, and have hookworms.

A man starts out in life to make money his slave, and ends by becoming the slave of his money. And when finally money slaves him to a wrecked and wracking death, he leaves it to children who are commonly fools or wastrels, and usually both.

Money poisons individuals, villages, towns, cities, states and nations. It puts a million men at the beck of one. It is a drag upon the wheels of progress. It makes men little and avaricious and self-centered. It makes women vain and silly and useless. It makes men criminals. It makes women prostitutes. To get it, men will sell their souls, and women will sell their bodies. For money a few men will gut the treasury of a railroad (thereby removing from the ancient occupation of train-robbing the danger and romance, and making that profitable operation as safely certain as breaking open your baby's bank) and because the ties are rotten, and the money with which to buy more stolen, a thousand bodies lay mangled, burned and bleeding, slain by these men as surely as though they had stuck knives in the now dead throats. How does it feel, I wonder, to have a million dollars in your pocket, and blood upon your hands? I wonder.

Money makes possible the passing of bad laws and the breaking of good. It makes Monte Carlo and Suicide Hall. It makes worry and work, and crime

and crookedness, and rum and rottenness, and disease and death. And furthermore, as some latter-day sage has said, it doesn't care a hoot who owns it.

Barring these little facts that I have mentioned, however, money seems to be a mighty good thing.

Chapter III — Concerning the Application of the Abstract to the Concrete

IN re money, as business men say, Walsingham Van Dorn's experience had been so limited that his ideas were vague to the point of incohesion. Of course he had often day-dreamed of wealth. Such dreams followed the days of adolescence when his childish mind kept him awake nights often as late as half-past seven trying to decide the momentous question of whether, on his attaining maturity, he'd rather be a horse-car driver or keep a candy store. The charms of both were as patent as manifold.

At his present mature age of twenty-three, Walsingham VanDorn had arrived at one conclusion about money, and one only. He had a fixed point in his mind as to where poverty ended and wealth began. It is an idea alike as common as erroneous; but like many others, Walsingham VanDorn believed it sound. And the sum at which lay this monetary Mason and Dixon line was twenty-five dollars a week.

Twenty-five dollars a week was a lot of money. Of course, you couldn't run a steam yacht on that, nor even an automobile. Nevertheless, on that you could at least possess everything the normal man ought to want. It would buy you a nice room, in some nice boarding house, including three meals a day; a theatre ticket or two a week; a winter suit and a summer suit; a winter overcoat every two years; a smart spring coat with patch pockets; and there'd be a few dollars left every week to lay by for an inclement period. Yes, twenty-five dollars a week was affluence!

And now he found himself leaning against a sleeping quadruped, with prune pie on his elbow, facing forty millions!

No wonder his reason reeled.

The next few days, or weeks, or months, or whatever it was, Walsingham VanDorn passed through as in a daze. He remembered purchasing a ticket to New York. I forgot to mention that he had sold one set of the Know-All Encyclopedia of Universal Information to an old lady who the following week was declared mentally incompetent by a jury of physicians. It had been with the money derived from this sale that he had purchased the prune pie, the buttermilk and the morning paper; there was left of this fund sufficient for the ticket.

He remembered arriving at the Grand Central Station, because when he got there he thought he was outdoors and asked where Broad Street was.

He remembered walking down a flight of stairs in the guidance of a red-capped porter, who seemed strangely cankered by VanDorn's proffer of gratitude at the end of their journey; of a pushing, fighting, struggling crowd that gave him vague fears that he had involved himself in a strike riot or something; he remembered getting into a swiftly-rolling car thinking how terribly crowded it was, but of modifying this opinion on overhearing a small man with a striped shirt observe that the subway was half empty today because there was a strap left; of presenting himself at a barred gate guarded by an insouciant office-boy; of being asked his name; of giving it. . . . And then of the opening up of the universe!

Yes, it was as he surmised. His uncles, having been too mean ever to give anybody anything while alive, had died while still trying to figure out a way not to leave anything to anybody at their death. But since their efforts, still incomplete, had been so rudely and so completely ended by the Long Island Railroad, they had died willless, and Walsingham VanDorn was the sole and only heir! The forty millions of orphaned dollars were his! Hence the opening of the universe! Hence a welcome by the employees of his late uncles, employees that were now his, that would have made that given the Prodigal Son seem as coldly unfeeling as the arrival of a veteran at a soldiers' home. As a matter of fact, he thought that one old man with whiskers was going to kiss him.

Someone was talking; someone that said he was Wilkins, sir. He said that of course, sir, the estate was not yet settled, sir, but that they would go at once to the attorneys, sir, and that he was quite sure that everything could be carried through, sir, with the greatest expedition, sir, and that if in the meanwhile he happened to need anything, sir, say a bit of money, a few thousands or something like that, sir ——

VanDorn asked him for twenty-five dollars. It was the most he could think of. The old man with whiskers looked strangely pained.

Regarding the further memories of that eventful day, Walsingham VanDorn's memory is vague, or even vaguer.

He recalled going with Wilkins, sir, to another office where he was greeted with quiet dignity by a grave man with a bald head. He signed some papers. The grave man asked him where he was staying. He said he didn't know. The grave man recommended the Splendide as being a nice, quiet hotel. He thanked him. They left the office. Wilkins walked with him as far as the subway. Wilkins was light in mood.

"I suppose, sir," he said, "that you'll soon be getting a machine, sir?"

VanDorn opined that he would. He said he had wanted a motor-cycle for years. Wilkins looked mystified for a moment. Then he laughed uproariously. His new employer certainly had a delightful sense of humor!

They parted at the entrance of the kiosk. As he entered the train, he requested the guard to put him off at the Splendide. The guard said something about putting him off at Central Park only he was afraid the squirrels would eat him, and told him to change at Brooklyn Bridge.

Arriving at Brooklyn Bridge, he changed. The train he entered was almost empty. He sank with pleased amazement into a seat. The car started. At length it stopped. He looked out the window. The station sign said Brooklyn Bridge. He remembered the guard's instructions. So he got out. He got on another train, on which there was again plenty of room. He rode for a while. The train stopped. Looking out the window, he saw that the sign said Brooklyn Bridge. . . . So he changed again.

A station guard hailed him with a jerk of the head. Van Dorn eyed him politely.

"Nix, now, kid," said the polite guard, courteous as are all subway menials, "that's three times you've looped the loop now. I seen yuh myself."

VanDorn said he was sorry, took another look at the signs, and mounted the stairs to the street. There, at least, he could see where he was going.

It was late when he reached the hotel, and he was very hungry. Presenting himself at the desk, he asked the clerk if he could get a room there. On receiving an affirmative, he asked what the rates were. The clerk told him he could give him a nice room for eight dollars a day.

VanDorn didn't faint. But he had to think hard about the forty million to save himself.

They asked him if he would go to his room? He said that he thought he would eat first. A boy took him into a dining-room. Somewhere, *en passant*, he lost his hat. It worried him for a moment, until he calmly took time to recall that he must have lost it somewhere in the hotel and he didn't have to go out again that night anyway.

He picked up the menu. To his surprise, it was in French. In his college course he had taken everything but French. Such is fate.

At length, throwing shame to the winds (and how few there are with so much moral courage at the first contact) he turned to the waiter at his side.

"I want a good dinner," he said.

The waiter smiled.

"M'sieur wishes to leave it to me?" he queried.

VanDorn nodded.

"You've had a lot more practice in such matters than I," he said.

The waiter suggested a number of things of which VanDorn had never heard. VanDorn nodded happily. What cared he for names?

Among other things the waiter suggested was a cocktail. VanDorn's experience with alcoholic drinks was even more limited than had been his acquaintance of money. In college, as before and after, he had had no time, money or inclination for liquor. Naturally, he had seen plenty of drunken men; but he had always attributed drunkenness to some mysterious madness. What he would have liked was a good cup of coffee with plenty of cream. But the distinctly matter-of-fact way in which the waiter suggested a cocktail, made him hesitate. . . . One could see that a cocktail was the only possible thought in the waiter's mind — as though he had asked him if he wanted a napkin, or a plate. If cocktails were so component a part of the evening meal as the waiter's attitude of mind seemed to guarantee, far be it from Van Dorn right at the outset to violate the proprieties of what loomed up before him as such a large and happy evening.

Accordingly, he nodded. The waiter nodded, also.

"What kind, m'sieur?" he queried.

"Either," replied VanDorn.

"M'sieur will leave it to me?" said the waiter.

M'sieur would, and did.

The waiter went; anon he reappeared, bringing a long-stemmed glass. It was filled with a liquid, pink and sparkling.

VanDorn waited until the waiter had gone. He didn't know whether he should sip, or gulp. And he was out to make no more *faux pas* than were absolutely necessary. He tasted the pink liquid. It was good, it was delicious. He tasted it again. By George, that was certainly what the doctor ordered! If money could buy things like that, and eight-dollar-a-day rooms, money was certainly considerable possession! He drained the glass. Another waiter happened to be passing. Walsingham VanDorn hailed him, ordering another cocktail.

He felt pleasantly relaxed. The world was certainly a nice place to live in, after all. What a lot of nice people there were in it! How nicely everything was arranged and adjusted—that is, with the possible exception of Brooklyn Bridge.

The second cocktail came. VanDorn drank it. There was the head of a Rocky Mountain goat over the mantel across from him. He had never before realized how pretty Rocky Mountain goats were. He smiled at it, pleasantly.

His waiter came, bringing a *canapé* of cavair. VanDorn, ordering another cocktail, ate it.

Before his oysters, the waiter brought to him the third cocktail. As he placed it to his lips, he chanced to look again at the Rocky Mountain goat. Much to his surprise, there were now two of them.

He eyed them puzzledly. That was funny. He was sure there was only one when he sat down. And now there were two. And they looked precisely alike. Oh, well, twins, probably. People have [*Continued on page 56*]

Work the Reward of Work

A New Poem *by* Edwin Markham

The Author of "The Man with the Hoe"

WHEN I have touched the end of days
And waved farewell to earthly ways,
I have one thing to ask of Him
Who leads the toils of Seraphim —
The gift of work — more work to do
To let His glory glimmer through.
For well I know that in the Lord
More work will be our work's reward.

Oh, may the Master Artist say:
"He touched one heart upon the way,
So give some further work to him;
But he must draw that line less dim —
This time must not so bungle there,
But give his sketch a nobler air.
He must put action in that curve;
Give to this feature more reserve;
Light it with touches more divine,
And let the inner spirit shine.
His early colors were too thin:
Now he must dash the beauty in
With bolder stroke. . . . This is the plan:
More work: by work we build the man!"

Drawing by Louis Fancher

PUTTING UNCLE SAM TO WORK

by

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

Mr. Fancher

DO you want to know the height of the tide at Hong Kong on January 15th, 1918, at 9 A. M.? Do you want to know how to build a rabbit-hutch? Do you want to know the depth of the water in any lake, even of that alleged "bottomless" lake, which almost every state claims to possess? Do you want to know the safest way of handling gasoline? Do you want to know the best books to read on Shakespeare? Do you want to know how to cook oysters and fish in dozens of palatable ways? Do you want to know how to sell grape juice in Madagascar or hack saws in Singapore? Do you want to raise fish on your farm for profit, or terrapin, or frogs? Do you want to know how to sell vegetables, butter, eggs, and apples by parcels post? Do you want to know what to do with the waste wood of your sawmill? Do you want to know how to keep books? Do you want to know the best kind of a boiler to put in your factory? Do you want to know the best plumbing system for your country home?

Ask ten thousand, even a million such questions, and let them be never so bizarre in form or selfish in motive and your Uncle Sam picks up his pen and answers them for you patiently, adequately and correctly. But you must know how to address him and how to question him. It would never do to inquire where the deepest part of the Atlantic Ocean is located in a letter addressed "United States Government, Washington, D. C.," even though an extraordinarily astute postal clerk might forward the inquiry to the hydrographic office. The government is composed of about a dozen major departments, each subdivided into many bureaus and divisions. Uncle Sam unites in himself many lawyers, doctors, astronomers, biologists, bacteriologists, agricultural experts, foresters, chemists, geologists, and other scientists. He has ten thousand eyes, ears, hands and brains. In order that you may learn how to address him in that particular capacity of his which enables him to impart information with authority, you should consult the Congressional Directory. There you will find Uncle Sam dissected, so that you may ascertain what part of him shall be intrusted with your problems. Even if you have no burning desire to find out who can tell you why oil quiets stormy waters or why the moon always presents the same face to the earth, it will pay you to turn the leaves of the Congressional Directory. You will discover to your amazement how mighty is Uncle Sam, how far-reaching is his arm, how acquisitive is his mind, how scientific are his methods, how far-seeing is his vision.

When we think of the government at all we are apt to think of restraint. Indeed, the very word suggests control. We may not counterfeit hundred-dollar bills; we may not bring gowns from Paris without paying duty; we may not earn more than three or four thousand dollars a year without being taxed; we may not build a bridge over a navigable stream without the permission of the War Department; we may not pilot a passenger steamer without a license; we may not sit as directors on the boards of interlocking corporations; we may not vote or become President of the United States without meeting specific requirements; we may not perform a thousand and one apparently harmless acts without feeling the invisible but heavy hand of the government laid on our shoulders. Everything seems to be *verboten*.

But the government is your servant as well as your master — only you must understand how to command. Put your Uncle Sam at any honorable work, and he will do it for you with diligence, fidelity, and intelligence. He courts work. The more you give him the better he likes it. Indeed, you give him so little to do, comparatively speaking, that he invents tasks for himself to perform — tasks such as measuring the

heat of the sun; finding out the cause of malaria; testing the light of fireflies; discovering new ways of obtaining gasoline from petroleum, so that you need not pay too much for running your automobile, and testing flying machines. He is a professional rat chaser. He tests weights and measures for accuracy. He solves the servant girl and farmhand problem by supplying immigrants to those who want them. He conducts the biggest mail-order book store in the world, and sells at cost copies of over one hundred thousand valuable works. He is a first-class publisher and editor of periodicals to the number of about fifty, and conducts a world-wide subscription business in order to sell them. He is a fine linguist; for he speaks no less than twenty-three foreign languages in order to tell new arrivals from Europe where settlers are wanted, where farm lands can be rented or bought cheaply, or where employment can be found.

If Uncle Sam were only a better orator, if he cared as much for the manner of presenting his vast, laboriously acquired knowledge as he does for its matter, he could make himself a far more helpful person than he is. But Uncle Sam is not a literary artist. From a purely esthetic point of view the government's annual printing output of over three billion pages of reports, bulletins, and monographs constitutes about the dullest and dreariest reading ever penned by man. But if you have imagination these publications set you aflame with ambition, intoxicate you with enthusiasm, infect you with greed, and transform you into a commercial Cortez or Balboa, bent on conquering new golden worlds. Think of raising silver foxes, the furs of which are worth thousands of dollars each! Who would not be set a-dreaming by reading even a heavy report on the way it is done? Think of converting a vile-smelling fish oil into an exquisite soap fit for a princess! Who would not marvel at the magic of that? Think of army surgeons running the risk of death by exposing themselves to the stings of tropical mosquitoes in order to discover whether or not yellow fever is transmitted by insects! Who would not be stirred by such heroism? Think of curbing the Mississippi, mightiest of rivers, with cunningly woven mattresses of willow! Who would not wonder at the achievement? Think of braving hostile savages to map an island, of surveying a jungle in the face of miasmatic fevers for the sake of posterity! Who would not be moved by such self-sacrifice?

AND all these wild adventures of his Uncle Sam narrates in a casual, official drawl, as if he were more intent on putting you to sleep than shaking you out of your apathy.

It is the same when he writes letters in response to your inquiries. He is punctilious but icily impersonal. His letters fascinate simply because of the range that they cover. Never does he crack a smile; never does he indulge in witty comments, no matter how widely fantastic your questions may be. I have asked the government how many birds there are on the Tortugas Keys of Florida; what is the best method of making a house earthquake-proof; whether Cervantes is a greater satirist than Swift; how to make a volcano run a steam engine; whether our Indians are of Asiatic origin or not; and how the hieroglyphs of Yucatan ruins are to be interpreted. Always there came a reply, very formal, very concise, and very informative. Uncle Sam is as ceremonious in his dealings with you as if you were royalty itself. It is never "Dear Bill," or "Beloved Andrew," with your Uncle Sam, but always "Sir." A scratch of your pen and a two-cent stamp is the "Open Sesame" to an immense store of knowledge, which is painstakingly gathered by an army of men stationed in all parts of the world and which is distributed gratuitiously or at cost price.

You may not know it, but you are the generalissimo of this army — an army of four hundred thousand civilians, which is inconspicuous because of its world-wide distribution, which will endure bitter hardships, starve and suffer in order to tell you the height of a hitherto unscaled mountain peak; which will freeze in Alaskan snows to string telegraph wires for your messages; which will shed its life blood to devise a way of saving miners from the perils of fire-damp and explosive coal dust; which will watch the transit of twinkling stars so that your timepiece may be correct to the second; and which will sweep the sea of derelicts so that you may voyage to China in safety. It has its outposts, this army of yours, among swarthy Hindoos and fur-clad Eskimos, half-naked Zulus and Papuan head-hunters; inhospitable Tibetans and untamed Patagonians; it has its stations in every slaughter house in the land and in the market places of all countries; it blasts a waterway through Panama today and curbs the Mississippi floods tomorrow; it explores untrodden Philippine jungles; it plumbs the waters of remote archipelagoes; it watches over Behring seals and counts eagles and ducks; it banishes pestilence where it is to be found; it sends out scouts whose duty it is to reconnoiter the markets of alien peoples and to come back and teach you how to sell your goods to half articulate savages or to highly cultured nations; it stocks mountain streams with trout; it busies itself with the propagation of fresh water pearls so that you may have pleasing buttons for your evening waistcoat. What are the performances of Aladdin's slave of the lamp compared with these?

How few of us correctly appreciate the possibilities of these vast and peaceful battalions! How few of us realize that it rests with us to become captains of commerce by exercising the extraordinary powers with which we are clothed by virtue of our citizenship!

There is a company in your army of picked men — light horse commercial cavalry, you may call them — consisting of three hundred and thirty consuls, commercial attachés, and special agents stationed in all parts of the world. Have you ever used them as von Hindenburg uses his Uhlans or Joffre his Dragoons? One of them is located at Ching-King, far back in the interior of distant China, near the frontier of Tibet — a lonely, God-forsaken place, which he reaches after a six-weeks' journey in a small boat, pulled by coolies paid one cent a day each. [*Continued on page 63*]

The Superiority Itch—*by* Dr. Frank Crane

THE most widespread and noxious plague among the spirits of men and women is the love of superiority.

We pander to it, develop it, glory in it, even make a religion of it, and all it does is to hurt.

Why does a husky parent slap his little child, or beat him, or otherwise tyrannize over him?

Because physically is about the only way he is superior to his offspring, and abusing the helpless little one feeds his superiority-greed.

Why does a husband browbeat his wife, refuse to talk to her as an equal, make her beg for every cent she gets and treat her generally after the fashion of a bounder?

Because the gentle woman is his superior in many ways, and it irritates him; so he preens his superiority the only way he knows how.

Why do you make a practice of criticism, always find some nasty remark to make of one whom others are commending? Just to show you are superior.

Why do we set prizes for children in school, urge them on to excel and instil ideas of getting on and getting up in the world?

We are teaching the thing we love — superiority.

Why do we linger under the vicious system of competition in business and hate so to come to any principle of co-operation?

Because we are superiority-worshipers.

We have no objection to the parson's goodness. It's the air of superiority that goes with it that riles us.

A virtuous woman is beyond praise, but virtue without humility is *zum davon laufen* — to be run away from.

Superiority is the peculiar vice of virtue, the stench of perfection, the nausea of morality, the repellence of religion.

It is the hate-maker extraordinary of the world.

The real reason why the Germans hate the English, and sing hate-songs and drink hate-toasts and all that sort of thing is that infernal air of superiority that envelops the Englishman as an aura.

And it is the German strut and brag, equally obnoxious as the English, that goads Germany's enemies to undying fury.

If it were not for universal septic superiorism on both sides the war might be settled in ten days.

Perhaps the only method of getting it out of the system is the method they are using — the club.

Most of the uplift work and soul-saving work and reform work suffers from this same scab of superiority. Where is the man who will help us, relieve our poverty, improve our minds and manners or redeem our souls, and not once convey the impression that he is superior to us?

Can you "do good" to people and not get found out, and not want to be found out?

Can you relieve another's distress and get slapped in the face for it — and be glad?

Come, come! No more "uplift" stuff, please. We don't want to be lifted up — we want to be pushed up.

And all this whine about your not being appreciated.. What it means is that the good you do is done for the purpose of getting your superiority-itch scratched.

All the real good ever done in the world was done by those who did it in secret and ran away because they did not want to be caught at it.

The Soldier at School

by **Joseph Edgar Chamberlain**

OUR American race, or the real and vital part of it — the part out of which came Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas A. Edison and — yes, even that aristocrat George Washington, has always been in the habit of learning as it goes along and does things. Work? Yes — work anyway. And learn — as you work.

That was certainly the plan of Franklin and Washington. Franklin was apprenticed to a printer when he was twelve years old, and set type and washed rollers — if they had rollers then — and delivered orders for about fourteen hours a day. But he says in his Autobiography that his occupation gave him a chance to chum with booksellers' apprentices, of whom there may have been as many as three or four in Boston two centuries ago, and these apprentices lent him books over night on the sly, which he sat up to read by candle-light. Result, Franklin. He was educated as he went along.

It is contrary to the best American character and genius to be a parasite on anyone — even on the government. That is the main reason why mere soldiering and nothing else is poorly thought of in this country. The American nation will never take into its head the idea that there should be a large class of exclusive soldiers here. A soldier, yes; but what does he do meanwhile? The militiaman we understand. He may lead a useful career as a clerk in a dry-goods store. He Works. The Sacred Uniform, symbol of military graft, is inconceivable.

We are come into collision with that idea in organizing preparedness. Educate the soldier for civil life, is the idea. Enlist him in great numbers — a million of him, if necessary for the national defense. Safety first! But how about this: Train him to a soldier's duty until 11:30 every morning; then, in the afternoon, from 1:30 to 4, put him regularly to school. Officers for teachers, so far as they go; in addition to them, a sufficient staff of other experts. Make it real — a regular college, if you like to call it that; and put all the soldiers in it. Four years — perhaps five, six or seven. All the useful branches; a practical university. The boys would jump at it.

All this in peace; and with a big, industrious, sharp-set army like that, we should have no wars.

Ridiculous? Perhaps, but intensely American. You save your country, and acquire the honor that haloes the Grand Army man, and become a "college graduate" at the same time. Germany and England will laugh at this. They laugh at most things that are really American. They laughed at Abraham Lincoln when he was alive; now they quote him as they would the Bible.

The idea of soldiers at school is as American as — well, as American, say, as a public library in every village and in every tenth city street, or as a telephone in every farm-house, or as a President who could split rails and make the Gettysburg Address.

Because of the opportunity to bear another's burdens in truly Christian spirit
Because of his young son's early exhibition of range of thought, pointed suggestiveness and practical resource
Because of being able (and willing) to show his wife's maiden aunt that gallantry is not yet dead
Because of the compliment paid him by his artistic niece in presenting him with her first cubist picture
Because of the warm solicitude of less prosperous friends that he shall have a merry Christmas
TONY SARG

Why Christmas Should Make Him Glad!

By Tony Sarg

"It's lucky for you you're bunged up already. If you wasn't I'd change the color of your miserable carcass to black and blue!"

THE RUBE — *by* Frank Goewey Jones

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

Mr. Hanna

THE city cement felt to Tom Holt this morning as springy as the country turf "back home." He swung resiliently round the corner from his dingy boarding-house and stretched his long legs in vigorous strides eastward on Jackson Boulevard. His lean face shone ruddily in the newly washed May sunshine. He tingled with exultant happiness.

Tom always walked to work in fair weather. He enjoyed the exercise. It quickened his blood and flushed from his mind the last recollection of the previous day's discouragements. He saw bright colored imaginative pictures, too, on his way downtown every morning. Especially roseate were his present visions of Miss Bailey. The pretty operator of the telephone switchboard at Bigelow & Judkins's office had treated the young assistant to the advertising manager with supercilious indifference all yesterday. But Tom did not remember this morning how blue he had been in consequence when he trudged from work to his dreary room last night.

Holt cherished a dual ambition. The dearest desire of his life was that Miss Bailey might be metamorphosed into Mrs. Thomas Ezra Holt. His secondary aspiration, however, obsessed him hardly less than the first. Countrified Tom usually was beneath the notice of the queenly telephone girl except when she ridiculed him as "The Rube." But respect must widen her haughty, brown eyes after he should become "Mr. Holt, the advertising expert." His face was lighted now by the glow of anticipation.

In the course of his accustomed brisk walks downtown, the dynamo of Tom's determination to succeed in business charged the battery of his spirit anew with zest each morning. There invariably ensued nine hours of captious fault-finding by the cantankerous advertising manager, whose habit it was to harass his assistant maliciously all day long. But even the diurnal ordeal of "Grouch" Grimes's nagging never had exhausted Holt's stored-up gusto for the work in the publicity department. Tom delighted in his job; much as he detested his boss. His love for advertising was subordinate only to his adoration of Miss Bailey.

This particular Saturday he had no need to accumulate enthusiasm on his way to the office, as had been his wont. Zeal generated within him spontaneously. The reserve of his self-confidence now was like an inexhaustible reservoir. It never again could be drained by Grouch's cutting sarcasm. Today the sharp tongue of Bigelow & Judkins's advertising manager would dull its keen edge against his assistant's indifference. Overnight Grimes had become an utterly unimportant factor in the sanguine anticipations of his erstwhile drudge. Last evening a new door to the business ambitions of Tom Holt had opened. This morning he purposed to quit Bigelow & Judkins. He had his resignation ready in his pocket.

When he returned to his boarding-house the previous afternoon, he found a letter awaiting him. It offered Mr. Thomas E. Holt the position of publicity man for the Premier Manufacturing Company, a lusty, though small concern on the South Side. He had answered an advertisement regarding the place several days before, but did not expect his candidacy to be successful against older and more experienced applicants. Now his eagerness for emancipation from Grimes's irascible tyranny spurred him to a gait that was nearly a run all the way to Clinton Street. He leaped up the steps to Bigelow & Judkins's door a quarter of an hour earlier than the time of arrival prescribed for clerical employees. Tom burst in like a rollicking gust of spring breeze.

The general office was empty. He pranced coltishly up the aisle to his battered work-table, which stood just behind his superior's chair. The assistant to the advertising manager was not vouchsafed a desk. Tasks customarily were flung to him over his boss's shoulder, like bones tossed to a pariah dog. Tom reached into his coat pocket for his resignation. He grinned as he thrust the sealed envelope under the edge of Grimes's desk lid.

Then Holt pulled off his coat and started to clear out the personal belongings in his table drawer. He tackled the job with much the same satisfaction he had felt when he packed his shiny new valise preparatory to leaving his father's farm. He had come to Chicago just seven months ago today, the calendar reminded him. In a little over half a year he had climbed a long way from the bottom of the business ladder, despite the handicaps of inexperience and prejudice. Tom's boyish grin widened. Monday morning he would sit before a brand-new desk of his own. Nobody at the Premier Manufacturing Company would call him "Rube," the contemptuous nickname with which Grimes had dubbed him. Next week he would be "Mr. Holt."

The front door of the office opened. Tom twisted

about in his chair. The telephone operator swished in. The slender girl in her green batiste dress and chiffon hat looked as crisp as fresh lettuce.

"H'lo, Rube!" she condescended a careless greeting. "Doing the early worm act again, huh?"

Tom jumped to his feet, eager to blurt out to his inamorata first of all the world the glorious tidings that he had a fine new job. He got up so awkwardly that he upset his seat. It fell with a clatter. Miss Bailey giggled. Tom prickled from scalp to toes as he stooped to replace the chair on its legs. His face was suffused with the flush of mortification. By a violent contortion of his larynx he managed to gulp his fury at his clumsiness. Then the girl laughed outright.

"Say it, Rube!" she provoked. "Don't mind me. Get it out of your system. Language like that'll poison you if you swallow it."

While she made fun of him, the telephone operator was unlatching the gate in the brass railing that fenced the desks from the entryway. Suddenly an interruption relieved Tom's agonized embarrassment. The office switchboard buzzed the raucous summons of duty to Miss Bailey. She stiffened indignantly.

"Wouldn't that make your grandmother swear!" the girl snapped her exasperation. "A person can't even get her hat hung up before that damned old buzzer starts!"

The expletive was half smothered by an abrupt decrescendo, but Miss Bailey distinctly did not mutter innocuous "darned."

She flounced through the gate, and dropped her handbag on the high stool where she was used to perch each work day in the guise of Tom's goddess. With the dexterity of habit she jabbed a cord-plug into a socket and banged a switch-key to listening position. She snatched the head-band receiver from the shelf and clapped it to her ear.

"Hello!" the goddess spit vixenish wrath into the transmitter.

When Miss Bailey used a "cuss word" in his hearing, Tom always was shocked. None of the girls he had known in the country ever swore. Paradoxically, however, the telephone operator at Bigelow & Judkins's office embodied his ideal of a lady, notwithstanding her occasional lapses from his standard of propriety. Holt was distressed now by her virile ejaculation of ire. But as she bent with unconscious grace over the switchboard and touched her lips to the inappreciative mouth of the transmitter, he watched her, fascinated. Her sharply petulant voice sounded so musical in his ears that his heart-strings tinkled responsively. Her clipped, shrill tones seemed to him like the notes of a silver bell.

Last night when he made his plans, Tom included Miss Bailey in all of them. He intended to introduce "Mr. Holt" to her today. He also purposed to ask her this afternoon, on his departure from Bigelow & Judkins's office for the last time, if he might call at her home Sunday. As "The Rube" he never had dared to invade the superior social circle of his goddess after working hours. Now, however, he was emboldened.

Preliminary to the assumption of his new prerogative of importance in Miss Bailey's sight, Mr. Holt pinched his lavender necktie to jauntiness and put on his coat. Then he sat down with dignity. While he waited for his inamorata to finish answering the telephone call, Tom could not help hearing one side of the conversation on the wires.

"Yes, this is Bigelow & Judkins's office. . . . The switchboard operator speaking. I'll take the message. . . . Who? . . . Yes. He's the advertising manager. . . . What happened to him? . . . Where is he now? . . . How bad was he hurt? . . . He won't die, then? . . . Well, the head of the firm isn't down to the office yet. I'll tell him when he comes. Prob'ly he'll call up the hospital. . . . Oh, about half-past eight to quarter of nine, us'lly. Mr. Bigelow's liable to come in any minute now. . . . All right. Good-by!"

The switchboard operator flipped the cord-plug free and rapped the key-switch upright with her knuckles. She straightened, and turned to face staring Tom Holt.

"Well, Rube," she informed him with unwonted cordiality, "you're going to sprawl over Grouch's desk a while, I guess. An automobile scattered the old crab around the corner of Michigan and Adams this morning. That was a policeman talking to me just now. He said the amb'lance crew found most of Grimes, but they hadn't got him sorted out yet and can't tell exactly what's missing. I don't think your boss 'll be able to sign the payroll for quite some time."

Holt knew that Miss Bailey had her own reasons for detesting the cranky advertising manager, but her present attitude of callous indifference to his bodily suffering horrified Tom. In the country when a neighbor met with a serious accident, even the bitterest personal animosities were forgotten. Grimes's assistant did not remember now that he had been tyrannized; but only that his chief was badly, perhaps mortally injured. On the impulse of magnanimity Holt jumped from his chair and grabbed his hat.

"Where is Mr. Grimes?" he barked.

"They've taken him to the Iroquois Hospital. Was you going over there? Why?"

"To see how much he's hurt!" Tom snarled savagely.

"You should worry!" the telephone operator bantered. She laughed. "Your dear friend Grouch is too mean to kill. He's so gristly that I'll bet the automobile was bunged up worse than he was. The cop said he prob'ly only had three or four ribs and one arm broke, besides his jaw cracked a little."

"You — !" Holt fumed.

But he loved Miss Bailey; so he choked down the hot words of rebuke her levity in such circumstances deserved. He uttered only an inarticulate growl. He rushed past her toward the street door, bent on chivalrous succor for his disabled enemy.

"Come back here, Grouch!" the girl recalled him sharply. "I was only joshing, you chump! Grimes wasn't smashed up half as bad as he'd ought to 've been. No bones were broke, but he's got plenty of black and blue places on him that won't get limber for a week or two. Don't you go butting into that hospital the first one from this office. Grimes would think you came hoping for bad news. He hasn't never given you any particular cause to feel real sorry he got hurt.

"It 'll be a relief to everybody around here to get rid of Grouch for a while. I'm peeved against him on my own hook. That boss of yours is more trouble to me than all the rest of the men in the office put together. Yesterday I kept track, and he called up forty-three parties. Besides there was sixteen telephoned him. I'm growing lop-sided reaching for Grimes's number on my switchboard with a cord-plug. Now maybe I'll have a few days' chance to get the kinks out of my spine. I wouldn't wish Grouch any bad luck, but I hope he catches appendiceetis or something else over at the hospital; so he'll be laid up a good long while."

Miss Bailey stopped abruptly to peer at her auditor's face. She evidently was astounded at first by his ferocious expression. For half a minute she was speechless. Then she snapped off her incomprehension with a startled question.

"Why, what ails you, Rube?"

Tom was glaring at her, but she was merely a blur to him. He was not thinking at all of the girl. Her spiteful ill-wishes for the advertising manager had made no impression on the mind of Holt. He had borne seven months of daily humiliations and indignities at the hands of a tyrant boss in that office. [*Continued on page 75*]

"Yes!" Tom blurted. "I meant to quit this morning. I was cleaning out my table drawer when you came in"

Smiling a blood-red smile . . . aimed at the northeast corner of the room

The Smile Factory

A Christmas Story

by

George Kibbe Turner

Illustrations by W. E. Hill

I GO up occasionally to the Commercial Photographers in the story over us — especially on some mock festival, like an advertiser's Christmas, or a revolution in the wholesale millinery season — and watch the girls that smile for a living.

You go into this great glass barn of a place, full of those big, unnatural sliding things in photographers' studios — screens and curtains and baronial photographers' furniture — piled in there like the wreck of a Norwegian fairy tale. From along the wall the watchful eyes in those painted faces follow you in silence. They don't talk much, these people. They don't know one another well. They just sit there and look, till the absent-eyed Photographer, passing among them — like a somnambulist, pulls out one or two or three, and sets them before his camera. Then they start smiling, automatically. That's their business — joy by the hour for the advertising pages; smiling and poising happily at some occasion of great joy in the clothing and millinery and tooth-brush trade. The rest sit and wait and look — so still, sometimes, you'd hardly think they were alive. A queer tribe in a strange business! You know a good many of them by sight, I suppose, yourself. You must have seen them plenty of times in the advertising columns.

I was up in the place year before last, at their Christmas season — in October sometime, when they were getting ready the advertising stuff for the holidays. The room was full of curls, and ankles, and fringed eyes, and rouged cheeks, and white dresses, perched around on the ruins of the baronial furniture. Young women — girls, a good many of them, but a lot of children, all still. The Photographer was charging around, as usual, his pale blue eyes popping out of his head with haste — dragging them out, and setting them in front of his machine, and starting them up smiling — when this large dingy woman in black came in, pulling along this sturdy looking four-year-old girl, with about the same attention you give to a brown paper parcel.

The Photographer was posing a girl in a new spangled dress, who was smiling a blood-red smile, carefully graduated over her teeth, aimed up at the northeast corner of the room. He had fixed her feet so they looked small enough, and had her arms fairly good, but the smile wouldn't come to suit him.

"Be natural, can't you?" he kept saying. "Don't smile like you had some hidden sin."

But she couldn't do it. Those two new ones had to wait until he was through with her.

So the woman found a seat in a black medieval chair, and stared straight ahead, like the rest of them. And the child pressed up beside her, caught between the wonder of her observations, and an evident desire to exchange grins with somebody.

She was dressed in coarse clothes, cheap shoes, and heavy white stockings, and a black woolly coat, with the fuzz worn off the front of it. You could see they were poor as anything. The woman in the black dress was heavy and abstracted, as a good many of those mothers who bring in child models are — a serious-minded mother, in the full mid-solidity of mature motherhood. But the little girl was evidently a merry little soul — fat and dimpling, and straight, till her skirts bobbed out before her — whose greatest natural danger in life was being tickled to death by someone who couldn't keep their hands off her.

But it was clear, too, that her friendly frivolities were not much encouraged by her mother, and she was accustomed to the fact.

"I bet this *is* like Heaven," she remarked, quite loudly, looking around. "Perhaps, maybe," she continued to herself, debating it. "Isn't it?"

Her mother sat unmoved, staring ahead, after the sensible manner of the poor, who have something more serious to occupy their minds than the imaginations of children.

"Isn't it?" asked the child, louder, pulling her mother's dress.

"Sh-sh," said her mother, without looking. "Keep still."

But the woman suppressed her only for the moment.

"It is," said the child again. "Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it," she called loudly. For she had finally caught what she was after — a friendly eye from among those motionless people that sat upon the hereditary furniture. It was that very smart and business-like little Jewess, who had charge of the caps for children's models, for a wholesale millinery house.

The child advanced quickly toward her, her skirts preceding.

"Dolly!" called her mother, and jumped up after her.

She turned, hesitated, and was gathered up and brought up — and her hands spanked. But she was still able to grin. The girl with the caps smiled crisply. One or two of the heads of the painted people in the chairs turned toward her, with gleams of amusement on their rouged lips.

"There. Hold that!" cried the Photographer to the model in the spangled dress. It was the best he could do. He had the girl nervous now. She was smiling like the heroine in the last act of the problem play, trying to conceal the taking of the carbolic acid.

Then finally the mother in the black chair was able to get up and try to catch his attention as he hurried by.

"I saw in the paper where you were advertising for Christmas Fairies, age four," said the woman hastily. "Look. This is my little girl. Will she do?"

"Pretty quick. You wait a minute. I'll be back," responded the Commercial Photographer, rushing past, with his eye on space before him. And they had to wait some more.

The child was out again, examining the furniture — not yet quite by the age of exploring the world with its forefinger.

"Oh, look," she said, loudly, coming back to her mother. "What a pretty lady!"

The girl with rippled hair, and rouged face, in a white gossamer evening dress, turned and wagged her fringed eyelids at her.

"I bet you'll be a fairy, too," the child said, moving toward her. "Won't you? Won't you?"

Something very much like a smile disturbed the painted propriety of the woman's face. She made a wooden motion, quite similar to those feared by fat four-year-olds in mortal apprehension of tickling, and the child started back, giggling, to her mother.

"You like me?" she inquired of her new acquaintance. And then was called back again — for good.

The Commercial Photographer had finally turned his mind's eye on Christmas Fairies. He was making up a group of small white dresses before the camera.

"Come," he said, snapping his fingers. "Little girl! You!"

"What's her name?" he asked her mother.

"Dolly."

"Take off her coat," said the Photographer. "I want her white dress."

The woman removed it, the child helping her desperately.

"Come, Dolly," said the Photographer, and she went toward him, skirts out ahead, looking him squarely in the eye. Curls, of course, light curls, and a ruddy complexion, ruddier with excitement.

"Listen," said the Photographer, picking up this outfit for Christmas fairies. "I'll have you in the middle. You'll be the queen fairy. Here! Wait! Stand still!"

She stood as quiet as she could, holding her heels down — as much as was humanly possible, while she was harnessed. But she couldn't quite contain herself. She burst out finally, jumping:

"Little wings! Little wings! Little wings," she squealed, "on me!"

"Keep still, Dolly," said the Photographer, grinning in spite of himself.

"On me!" she squealed again, looking at her mother. It was almost impossible to hold still; she had to jump.

The set faces along the wall worked and twisted into smiles that were never paid for. For a minute the whole place lighted with a flash of genuine laughter. It died right away, of course. They quieted her down.

"Hold it," said the Photographer, finally, to the group, with the new fairy in the center. "There. Keep like that!" And after a while: "There. That'll do. Fine!"

The woman in black was obviously surprised and gratified when she saw the money in her hand. They pay pretty well for that commercial work. You could

almost hear her, while she was looking at it, saying to herself:

"What! All that! Real money — for a child standing around a few minutes! Think of it! And what I had to do, for what they pay me!"

She started, and stopped, and came back awkwardly — struck by an idea.

"Could we come again?" she asked, solicitously. "Do you think you'd have her again?"

"I wouldn't wonder," said the Photographer. "Yes. Leave me your address."

They went out, following the rest — the dingy mother looking straight ahead, and the lively child, hanging back, hating to go. The Photographer was left, and the little Jewess, packing up her children's caps, and myself. "Well," said the Commercial Photographer, running his hand over his eyes, "I'll be glad when this Christmas thing is over."

"Funny kid, that new one," I said.

"Yeah, quite a lively young one," said the Photographer.

"Say," he remarked, looking over to the Jewess, "why don't you get her for your caps? She'd make a fine one for you."

"That's right," answered the girl with the caps. "She would, too. She's a real kid."

"What a funny little laugh she had," I said, remembering it — how it wrinkled up her little nose.

I WAS going up in the elevator with the Photographer a couple of months afterward — in January sometime.

"Hello," I said. "Well, I see Spring is here."

For I had run across some of the models going up there earlier in the day.

"Yes," he answered wearily. "May Day's come again in the millinery catalogs. And all the hat trees in full bloom!"

"How is it this Spring — are we wearing basques on our toques, or vice versa," I asked him, as we were stepping off the elevator.

"Come up and see," he called, sliding up through the ceiling; so later I went up. And Macklin Jones with me. He was always poking around up there. It amused him more than it did me. It was Jones that started us calling it Joyland.

It was pretty late. May Day was well advanced when we got there. The Maypole was stacked up somewhere in back of the camera. But there was some sort of Ring-Around-the-Rosy in progress by the children. And in the center of it was that little Dolly again, queen of the May, with her feet on one of those photographers' arsenic green mats. She wasn't squealing as much as she was at Christmas. All the children were tired, in fact.

It had been a long day, it seemed, with a lot of catalogs to be filled with the Spring spirit. And now the burden of producing joy had settled firmly down upon the Commercial Photographer. He was wearing his life out, holding them up to concert pitch — calling to them, waving dolls — conjuring up the immortal squirrel that has lived in back of the camera since time and children's photographs began together.

"Now. We're going to dance," said the Photographer, with hectic cheerfulness. "Aren't we? That's right," he said, seeing that all their hands were joined. "Come, come, Edna. Lucille! You're not tired, Dolly! There, that's it," he encouraged, squatting down to get an aim on how it looked.

"Now, then, we'll dance. Just for a minute. Then we'll stop. Dolly! Keep dancing! Dance!"

"I'm tired," said Dolly.

"Dolly," came her mother's voice — hard and acid, from the side wall. "You dance when the gentleman tells you to."

"Dance, darn you, dance," said Macklin Jones in my ear.

"There. Now stop. Now hold it!" called the Photographer. "Smile. That's it, Doris. See the squirrel! See the teddy bear! Look. Look!" he cried, with frantic joy. "Teddy bear — coming out! In just a minute. There — hold that. Just a minute — just a minute — one — minute —" he directed, holding to his rubber bulb. "There — smile! One — two ——

"Dolly!" he exploded. She had spoiled the group.

"Dolly!" Her mother stood up, glaring from the wall.

"You ought to know better than that," said the Photographer in wrath.

"I don't care," remarked the rebel, stepping from one tired foot to another. "What makes you do it then?"

"Do what?"

"Act so silly."

The other children stood around in pale dismay.

"What makes you wave your arms, and say, all the time, what isn't so?"

"What isn't so, Dolly?" asked the Photographer, squatting before her. "What do you mean?"

"Teddy bears and squirrels. What makes you say it? When you know it isn't so? It's silly. There's nothing there — nothing — nothing."

"That'll do, Dolly," said the Photographer, severely.

"There's nothing there — nothing — nothing," she started chanting. "I don't care," she said. "My feet are tired!" And stopped abruptly.

For she saw her mother starting.

"Dolly — if you don't stop that!" she said, "I'll —" And so it was over.

"Another faith destroyed," I remarked to Jones. "More trouble."

The thing certainly made trouble enough for the Commercial Photographer that afternoon. One fine, old hereditary tool of his trade was snatched out of his hand. The children were tired out; his most frantic smiles failed to kindle theirs. And now the supernatural had been removed. The immortal teddy bear back of the camera was as dead as Pan. The Photographer worked like a porter — lifting, lifting, to get them to the point of a photograph. His eyes were pulled half out of his head by the strain of it, and his fruzzled locks gummed to his forehead when he finished.

"She won't do that again," the child's mother assured him positively, and started off, twitching her by the arm.

"She was tired probably," he told her. "You were, weren't you, Dolly," he said, patting her cheek. "You'll laugh all right, when you aren't tired, won't you?"

"Dolly!" Her mother stood up glaring from the wall . . . "I don't care," remarked the rebel, stepping from one tired foot to another

She looked up, and smiled gratefully, wrinkling her nose ingratiatingly for a moment. And she was a cute kid — no doubt about it. You still wanted to lay hands on her and roll her. But it was a tired, sleepy smile on her face, and fell at once from its own weight.

"Maybe," her mother said. "But she's been in this business long enough now, so she knows how to act."

She had small, round, gray eyes — the mother — close together; and a mouth set like a fine seam, across her heavy face.

"An honest woman," said Jones, when she was gone. "She believes when she sells Joy, it should be delivered."

"Well, it doesn't seem the hardest work in the world, smiling for a living — dancing around in joyous clothes," said I —"to the unthinking."

"Not to one who has taken in washing for a living," Jones added.

"You try it once, for a month or two," remarked the Jewess.

"I can see, in some ways," said Jones, "how it might tend to clot the human soul somewhat — after the first wild careless rapture of the first year or two."

IT MUST have been April sometime before we were up there in Joyland together again — ripe Summer in the wholesale cap and dress trade. Spring and Winter far behind, and a room full of fluffs, and straws, and bathing suits.

In the center of the place, when we came in, there was a children's group in bathing suits, glad on the sands of the many-roaring sea.

"Hello," I said to Jones. "There's that little Dolly again."

By the wall, the black bulk of her mother sat, stern as the God of War on a sofa.

The Photographer was arranging the children again, to be mowed down by the camera, and this Dolly was there, the leading figure still.

"Not squealing much," said I.

"No, nor weeping," Jones answered me.

She stood waiting, rather impatiently, with her hand outstretched for another child, who was newer at the dance. She had the air of one who has danced many, many times, herself.

"The real professional smile," said Jones, watching her.

Her lips, when the time came, drew back over her little regular white teeth, with a nice gradation of the trained smiler. And fell back into profound stillness, when it was no longer needed.

"She's got it. Exactly. Hasn't she?" I said.

The girl with the caps had joined us.

"They all do," she explained. "After so long."

"A strange and wonderful tribe," Jones commented, looking around. "Like nothing else on earth."

"How still they sit," I said, watching.

They sat around — the older girls, as usual — impossible, stiff figures upon that totally imaginary photographers' furniture, dressed in their garments of great joy. Set pieces of hair and angel mouths; passionless, painted faces, and feet arranged and hands folded just so. Strange, vacant people, ruled by the pale, unearthly tyranny of the fashion plates.

"Would the youngsters jump naturally, do you think?" Jones asked. "If you cut them, or poked your finger in an eye?"

"They get that way," the girl said, after a while. "They get so stiff and funny!"

"Why should they?" I inquired.

"Why wouldn't they?" asked Jones.

"They kind of lose their life. The life kind of goes out of them, if you know what I mean," the girl said.

"I do," I told her, looking around again. "Funny!"

"Funny?" said Jones. "What's funny about it? They always die walking around on their feet — these folks that smile for a living. Here or anywhere. It's a law of nature. They always lose their soul."

"They look it," I answered.

"Only here," said Jones, "it's wholesale. They run a kind of a smile factory — with ghosts as waste products."

"They certainly do look as if they'd had their souls extracted — most of them," said I.

The bathing party was done and recorded now; the children gone to the dressing-room; and the girl with the caps waited with us, in a little lull in her business.

"It seems too bad," I said, thinking of the child as she was when I first saw her.

"Just the same old inexorable law of supply and demand," Jones remarked. "There are just so many smiles put into Man. When they're used, they're gone. They can never be replaced."

"Hello," I said. "Look at this!"

The child had re-appeared from the dressing-room, following her dingy mother.

"By Gad," said Jones, looking. "You've got to admit, there's joy enough on the outside, whatever there is in!"

They had a cheap coat on her — of plush, purple plush. And a little round hat, like a charlotte russe; cheap white shoes, and white sleazy stockings. And around her neck, an imitation scarf, with a muff to match. All wild enough, but the royal furs shrieked to Heaven.

"A Plantagenet could do no more," said Jones.

"He said she was the most natural child he ever saw"

"Who did it?" said I. "Who is responsible?"

"Her mother, of course," said the girl with the caps.

"And those curls!" said I, watching her.

They were wonderful — absolutely perfect.

"Sunny, sunny curls," said Jones. "Sure sign of the joyous heart, and pure. One hundred per cent pure."

"Wonderful," said I.

"Dolly!" Jones called.

Her dingy mother had gone across the room, and stood transacting business aggressively with a woman from a clothing house. The same black dress, the same heavy bulk — but changed entirely; another woman. The very muscles of her back spoke purpose.

"Dolly!" called Jones again. And she came to him — prancing at first; then stopping, and mincing carefully — remembering her raiment.

"My, what pretty clothes!" said Jones to her. "Aren't they?"

"A-huh," said Dolly, with deep satisfaction.

"A real fairy princess," said Jones. "Won't you let me kiss you?"

The child turned the side of her face. Kissing was evidently no treat to her now.

"I'm going into the movies, maybe — sometime!" she announced; and went off to meet her mother.

"The movies, eh?" I said.

"That's the idea they all get, sooner or later," the Jewess told us.

"Why not," asked Jones. "A perfectly logical ambition. The great national mint for smiles! The greatest market for joy the world has ever seen," said Jones.

"They all think they'll be millionaires, in a minute," said the girl.

"Greatest," remarked Jones, pursuing his own way, "because founded deepest in human heart. Founded on that most valuable of human charms, which thanks to her honest mother, this little one has now to such a high degree."

"What's this?" I asked, looking over at him finally.

"America's one greatest single contribution to art," said Jones.

"U-huh. Yes? What's that?"

"The human curl," said Jones. "The ringlet."

"I see."

"The little female ringlet," said Jones —"symbol and guarantee of all that is happiest and purest in our lives. It had been known and used before," said Jones — elaborating his thought —"it is true. For years, everywhere — in the most conservative, heroine factories; in the old-established melodrama foundries. An axiom in art. But it remained for this country to build upon it the greatest art industry — judged either by gross or net receipts — the world has ever seen. It was not ever thus before," continued Jones. "For the first time in the history of mankind, purity and joy and innocence are reaping now their proper dividends."

"They all get it. They all get the same bug," the girl with the caps was telling me. "Instead of being satisfied with forty or fifty dollars a week from posing, they've all got to get in the movies and make a million dollars all at once. And most of them break their necks naturally," she said, "and that's all they get out of it.

"These women like this one," she concluded. "You ought to hear them talk what they're going to do, and what they aren't. The worse they get, the better they think they are. It's a scream."

"Now take this little girl —" I asked.

"She's losing all the time. She's not half what she was."

"Why?" said I. "She's a good little model certainly. What do they want, anyhow?"

"What would they want?"

I admitted I didn't know exactly.

"They want a real, live child, naturally."

"Naturally," said I.

"And they take all the life out of them, always — these women like her. There's nothing left after they get through, if you see what I mean."

"Sure," said Jones, "I see. They draw the souls out of their mouths and sell them."

You noticed these women — these professional mothers of the smiling children — when you went up there, sitting around among [*Continued on page 71*]

Just a Moment—

Richard Le Gallienne, Fred C. Kelly, Dr. Edwin F. Bowers and Burges Johnson Have Something to Say to You

The Disappearance of the Vulgar Rich

by Richard Le Gallienne

ONE good result of the multiplication of large fortunes in America is that a large fortune is no longer an astonishment, no longer a distinction. It is in fact so much the usual thing, that it has ceased to be worth mentioning. One takes it for granted that a business man is rich, as one takes it for granted that an artist is poor; and one fact calls for comment no more than the other. If an artist should happen to be rich, we may think of him as fortunate; but for a business man to be rich is merely natural. It is his metier.

Of course, it goes without saying that the well-bred rich have always taken their wealth for granted like the laws of gravitation, but their attitude has until recently been exceptional. It has not had sufficient weight to over-awe the wealthy vulgarians into a seemly reticence in regard to their possessions. There have been populous social areas — as, of course, in a lessening degree, there still are — where they and their wives and daughters could flaunt and lord it. Now, however, even the vulgar rich themselves are beginning to realize that gold-braid has become so common, that the game of dazzle-my-neighbor must be played with other counters. The parade of wealth no longer dazzles. It merely bores and distresses. To draw attention to the costliness of this or that is to make everyone uncomfortable. It is much more the thing to pride oneself on the inexpensiveness of our pleasant accessories and achievements, the frugality of the means employed to charming ends. The positive esthetic value of skilled economy in the attainment of results is being recognized. Wasteful display is more and more seen for what it is — a mere tasteless outpouring of money-bags. Realizing that money can do anything, we cease to be surprised at anything money, mere money, does. Individual taste or originality in the spending of money alone rescues the spender from obscurity.

What one might call, too, a sense of the social obesity of immense, unwieldy fortunes, is on the increase, that there is indeed something vulgar in possessing so many thousand times more than we can possibly make any use of, have indeed any fun with. We hear far more often than we used to of men declaring themselves satisfied with a moderate fortune which they can really enjoy. And I may be wrong, but I think I perceive a slowly permeating sense of an implicit injustice in the existence of such colossal fortunes at all. At all events, there can be no doubt that the rich are more quiet about their wealth than they used to be. The *nouveau riche* is a disappearing genus — at least on this side of the water. I have, however, heard that he has been somewhat painfully prominent in England, of late years. Be that as it may, as a stock jibe against America he is decidedly out-of-date.

The Popcorn Boy

by Fred C. Kelly

AS I sat in the grandstand at a baseball game in Chicago a summer or two ago, I chanced to be impressed with the fact that a humble job can often be dignified by being done uncommonly well.

A man passed about among the crowd selling popcorn. Now, selling popcorn at a ball-game is perhaps a less important job than that of ambassador or automobile agent. Yet, everybody in the crowd looked on that popcorn man as a person worth while. He was the best popcorn salesman any of them had ever seen. Unless the teams on the field did things in rather spectacular fashion, people had a tendency to turn from looking at the batter or baserunner and size up the busy little popcorn salesman.

He had a way about him. People warmed up to him simply because they realized that he was at the top of the line of endeavor he had chosen. In the first place he had a good assortment of talk, and could say things in a way that carried conviction. He didn't merely yell, "Popcorn, five a sack!" as he passed along and let it go at that. Instead, he paused every little while to tell the full particulars about his popcorn — what fine creamery butter was used and what special efforts had been put forth to make it so thoroughly palatable that nobody should think of sitting through a ball-game without it.

Ordinarily I am not much swayed by oratory or mere talk, and I am not much of a hand to sit and munch popcorn or peanuts. But this chap gave me the impression somehow that I sat face to face with opportunity — that he was offering something worthy of especial attention. So when he came along and announced that it would be pos-i-*tive*-ly his last appearance that afternoon I motioned to him to let me have a sack of his goods. I really felt as if I had saved myself, by a close margin, missing something.

It was not only with his line of talk that the man shone. If somebody a rod or two away from the nearest aisle waved to him for a sack of corn, he invariably tossed it into the man's hands with all the accuracy of one of the men out in the field putting the ball to first base. And he never failed to catch the nickel or dime that the buyer tossed to him. He did this with a neatness and dexterity that won admiration from everybody about him. Once a whole section of the grandstand applauded him for the precision with which he shot a nickel change back to a customer with his thumb.

Up to that time I had never taken popcorn selling very seriously. But I saw that it doesn't matter much what a man's job is; if he's the best man in his line, his work will stand out as conspicuously as a set of side whiskers.

Brains and Bean Measures

by Dr. Edwin F. Bowers

UP to a certain point filling a brain with facts is like filling a measure with beans. The brain will hold only about so many facts. Then it spills over. And everybody knows how bean measures behave.

There is this essential difference between bean measures and brains, however. Brains live on facts, and grow by what they feed upon. Bean measures remain bean measures until the last syllable of recorded time — or while their particles hang together, anyhow.

This is the beautiful thing about brains. All they require is intelligent, systematic use — and feed. Books, talks, thinks, and the food they pick out for themselves from good, clean, rich blood. Exercise of any particular set of brain cells develops their capacity for doing more and better work; just as exercise of a group of muscles develops the cells making up that particular muscle, and its working capacity.

This development, however, doesn't mass in certain sections or areas of the brain, and push out knobs of bone with bunches of brain cells under them. It isn't a development that the phrenologist can, with accuracy, descant upon.

But it's there, just the same. And anatomists now, in examining a brain under the microscope, can say, with a fair degree of assurance, "This man was right-handed, a musician, a mathematician," or what not.

Continued use of any set of brain cells increases the number of "folds," or brain convolutions, in that area. This tells the scientist what the subject could tell him — were he alive. Which brings up the most interesting and comforting fact of all. All brain exercise, in moderation, is useful and nourishing, just as is all beefsteak, in moderation, useful and nourishing.

Because you don't remember when or why the battle of Marathon was fought, or how long the base of an isosceles triangle ought to be, and much else that you once knew, is no reason you shouldn't keep right on feeding that apparently forgetful brain.

For the brain is what it is — capable and reasoning — with a large and increasingly dependable outlook and a sanguine future, because of all the facts it has fed upon, just as the body is symmetrical and robust because of the long-forgotten and never-thought-of-again beefsteaks it has fed upon.

So don't starve your brain. Keep it fed with books and facts and thoughts, no matter if you don't remember the article you read last month, or the date of Aunt Matilda's birthday.

These things may be trivial in the big scheme of things. What really counts is just the thing you will be able to do with credit and complete satisfaction — when the time comes — because you exercised your mental muscles on these apparent non-essentials, and knew the difference between brains and bean measures.

Pity the Poor Historian

by Burges Johnson

HISTORY is being written these days," — so the saying goes; but it is shocking to contemplate what history is being written upon. This is an era of wood-pulp paper, that crumbles to dust within a few decades. Fountain-pens are fluent, and monotypes and linotypes are prolific, and rotary presses are busy night and day; yet all that they set down upon paper must turn yellow and fade and crumble to dust, while hieroglyphics on ancient books of stone, chiseled slowly and painfully thousands of years ago, will still be before us for perusal.

It is reported that some of the official record books of the city of New York for certain quite recent years contain page after page that is a total blank; though the paper is there, the ink purchased by the city at that particular time had no lasting quality. A few hundred years ago a man lived who was a center of interest in his day, who presented the greatest dramas that English literature has produced, whose literary friends and acquaintances included all of the most distinguished then living in England, and yet when one considers that in spite of all this most of the records of his life are lost, and even his authorship of the plays that bear his name is disputed by wise men of our time, one sees how perishable these records of human experience may be.

Every now and then during recent years archaeologists excavating on the sites of ancient cities have discovered some bit of chiseled stone, some fragment of an ancient historic writing, that completely upsets established theories, and it is proved that King So-and-So and King Somebody-Else, instead of enjoying consecutive reigns in Chaldea, in reality reigned over different kingdoms, with a thousand years or so intervening.

What perplexities the historians a thousand years from today will face, with only such data before them as happen to have been set down upon less perishable forms of parchment, or transmitted with reasonable accuracy from writing to writing through the procession of the years! A fragment containing Shaw's "Antony and Cleopatra" will prove conclusively by a study of contemporary dialects that the English-speaking peoples occupied a satrapy of Egypt; some surviving cartoon of Bryan in a toga, with the dove of peace hovering about him, will inextricably confuse our history with that of Rome; and theories will be evolved and folios written upon the period of Bird Worship in the religious history of the Anglo-Roman peoples.

Caricature has its place, and parody is a healthful recreation, but if we had more consideration for the historian of the far-distant future, and more regard for our own position in the eyes of a critical posterity, we would change our whole attitude toward the establishment of a press censorship, or we would exercise far greater care than we do now in the distribution of rag paper.

There was little of the dramatic atmosphere that Cassius Calhoun Walker had longed for in the first rehearsal

The Bar and the Bard

by Bozeman Bulger

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

Mrs. Preston

CASSIUS CALHOUN WALKER, of a proud old family — which is to say he was a Southerner — sat in the anteroom of the Desmond Dramatic Exchange in upper Broadway, awaiting his turn. Every action of the young man betokened unfamiliarity with his surroundings. In his bearing there was an attempt at dignity but, being on strange ground, it was difficult for Cassius to maintain anything like the austerity he had planned. Next to him in the row of chairs, backed against the wall, sat a little, chubby man with a face screwed up like that of a bull-dog. Assuming a spirit of camaraderie he confided to the Southerner that he specialized as a comic policeman and thought there was a chance of landing a job. In a pinch he could do a butler as well as the best of them. Cassius politely wished him success but was too preoccupied to encourage further confidences. The Southerner was nervous, expectant, uncertain what to do. His constantly shifting hands nervously fingered two important-looking envelopes. They contained letters from the Governor of Alabama and the United States Senator from the same state, recommending young Mr. Walker as a thorough gentleman to anyone who saw fit to engage him. He prized these letters highly; he had great faith in them.

More minutes ticked by, and as no one paid any particular attention to Cassius Calhoun Walker he twisted in his chair, listened abstractedly to the friendly chatter of the comedy policeman and watched the stream of actors as they went in and out of the office marked "For Managers Only," some smiling and others evidently wearied of making the rounds with nothing like a job in prospect. Occasionally he would get both letters in one hand and run the fingers of the other through his long, black hair. That long, black hair, bobbed to a thick bush in the back that lapped his coat collar, identified Mr. Walker accurately as a young Southern lawyer. One who had previously seen an Alabama cub lawyer, with notions of the legislature in his head, could not have guessed wrong. At this moment, however, Cassius had forsaken the law for the drama. He was an embryo actor looking for a job, and the cut of his hair was not entirely out of character in either vocation.

"Got a line on anything in particular?" the comedy policeman asked.

"I can't say that I have," replied the Southerner, "but, naturally, I should prefer something Shakespearian."

The screwed-up face of the chubby actor broke into a smile, and he laughed heartily.

"That's good stuff, all right," he said. "It made me laugh. I had you doped for a heavy or a lead, though. I'd never have taken you for a comedian."

"What on earth are we going to do?" begged Miss Calvere. "It's awful!"

Cassius Calhoun had no idea what the man was talking about, but in a vague way felt that his remark had been misunderstood. He had no opportunity for further explanation, as the comedy policeman was called to an inner office and did not appear again.

It looked as if no one was going to inquire of young Mr. Walker the nature of his business, but he forced himself to be patient. When the time came the letters from the Governor and the Senator would carry him through. He felt sure of that. Cassius knew nothing of the workings of dramatic exchanges.

Cassius had arrived from the South that morning and, upon inquiry, had learned that the Desmond was a good dramatic agency, and had called.

Perhaps it is necessary to make the object of this visit to the North a little clearer, and to do so we must go back a few weeks — away back to south Alabama where the name of Cassius Calhoun Walker meant something. His father and his grandfather had been prominent in Southern politics, and naturally, this paved the way for Cassius Calhoun as a lawyer. Evidently the father and mother had a legal career in mind when they gave him that name.

The law business at the start was not so profitable and, as Cassius's father died before the son earned his license to practise, there were none of the old clients left. To make ends meet, therefore, the United States Senator, a political friend of the father, had secured a place for young Walker in the copyright department at Washington. After a year there, in which he grew quite proficient in copyright law, Cassius decided to return to Alabama and hang out his shingle again. Unfortunately it was a section where nobody wrote anything and very few cared what was written elsewhere. There was really no field for young Walker's lately acquired knowledge. Disputes over crop liens, pistol totings and hog-stealings did not arouse the latent fire. Elocution had been drilled into Cassius from his early boyhood but, without a case, there was no outlet before a jury. His wonderful bass voice, however, won every debating prize offered.

When the Ladies' Aid Society, working in conjunction with the Literary and Dramatic Club, decided to give an amateur production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the regular opera-house there was no question as to who should have the leading rôle. It fell to Cassius Calhoun Walker by acclamation. To this day they talk of the wonderful speeches he made to *Juliet* as she stood on the balcony. They also remember

that the balcony fell and that Cassius Calhoun caught the frightened *Juliet* in his arms — a frightfully embarrassing situation to both — but that is diverging.

The County Advocate gave to the production a column and a half of praise — not criticism. In every paragraph there breathed a feeling that Cassius Calhoun Walker had a better voice than either Booth or Barrett and that if the professional stage could only claim him he would become a sensation in the theatrical world. In substance, the Advocate admitted that Alabama's loss would be the drama's gain.

Cassius liked this very much. He would rather hear his own voice than win a law case. What could be more natural than for him to become an actor The next move was to New York.

Proceeding cautiously, Cassius had written to the friends of his father and grandfather and secured letters from the Governor and the United States Senator.

With these he now sat in the anteroom of the Desmond Dramatic Exchange awaiting patiently a call to the drama.

"Did you have any engagement here?" one of the girl stenographers finally inquired of Mr. Walker. He arose, bowing respectfully.

"No, ma'am, I didn't know that it was necessary to make an engagement in advance. I am sorry."

"No use to be sorry," she said; "it's nothing to me. I just wanted to know if you was waiting here to see some manager or if you was simply looking for any kind of a job."

"In that case, with your permission, ma'am, I should like very much to meet your — the gentleman or lady in charge."

"Say, Charlie," she called over the little railing that separates actors from jobs, "come over here."

An impressive looking bald-headed man strolled across the room. His attitude of self-assurance gave one the impression that the drama ate right out of his hand.

"This is Mr. Bierbauer," the girl said to Walker. "He'll talk to you."

"I am very happy to know you, Mr. Bierbauer. My name is Cassius Calhoun Walker. I am from the well-known family of——"

"I get you — needn't go any further — accent's good. Wait a minute. Say, Phil," he called through the door of the room for managers, "here's a fellow I think'll do. Better look him over."

Mr. Bierbauer indicated that the Southerner was to follow, and started for the door.

"Just a moment, Charlie," said the man he called Phil. A man and woman, actors evidently, were in the room with the managers but had arisen as if to go. Bierbauer and Walker stopped in the open door.

"These producers, Burke and Green, are a great pair," Bierbauer confided to Cassius as they waited. "If you get with 'em hang on as long as you can. That fellow Green is connected with one of the biggest syndicates in the world. This is a sideline with him. Grab a part in this act they are about to put on and it'll set you in right."

A man and woman, actors evidently, were in the room with the managers but had arisen as if to go

"I'm afraid you didn't understand what I was about to say when we were interrupted," said Walker. "I come from the old——"

"It's all right, it's all right. Don't bother about it now. If you do business with these fellows just leave a slip at the desk on your way out."

"A slip? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Oh, sure you do, the regular slip," explained Bierbauer. "You know, we get fifty per cent. of your first week's salary as commission for landing the job. The slip is merely to keep the records straight. Sometimes artists forget and it's hard to locate 'em."

"Then, I gather from your remarks," observed the Southerner, "that is the main business of the Desmond Dramatic Exchange?"

"Surest thing you know." Bierbauer looked at him curiously. "The commission is what pays for all these girls and the furniture."

"But, as to Burke and Green, the producers?"

"Oh, they don't pay anything. They come here to pick out the actors and you pay us for letting them give you a job. See?"

Bierbauer was called to another case and left Cassius standing alone. The latter could not help but hear the conversation between the two producers and the man and woman.

"It's a good idea, anyway, isn't it?" Phil Burke was saying to the woman.

"Quite a plot," she agreed, "and it might develop a lot of good action."

"Well, I'm sorry you can't go in with us. If you didn't have that other engagement we could use you two nicely for the heavy and the leading lady. Your husband looks like a Southerner, at that."

Cassius Calhoun Walker pricked up his ears. He had an inkling of why Bierbauer had called him to the manager's office so suddenly. But how, he asked himself, did they discover that he was a Southerner?

The man and the woman evidently were famous performers. It was easy for Cassius, unsophisticated as he was, to understand that Phil Burke and Joe Green had been going over the plot of the new piece with them.

"I picked up the idea while riding in the subway the other day," Green said to the man and woman as he arose to show them to the door. "If it doesn't go this time we may talk to you folks about it again later on."

"That'll be fine," agreed the woman as she passed Walker. One of the young women clerks stopped her.

"Would you mind leaving your names and addresses for our files?" the girl asked.

The woman was inclined to be indignant at not being known to everybody, but acquiesced when the clerk explained that it was her instructions to keep all names and addresses of callers.

"Marcelle Wynne and James Humphrey Troy, Hotel Navarre," she gave to the girl. "Family name, Mr. and Mrs. Conroy — but you don't need that."

These were the first real performers that Cassius Calhoun Walker had ever seen at close range, and he never forgot those names — Marcelle Wynne and James Humphrey Troy. They fascinated him.

"You may come in now," Phil Burke called to Walker, and motioned him to a chair. Joe Green, the other partner, was at a desk taking notes.

"Name, please?" he called out.

"Cassius Calhoun Walker, sir, and I presume you gentlemen are Mr. Burke and Mr. Green. I am happy to know you."

"Address, please?"

"Really, sir, I have no New York address as yet. I have just arrived in your city. I am a member of——"

"Any references?"

[*Continued on page 44*]

Though a listener by force of circumstances Cassius became very much interested

Pansy went on again, hoarsely, looking straight before her: "I didn't do it. . . . I wouldn't have done it."

The Lifted Veil

by

BASIL KING

Author of "The Inner Shrine"

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

See page 51 for what happened in foregoing chapters

Mr. Flagg

TO fill in, or rather to reconstruct, his portrait of Clorinda was not, when Bainbridge came to do it, as easy as he thought it ought to be. The figure whom he had worshiped as a saintly image in stained glass had blurred the outlines in waking into life. She had both disturbed his vision and rendered it more marvelously beautiful.

And yet when a few days after Christmas she sent for him it was to show herself in an aspect in which he had not seen her heretofore, simple and domestic. Consciously or not she had chosen the early part of the forenoon as best suited to her purpose. While he waited in the library he heard her voice in the tiny room, a kind of office, that opened from it, where she was evidently talking to the cook.

"So that's understood, Catherine. Not quite so much salt in the soups — and the next time we have an omelette I'll come to the kitchen myself and show you how to make it."

Bainbridge could not have said why these words should have been consoling to him; but a sense of consolation followed him when he was shown into the little room, where he found her seated at a desk which combined a suggestion of business with French eighteenth-century elegance. A large check-book lay open before her, and a pile of envelopes stamped for the post stood neatly beside it. Everything stood neatly. Among the papers there was no disorder; not a pen, not a pencil was displaced. He could see her as one of those women who cannot move without producing an effect of the finished, of the exquisite.

He received the same impression from her dress. Dimly he had expected to find her shimmering in green and silver, with emeralds and diamonds round her neck — or in one or another of the imposing robes she had worn at their previous meetings. Nothing could have been plainer than the short black skirt of this morning, nor the long open white collar, a loose frill of lawn, that descended to the bust, where three large silver buttons, each carved as a different flower, formed her only ornament. Her hair, dressed low on the neck, displayed the shapeliness of the head; on her fingers she wore nothing but her wedding-ring.

Her first words, too, were a relief to him. "Do sit down. I'm so glad you were able to come. I wanted to ask you about these attacks on Leslie and Maggie Palliser."

Having been half afraid of some such high note as that on which they had parted a few evenings earlier he found the tone deliciously confidential and matter-of-fact. It was suited to the morning, to the cosy little room with its fire on the hearth, its miniatures and figurines, and to the crisp, snowy air outside.

"I didn't know they were still going on — the attacks."

"Yes; there's another article this week. It isn't worth while looking at it if you haven't seen it already; but I wanted to ask you if you can think of any way by which they might be stopped."

He reflected. "I don't *know* of any way; but we might find one."

"I talked to Endsleigh Jarrott about it yesterday. He said it was difficult. He didn't admit it in so many words, but I think he tried it once, when there had been a lot about Claribel and a Mr. Searle. What he said was that there was no one to get at or to whom you could appeal. There seemed to be no editor, and no staff, and no proprietor — no one who would call himself responsible. He'd found it like fighting something in the air; there were no weapons by which you could strike at it."

"And there generally is some truth in the stories. That's another queer thing. Whoever the responsible people are, you can't often accuse them of lying. Take the case of Leslie and Maggie. Neither you nor I, who know them so well, had any idea that there were differences between them till they were brought up in this way."

He saw in her eyes that gleam which he had often compared to light moving under water. "I had," she said, simply. Unnecessarily she straightened the pile of stamped envelopes, the inkstand, the pen-tray, the small decorative objects on her desk, as she added: "At least I knew that Leslie wasn't happy. I didn't know that Maggie — that Maggie had noticed anything, till she told us the other day."

Her embarrassment, the tinge of color in her cheeks, conveyed nothing to him but a natural reluctance in speaking of the troubles of her friends. "I hadn't the faintest suspicion of anything," he declared, frankly, "till I chanced on it in that paper. Even then I wasn't afraid of it, except in as far as Maggie might believe it."

"That's all there is really to be afraid of."

He spoke with some perplexity. "Up to now I thought I understood her. I find, however, that —— "

"That you don't," she broke in, with animation. "No, you wouldn't. Probably no man could. It's only a woman who understands another woman's desire to dominate."

"If she'd only gone another way to work with Leslie —— "

"Oh, I don't know. I'm afraid he would have eluded her in any case. No woman would ever — " her color deepened — "would ever hold him long. That may be because of the complex feminine streak in himself. It's the big, simple, masculine men who are always the most faithful."

He found it happiness to sit talking with her in this intimate way — such happiness that the discussion meant more than the object. His remarks were made in that manner he had acquired since knowing her, a manner by which he could answer her questions, and put forth his opinions quite lucidly, while really thinking of her, of the turn of her head, of the delicate molding of her wrist, of the distinction of her utterance, of the quiet grace of her movements. He could therefore not have traced the transitions by which after a few minutes he heard her speaking of Pansy Wilde.

"I've had time to think it over well, and to know just what I should like to be allowed to do. If they'd let me take her I should make her at first a sort of assistant to my own maid — to do sewing and mending and that kind of thing. That would give her a comfortable home, and bring her right under my own eye. I've talked to Alphonsine about her, and got her sympathy. As a Frenchwoman she's already interested in the heroine of what she calls a *drame passionel*, however pitiful. After that we could see."

HE thought it right to warn her. "You'd probably meet with all sorts of disillusions and disappointments in Pansy herself."

"Oh, I know that; but it would be part of my work to wrestle with them, to circumvent them, wouldn't it? You see I don't want to go into this thing just sentimentally or as a fad; I want to give myself to the healing and restoration of this child as seriously as Mrs. Macy gave herself up to teaching Helen Keller. I dare say it may seem to you a great deal for one when there are so many —— "

He denied this, with a shake of the head.

"But I feel equal to it in the case of one when more would frighten me."

"It seems to me all you should attempt."

"For the present, at any rate; only that there *is* something else. You say that Pansy has a widowed mother, and some brothers and sisters."

He gave her the details of the family, adding that since the girl had fled from home, and had later been brought into court, the mother had not seen her.

"Then I should try to bring them together. I shouldn't try more than that. This would give me a chance to see — to see what I could do to help the mother — and to — to educate the other children, who must be young since Pansy is the eldest." She clasped her hands and looked at him rather piteously. "Oh, don't laugh at me or think me presuming or over-ambitious. You see, I'm — I'm quite well off." She named the approximate amount of her income, going on hurriedly to say: "That's no enormous wealth according to the standards of New York; but it's more than enough for one, and I hardly ever give any of it away. Giving away money generally seems to me so aimless and so — so futile."

He responded dreamily because each minute seemed to bring him some new revelation of her character. "I'm beginning to think it *is* futile in the majority of cases. Our philanthropies deal largely with effects rather than with causes, and so our generosity becomes a mere pouring of money into bags with holes."

She smiled on him with what he considered an adorable humility. "You see, I want to — to go with the money; to have the money go with me and not *instead* of me. I want to *know* — to make it not merely a dead gift, but a kind of — a kind of expression of myself. Oh, I dare say I'm very foolish — but it's the way I feel — the way I've always felt — and so, if you could help me again, as you've helped me in so many ways already . . . "

Fortunately the subject was one he could discuss with greater knowledge than the regulation of journalism. He told her of the different authorities who would have the matter in their hands. There would be the judge of the juvenile court who had sent Pansy Wilde to the House of Comfort; there would be the directors of the House itself; there would be Miss Downie; there would be Pansy's mother; last of all there would be Pansy herself. On Pansy herself he dwelt at some length, painting her in tolerably dark colors. She was likely to prove rebellious, refractory. You couldn't always judge by refinement of manner and dark violet eyes. In spite of these reassuring indications the heart could easily be wilful. If Pansy hadn't been wilful she wouldn't be where she was. Miss Higgins had given her a good home, and yet ——

CLORINDA broke in, pityingly. "Oh, that poor thing! I know she's a good woman and — and harmless; but I can't imagine any eager young girl being influenced by her, one way or another. You see, my interest in the matter is not in Pansy Wilde herself; it's in trying to help anyone — *anyone* — who's gone wrong in this particular way. This child appeals to me only because she's at the beginning of her troubles, and her experience has been so tragic."

"That's true of them all. Each one of them has a tragedy behind her."

"Quite so; and if I hadn't seen Pansy and felt drawn to her, I could take almost any one of them at random." She passed in her elliptical way to another phase of the subject. "You don't object to my making the attempt, do you?"

"No; but you might easily be baffled by Pansy's own inclinations. She might not be happy in your house, as she'd think of happiness, and then —— "

"She'd be free. I should never attempt to hold her by force. If being a friend to her, a sister, didn't win her, I should admit that I had failed."

"And then," he began, with an apologetic smile, "one has to take into consideration the fact that — that you yourself might tire of the experiment —— "

With one hand on her desk, and the other hanging over the back of the chair, she straightened herself royally. "Then you do think I'm going into it as a fad. I'm the idle rich woman seeking a new pastime. You don't know me."

He seized the opening to say: "I know you so well that I want to know you better. Isn't that the substance of what I said the other afternoon?"

"That's exactly the substance — for the time being. Suppose — " she began again, slowly, with meticulous care, to rearrange the objects on the desk — "suppose we — we left it at that — for now?"

"You mean — left it all in the air?"

"That's a very good expression. If it were all in the air we should live in it — breathe it in — get used to it — or know whether we could ever get used to it or not."

"But I know that already."

"Oh, no, you don't. This is one of the rare subjects on which I'm wiser than you. Believe me, you're not used to it. You see a vision in the clouds which you'd

like to bring down to earth; but you don't know what it would be like if you got it there. Neither of us knows."

"And you suggest —— ?"

She turned to him with a smile in which he found a mingling of tenderness and radiance. "Isn't it very nice as it is — like this? You're free to come and go, and to know that we have this secret between us — while we both test the possibilities —— "

"And would it be like that for long?" Bainbridge questioned.

The smile faded. If her gravity did not become a frown it was because of her inexpressible gentleness. "No; and it needn't — it needn't be like that at all, if you'd be content with the answer —— "

He hastened to interrupt. "I shall not be content with any answer that doesn't give me the thing I most want in the world."

"If the thing you most want in the world is — is what you asked me the other afternoon, then I'm not sure whether I can ever give it to you or not. As I said then — I *might*. But if so, you must — you must give me time. If you can't do that —— "

"Oh, but I can," he declared, eagerly. "I want you to have all the time you need; and in the meanwhile —— "

"In the meanwhile, you mustn't urge me. You must let me feel free. You must feel free yourself. If it should come to you that — that you'd made a mistake in asking a woman like me to be your wife —— "

"Oh, don't!" In spite of the fact that the edge of the cry was tempered by a smile the protest in it was unmistakable.

Her own smile returned, less radiant, it seemed to him, than a few minutes earlier, but more tender. "Then I won't. That part of it is over. I shall not go back to it again. I see — I see that to — to keep referring to it might easily become — become intolerable. Besides," she stumbled on, brokenly — "and this is one of the most wonderful things about it — the fact that you can dismiss it from your mind makes it possible for me to dismiss it from mine. I realized that the other evening in the car. I said so, didn't I? And I've felt it ever since — as if something had been rolled away, as if a weight had been taken from my heart." She went on so rapidly that he had not time to be bewildered. "But now we understand each other, don't we? We'll let this — this great thing *be*. We'll just live. We've plenty to do — things that will bring us together. You'll come and see me whenever you like — and whenever I want you I'll write or call you up — and if at the end of a few weeks we see —— "

He felt it to his advantage to rise. "Let us have the few weeks first," he said, hastily. "Don't let us prophesy or make arrangements. As you say, let us live — with this great thing, as you call it, in the air — between us — to breathe in."

ON the basis of this pact Bainbridge passed through a number of weeks which remained in his memory as a period of poignant, high-strung happiness. Many factors entered into it, factors through which his personal aims were in a measure carried out by a great impersonal striving.

It was that moment in the winter of 1915 when America awoke with amazement and pain to the fact that the world was in agony and calling on her for aid. It was true that aid had been given in the previous summer and autumn, but as to the victims of a vast catastrophe, another and mightier Messina or St. Pierre. The war was to last a few weeks, or a few months at most. It had been supposed that the need, once met, would be over. But the dawn of that new year was also the dawn of a new phase of perception. It began to be seen that the need was not only urgent but that it would remain urgent. Once met it had to be met again; being met again it had to be met again. Pain presented herself as the companion figure to War and spoke in words of even more imperative command. Pain brought her sister Want. Pain and Want together lifted up their voices in a cry such as no man living had ever heard the like of. Bainbridge was one of the millions of his fellow-countrymen who listened and were thrilled.

As a young man with a young man's energies he at first took the call to be one for his physical strength. There were ways in which he could serve that would be quite in keeping with his spiritual office. In the capacity of ambulance-driver or stretcher-bearer his spiritual office would in fact find wider opportunities. Had he been able, during this stage of the excitement, to wrench himself free from his duties, not even his love for Clorinda Gildersleeve would have held him in the humdrum round.

Since there were reasons why calmer counsels should prevail he did what he could at home. Within a few weeks his work transformed itself from the parochial to the universal. From ministering to a decent class of more or less fashionable folk, with sins and sorrows not less acute because they were those of people of means, he found himself a champion of man. New York shriveled up; Fifth Avenue became a thread; his thoughts were daily and hourly with men and women he never knew, in desolated towns he had rarely if ever heard the names of. Never in his life had he been so active. He was on all kinds of committees; he addressed all kinds of meetings; in spite of his views as to the futility of giving away money he poured his means into all kinds of funds. He came into view as one of the apostles of a new world-brotherhood, which was perhaps the more startlingly a brotherhood because guilty of the crime of fratricide.

And in his present activities he had the joy of drawing nearer to Clorinda, of seeing her in other lights. It was one of his first discoveries that in the new movement of help she took a part that surprised him. She might have been classed among the many American women who had waked from a state of idleness and helplessness. With the needs of other countries reacting on the needs of their own there seemed to be born in them a new consciousness. The sense of being useless with which she had returned from Europe having passed, she became suddenly energetic and effective.

So throughout January they worked together to get money, food, clothes, doctors, nurses, and hospital necessities. It was work of such immediate pressure as, for the minute at least, to make their more intimate desires seem far away. They did not forget them or ignore them; they only allowed them to recede. They allowed them to recede, but to loom up in the distance, splendid, noble, hedging them round, as the hills stand about Jerusalem.

And yet Bainbridge was not so immersed in new undertakings as to forget the marital rescue of Leslie and Maggie Paliser or the social salvation of Pansy Wilde.

With regard to the former he could only feel his way. When the partially estranged couple returned from White Sulphur Springs he did his best to divert them from mutual reproach by engaging their services on behalf of the suffering. Though by this means he occupied their time he could do little to diminish the sense of irritation which each produced on the other.

"So long as Maggie accepts as gospel everything printed by that rotten sheet," Leslie declared, doggedly, "it's no use for me to take any steps toward a reconciliation. We live in the same house; I dare say we shall go on doing so; I make the concession for the children's sake. Otherwise I can think of no greater happiness than to be quit of this damned big establishment — and on my own again. See?"

"So long as there's another woman in Leslie's life," Maggie insisted, with sorrowful determination, "you needn't speak on his behalf. I did what you asked me to do, Arthur; I went away with him. But I couldn't go so far as not to see the papers, and — well, we don't gain anything by talking. When you think of what Leslie owes to me, the least, the very *least*, you might have looked for was that he should have remained faithful. I don't say," she added, with her gasping sob, "that he should have loved me; but between that and spending my money on other women there's a difference."

"My God, Arthur," Leslie exclaimed, on another occasion, "it's the money. If I had two thousand dollars a year of my very own I could swallow everything. I could pay for my clothes, at least. But I don't make that since I gave up my work at Columbia, either by my lectures or my books — no one wants to pay for political economy! — and so I have to take her checks. When she gives me one I feel as if I was handling a live snake; but I've *got* to do it."

"You haven't got to do it in that way," Bainbridge endeavored to explain. "Between a man and his wife there is, properly speaking, no such thing as money. Money is only a counter. It stands for something not itself. When you've got that, old boy —— "

"Ah, but when you haven't?"

"You set to work to acquire it. One can, you know. Once you've done it, it won't matter whether the money was originally yours or Maggie's, because that aspect of the thing will have lost its significance."

To Maggie he said: "You see, Maggie, you detract from your own personality by laying so much stress on mere cash. You turn yourself into dollars and cents, and then wonder why Leslie doesn't go into raptures over the sum total."

"I turn myself into the thing Leslie cares most about."

"If he cared most about it he'd never have sacrificed his independence."

She laughed scornfully. "Sacrificed his independence? I wonder how? A man who has a mistress hasn't sacrificed much that I can see."

"Let us keep to one thing at a time, Maggie. Leslie sacrificed his financial independence, and he did it to please you. I wonder if you have any idea of what that means in the case of a man as proud and sensitive as he is? He could never have done it if he hadn't believed that between you and him there was no such thing as money."

"No such thing as money? My dear man, how you talk!"

"Yes, there you are. But what *is* money? Is it anything more than the token of exchange? Once you'd got the equivalent of money the money itself had no further meaning."

"If you put it that way the equivalent of money is love, and Leslie has never —— "

"No; the equivalent of money is life, and that's what Leslie has given you. He's put his life in your hands. It's for you to make of it what you will."

"And how about my life in his hands?"

"Exactly the same thing. I'm not saying that Leslie has done his duty by you any more than that you've done your duty by him."

If there was a result from these exhortations it was not immediately apparent.

From his efforts to stop the publication of paragraphs in which the names of his friends were mentioned in jocular familiarity there was no result at all. He penetrated on one occasion to what purported to be an office, in a yellow building, very far east in Twenty-fourth Street. Here a young man, with grim, tight, snapping mouth and wary, restless eyes was tilting in a revolving chair, picking his teeth, but otherwise doing nothing. Bainbridge having stated his errand without mentioning the names, the young man, who kept his hat on his head and retained his position in the revolving chair, replied, vaguely: "Well, that wouldn't be in my department."

"Then in whose department would it be?"

"I couldn't rightly say."

"Would it be possible to find out?"

"I dunno as it would be." He brought the chair to a level position and went on, confidentially: "Say, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask Miss Beans. She's the stenographer, but she ain't here today. Leave your address and I'll let you know."

Bainbridge did not leave his address, but returning at a later date he found Miss Beans. She proved to be a tired little woman, of delicate features, and a tremor of the lip that portended tears.

In answer to Bainbridge's complaint she spoke prettily and sympathetically. "Oh, dear! that would be Mr. Davis's department, and he's now in the West. He'll regret it *so*."

"Hasn't he left anyone to take his place?"

"Well, no, he hasn't. It's very inconvenient when anything of this sort happens. We feel it *so*."

"Couldn't I wire him?"

"You might if we knew where to find him, but we don't." She seemed struck with a bright afterthought. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. Will you not leave me your address and I'll write to him, if I can find out where he is? It will please me *so*."

In the end Bainbridge was obliged to bring back a discouraged report to Mrs. Gildersleeve. He had noticed that Clorinda took his success or his failure in these attempts, of which there had been a good many, as a matter of personal importance. If her own name had been involved in the hints that found their way into print she could not have been more intensely concerned. It was only when he broached this subject that he ever nowadays saw in [*Continued on page 36*]

NEXT MONTH: Porter Emerson Browne, Sophie Kerr, Clarence F. Underwood, Irma Dérèmeaux, Edward Mott Woolley, Anna Steese Richardson, Tony Sarg, Dana Gatlin, F. G. Cootes, Cleveland Moffett, Arthur William Brown, Basil King, James Montgomery Flagg, Cameron Mackenzie, H. C. Witwer, David Douglas, Waldemar Kaempffert, Wallace Morgan, Albert W. Atwood, and Lewis B. Allyn

"Parasites Lost"

—and "Parasites Regained"

by

Anna Steese Richardson

Painting by Clarence F. Underwood

THE man with the increasing waist-line and the vanishing hair-line revels in the coining of phrases. So, as he remarked, "I'm glad I live in the age of parasites lost," he watched, from the tail of his eye, for the effect of the paraphrase.

"Please let me see the diagram."

He flung the woman a pitying glance and reached for a fresh cigarette.

"'Paradise Lost' through folly of fair woman! 'Parasites Lost'—same cause. See? The parasite has fallen from her high estate—gone out! And the angel with the flaming sword which bars her return is Economic Independence."

"Oh! In the plain, garden-variety of English, you mean that the parasite-woman is disappearing before the spread of economic independence for her sex?"

The man smiled in the pleased fashion of a person who has watched a new thought percolate through the gray matter of another human being who lacks imagination.

"That's the idea," he said encouragingly. "You may not believe in suffrage for women, but you must admit that the woman in business and her economic independence are stamping out the parasite. Now take our own set, husband and wife, both writing, both painting, both singing or acting, all that sort of thing. Husband has his earnings, wife has hers."

"Also wife has part of hubby's earnings," added the woman.

"Certainly," he admitted. "A man ought to carry the heavier share of the family expenses without lessening the wife's sense of economic independence."

"Still I don't suppose she'd care to be called 'a partial parasite,' or 'a parasite half-lost.' Then think how small our set is! Just women writers, composers, and artists who work at home when genius burns. Compare them with the women toilers who work men's hours away from home. The woman with the gift for writing or painting will write or paint, married or single—with half a dozen children under her feet, whether she's paid for it or not. It is her chosen method of expressing herself. She does it for love of her art rather than for economic independence. But the woman wage-earner in the treadmill who toils unwillingly to keep body and soul together, looks to marriage as the institution which will break her shackles and give her the freedom of a parasite."

"I don't get you," said the man, puzzled.

"Naturally," said the woman, "because you've never worked among great masses of women, while I have. Because you've never gone to their humble homes and broken bread with them. Because you've never lined up at the cashier's window with them. Because you've never heard them pour forth their very souls in hours of loneliness, discouragement and sickness. You have merely flirted with one class of women and theorized about the other."

The maker of phrases looked positively pained.

"Then you, a woman of intelligence and progressive ideas, who have been economically independent for twenty years, do not believe that the parasite is disappearing?"

"I believe that the reaction from economic independence for woman is parasitism."

"How can you possibly prove such a statement?" demanded the man.

"By the aid of every-day life," answered the woman. "You are to be married next month. I presume that immediately on your return from your wedding-trip, your bride will resume her work at the ——— Institute?"

"Certainly not," was his quick retort. "But you cannot call our case typical. I have inherited that little place out in Connecticut and it would be very inconvenient for Louise to commute. Moreover, I'm the sort of man who wants children."

"And because there are millions of men like you, the so-called 'parasitic wife' continues in demand. You men are sex-progressives, modernists, and iconoclasts only when dealing with women in the mass. When it comes to your own particular woman you are atavists. In theory, you all belong to the Men's League for Women Suffrage. In marriage, you revert to the instincts of the cave-man."

"But you don't understand," persisted the man. "Louise has proven that she can support herself if it is necessary, but it is not necessary for her to contribute financially to the upkeep of our home. I expect to be even more successful because of her companionship and her intelligent interest in my work."

"Ah! I begin to get the masculine viewpoint. If a girl has been trained to the point of efficiency where she can be economically independent in marriage, if this is necessary, she is not a parasite. If, by her sympathy, her intelligence, her co-operation in the home, she inspires the husband to do better work and make more money, she is not a parasite. But, if in spite of her beauty and physical attraction for the man, she is unable to contribute the intelligent understanding and the comradeship which make for his success, she becomes a parasite. It is not a matter of intention on her part, but solely of results in the partnership which we call marriage. 'Parasites lost!'" scorned the woman. "My dear man, the parasite is only just coming into her own. The daily grind has merely whetted woman's appetite for the parasitic life, while daily contact with men has sharpened her wit and taught her the better to draw on men for every bit of organism, physical, intellectual and financial, that they can spare, and still avoid total collapse."

Whereupon they both parted, the best of friends.

LEST I be considered unprogressive or unsympathetic with the great tenets of feminism, permit me to present my creed on this burning topic.

I: I believe in every woman's right and ability to express herself in her profession, in her trade, in her social relations, in wifehood or in motherhood. Therefore why should any group of women who have never experienced wifehood and motherhood presume to

advise their sex that there is no self-expression for women in marriage?

2: I believe in the right of a woman to be economically independent if she so desires, and to earn the same wage as men, or more, if she is worth it to her employers. But why tell the woman who prefers motherhood to wage-earning that she cumbers the earth while her economically independent sisters are "useful"?

3: I believe that in making a man's home and bearing his children, a woman becomes the equal partner of a man and therefore earns her share of upkeep, overhead expenses and profits in the business of being married. Therefore, why is she falsely termed a parasite?

4: I believe that a woman should vote if it will make her more earnest, more intelligent and more happy. But why try to convince her that a ballot in the hand is worth more than those three birds in the tree — wifehood, motherhood and domestic contentment?

5: I believe in the woman's right to choose the father of her children. But why harp on the subject when the average intelligent woman does it, even though, for the sake of her domestic peace thereafter, she permits the man to think that he alone exercised the right of selection?

6: I believe in the right of a girl to propose to a man if she wishes to experience the sensation. But why urge eugenics to the point which robs her of the subtler joys of being wooed?

7: I believe that all normal women who chant in public their superior opportunities and privileges as wage-earners, dream in secret of the knight who will come riding by, and, grabbing them by their golden or raven locks, as the case may be, will yank them off their high pedestal to the plane of the parasite. Economic independence does not slay the instincts of romance, love and parenthood in men, so why should it unsex women?

SHOW me a woman who says truthfully that she hates men collectively and individually, and I will show you a woman who is out of harmony with the divine scheme of existence. Show me a woman who would refuse to become a wife and a mother solely because this would mean financial dependence upon the man who loves her, and I will show you a woman in whom those supreme instincts, loving, mating and mothering, are atrophied. For, correlating the maternal instinct, is the willingness of the woman to be protected and cared for, that she may bear the world children worthy of her great love.

Stifle this normal instinct at the treadmill of uncongenial wage-earning, under conditions revolting to the woman's finer nature, and the simple impulse toward protected wifehood and motherhood develops into an abnormal yearning to escape all responsibility and to indulge to excess in leisure, ease and personal pleasure, for all of which the male of the species shall pay.

This is the reaction from enforced and prolonged economic independence which I have watched during twenty years of work with women and for women. And when a woman falls to this state, then indeed is she a "parasite lost" to all sense of honor and decency; but not a "parasite lost" as the phrase-coiner saw her.

Ten years ago, girls were told that in marrying to escape the shame of spinsterhood, poverty or uncongeniality in the paternal home, they were no better than women who offer themselves for sale. They should become self-supporting. Today, the same girls who would marry without love to escape unpleasant home conditions are marrying without love to escape wage-earning and their boasted economic independence. And month by month their numbers grow at a rate which promises to throng our divorce courts. For if the reaction from economic independence for women be parasitism as expressed in marriage for expediency, just as surely is the reaction from such marriages — divorce.

Economic independence and the difficult school in which it is achieved have taught women some hard, unalterable facts about men and money. The woman who has earned knows the bitterness of competition, and the inelasticity of wages. She recognizes the handicaps of the average man who will continue to walk the wage treadmill because he lacks those special gifts which lead to promotion, big salaries or independent ventures. The girl who has never earned a dollar, who is fresh from school or college, or who has been engaged in the rather colorless game of "helping mother at home" may still dream of love in a cottage, and take a chance. But the girl who works for her living has no such illusions. She can tabulate the financial futures of the men she meets, and she takes no chances in the matrimonial game.

She picks a "winner," as she expresses it. If she can bring about the matrimonial connection, she becomes a parasite. To her mind, marriage with a man who is not a "winner" means the same round of toil in the home under which she now chafes in the factory, the store or the office. So why marry, merely to change the scene of toil? If you can't be a parasite, she argues, remain a wage-earner.

In testing the truth or falsity of the foregoing statements, do not, I beg of you, interview exceptional self-supporting women.

Exceptional women of a generation back did not prefer loveless marriages to the social degradation and the financial pinching of spinsterhood. But the mass of girls did. So, today, the exceptional girls of finer feelings and high ideals would rather drop in the wage-earning treadmill than marry without love. But in dealing with social relations, the investigator in human emotions must study the attitude of the masses, just as the compiler of labor statistics must deal with the entire mass of workers, instead of the successful, high-salaried men and women at and near the top of the ladder.

Assume that you are a reporter assigned to interview a chorus-girl behind the scenes! She will talk glibly about the chorus as a stepping-stone to stardom, about her professional ambitions, about her singing lessons and her chances at a rôle in the next production. But take your turn as maid or assistant wardrobe mistress in the bare room where this same girl, with half a dozen of her co-dancers, dresses for the performance, and what line of conversation will you hear?

Professional ambitions? The comparative value of the Italian and German methods of voice culture?

Not at all!

Matrimonial possibilities as represented by certain young men who occupy certain seats in the orchestra, night after night, or who linger near the stage door. You will soon know the size of their incomes, present and prospective, or the paternal income as indicated by the size and power of the cars which in due time will reel round to the aforementioned stage entrance.

"Ah-ha!" cries some critic, triumphant. "The chorus-girl is not typical! She does not represent the masses of wage-earning girls!"

Why not?

The chorus is recruited from behind the counter, the typewriter, the switchboard, the easel, the loom and the machine! And the recruits pass before the managerial eye by the thousand because the theatre represents a shorter step to parasitism than does the department-store, the corporation office, the telephone-exchange or the factory.

And in passing, do not forget moving-pictures! Your daughter — your neighbor's daughter would be a movie actress.

Why?

Because, like the theatre, the photo-play studio is a promising marriage market. The "extra girl" hopes to arouse matrimonial desire in the soul of the leading man; the demure-looking young person, blessed with curls and a faint, oh, very faint resemblance to Mary Pickford, casts her pearls of pulchritude at the feet of the director; and the star with the photographable profile sends expensive reproductions of her charms, autographed, with expressions of her profound appreciation for past favors, to the marriageable directors of the corporation and its financial backers.

Again, as an accredited reporter, interview a saleswoman, brisk or beautiful as you prefer, from a department-store. She will enlighten you about the new class in salesmanship established by her firm, the penny-provident club organized by the department heads, the vacation fund which is calculated to improve her health, and thereby her chances of promotion! But work, as I have worked, elbow to elbow with sales-girls. Eat in their lunch-room. Lie, with closed eyes but open ears, on a couch in their rest-room. And what will you hear?

Talk of industrial ambitions? Methods of raising the standard of service in the store?

Not at all!

Men, marriage and money, representing surcease from toil and responsibility, economic dependence, parasitism.

I heard a welfare worker notify a salesgirl that the firm had decided to allow her a week's vacation at the country home maintained for employees. She flung herself down on the hospital cot, wailing: "Oh, my God! I don't want a vacation. I want a man with money enough to take me out of this. I never want to work again as long as I live!"

Hysterics? Nervous prostration? Overwork and underfeeding?

[*Continued on page 62*]

In Defense of Foolishness

By Carolyn Wells

ALTHOUGH Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, and Solomon, the Wisdom Dispenser, are severe in their denunciations of Foolishness, other illustrious writers of classics give us ample authority for its defense.

The blithe Horace says, in his excellent Latin, "It is pleasant to play the fool at times." And another of Bartlett's familiar characters, whose name has escaped me for the moment, says, "He must be a fool indeed, who cannot at times play the fool; and he who does not enjoy nonsense must be lacking in sense."

But the foolishness referred to by these astute gentlemen is not the babble of the simple, it is the wit and often the sound philosophy of a clever brain. It is Foolishness as a Fine Art, and only the most excellent fooling is worthy of consideration.

Shakespeare's *Jacques*, doubtless the highest type of Scaramouch, said, "I am ambitious for a motley coat. Motley's the only wear." He aspired to the uniform, knowing himself worthy of it, and he wore it with a marvelous grace.

Foolishness as a Fine Art requires even more of its apostle than does wisdom. For there must be the kernel of sound sense, wrapt about with an attractive coating of gay foolery, scintillating with merry wit, and perhaps possessing a caustic, hidden sting, and all veiled 'neath a seeming lackwit.

But the motley fool, the wearer of the cap and bells, is far removed from a lackwit, or even a low grade of brain. He is not the money-parting, in-rushing fellow of the proverbs, nor does he live in that paradise allotted to certain of his ilk. The motley coat is the insignia of a purposeful foolishness and the jingle of the belled cap meets most appreciation from the greatest and wisest minds.

"Don't tell me," said William Pitt, "of a man's being able to talk sense; everyone can talk sense. Can he talk nonsense?" Lord Tennyson and the Earls of Derby were just crazy over Edward Lear's Nonsense Rhymes, and Ruskin went so far as to place Lear's name at the head of his list of the best hundred authors.

To brains like these, Foolishness is a welcome relaxation, and knits up the mind's ravell'd sleeve of care, as sleep picks up the dropped stitches for the body.

But on one who sees only the xanthin of a primrose, this fine flower of Foolishness is wasted. Indeed, the world has but two sorts of people, the Peter Bells and the Cap and Bells, of which the second class are by far the wiser, better and happier.

After all, it is Foolishness that makes the world go round. (Yes, I know the diurnal motion is often attributed to Love, but it's all the same.) Foolishness is the frosting on the cake, the dew on the blossom, the soupçon of rouge on the pale cheek of every-day life, that makes that same old life worth living; and he whose soul is attuned to the chord of the Cap and Bells need never listen in vain for the music of the spheres.

The Straight Road

Chapter XX — Safe

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

Mr. Chambers

I WENT and got Boy from Mrs. Monroe's tent, and carried him over to mine. He'd had his scare, and his big cry, at all the shooting and excitement, and after it was sleeping soundly. I had got undressed and pulled on the wrapper that I slept in in the camp, when there came a shaking of my tent curtains, and a mumbling of my name. It was Dolph Flegel. He cringed as I parted the flaps.

"Don't let that light on me," he said, and his voice shook. "I just come a-past to tell you to get out of here, quick as you can. There's going to be an inquest tomorrow. They'll have us all hauled up. That's what the Pochins run away from. Over't the stockade, they've been telling me."

"Of course there'll be an inquest tomorrow, Dolph," I said. "It's better for us to stay and give our testimony."

"Huh!" choked Dolph huskily. "That nigger killed his man right acrost your shoulder. 'F I's you I'd run — I'd never quit running. D'ye want to see the inside of a jail?"

"Well, there's no use running," I said. "We'll only be wanted as witnesses, but if you run you're liable to be arrested. Philip Stanley says —— "

"Huh!" he broke in on me. "'Course the old man ain't goin' to do anything to *him!* I'll trust to my own legs."

"Dolph, you'll be caught," I said. "And it'll be the worse for you."

"I won't never be caught in the world. I think you're a fool for stayin'. Well — I've warned you," and he went blundering away in the dark, with a clumsy pack on his shoulder.

After that for some hours I slept the sleep of dead weariness. I waked suddenly in the gray dawn, to the clink of metal, the sound of marching feet. I stole to my tent door and peered out. Down at the big gate the militia were coming in, wheeling from the road in formation, guns over their shoulders, marching knee-deep in a sluggish layer of fog.

An hour later when I was making some sort of breakfast for Boyce and Joe Ed and myself, they were pitching their tents on a nice little hill back of the ranch-house within easy reach of those better wells which had been too far away for the use of the miserable pickers. Strange how little visible reminder there was of yesterday's riot. The people were very quiet and watchful, cooking their breakfasts; the empty tents and shacks showed up now; yet it was still a labor camp, and those in it were listening for any sound that would tell us that the engine had started at the drying-kilns, looking for any movement of wagons toward the field. It was significant that there was no staring over at the soldiers, no loud mention of their presence.

Down around the office, men in khaki uniforms changed the look of things more. Milt, the only Stanley in sight, was directing some lumber wagons toward the camp; a few men with hoes, rakes and shovels marched after. They were hustling round to do a little bit of hasty cleaning. Philip hadn't come over from Corinth yet. Harvey made a favor of taking our depositions for the coroner, though I knew that Philip had asked it. I thanked Harvey; he never once looked straight at me; Boyce, rather to my surprise, paid no attention to him. We gave our addresses, so that we could be summoned for the preliminary hearing, and were allowed to go. There were quite a number of persons leaving, just as we were; the big stage that had been sent over was almost full.

It seemed queer to be regarded as dangerous or criminal, but all Corinth was in a bubble of terror over what had happened at Las Palmas that Sunday afternoon, and when our stage got to the station there it was rather like the black Maria arriving with prisoners. I saw Mrs. Eccles's son-in-law with his entire family in the round-eyed crowd that had gathered to gape at us. Boy saw them, too; they didn't half enjoy his hallooing to them, and answered with cold repression.

I suppose Joe Ed, with his wounded arm, figured as a particularly dangerous outlaw. They stared after us when we went into the station to telegraph the Poinsettia. It made quite a sensation when, just before our train got in, Philip drove up in his roadster, shook hands with us, and stayed to see us safely aboard.

We got into San Vicente about two o'clock. Joe, his coat off the left side, drawn so as to cover and protect the bandaged arm, tried still to make a joke of everything. I was ashamed that there wasn't a smile left in me to answer his gallant effort. It was like getting back home after a war. It seemed strange that the town should be just as I had left it last Wednesday! Boy was lively, he noticed everything. It was he who, when the taxi we had to have on Joe's account turned into Arbolado Street, called out:

"Oh, see the funny wagon at our house. What kind of wagon is that, Muvver?"

It was an auto-hearse drawn up in front of the Poinsettia. Other motors ranged down that side of the street. The doors and windows were open; people stood about on the sidewalk, and there was quite a crowd gathered across the way watching.

"Oh," I gasped, "it — it's a funeral!"

Joe Ed was very white, leaning forward and staring. His impudent, irresponsible young countenance looked all at once older.

"What'll I do?" our chauffeur asked in a lowered tone. "You don't want to go in on her funeral."

He brought his car to a stop and added: "It won't be but a minute now — they're coming out."

A man who sat beside the chauffeur of the hearse got down and went with a sort of solemn briskness toward the front door. Through that front door there emerged, rolling slowly on its wheeled truck, a casket banked and buried in white flowers. The pall-bearers walked on either side, the hand of each man dropped to the massive silver handles of the great box. Two of the undertaker's assistants were following, arms piled with more floral offerings.

"Who — " Joe's voice shook. "Have you any idea who it is?"

"I think — Look at the pall-bearers," I whispered back. The heavy steel casket was being maneuvered across the sidewalk. At what would have been the right hand of whomever they were carrying, walked Judge Hoard, his uncovered gray head bent. Across from him was the senior McBride brother, back of him Chester Lawrence, prosecuting attorney of San Vicente county. The eight men were all members of the local bar. Mrs. Judge Hoard in black, and others whom I knew by sight as distant relatives or old friends of Miss Chandler's, were taking the first car behind that of the pall-bearers.

"What they doin', Muvver?" Boy's voice recalled me to myself. "Why don't we go into our house?"

"We will in a minute," I answered mechanically. "Be still, dear."

The undertaker and his assistants were getting people into the waiting cars. We sat where we were while they all came out — Mrs. Thrasher, Mrs. Tutt and Ermentrude, little Miss Creevy, all tremulous and shaken-looking, Mr. Martin alone (I suppose his wife wasn't able to walk yet) and finally Rosalie — evidently "covering" the occasion for the *Clarion*, her face the only one in sight that did not wear that curious air of make-believe and super-solemnity with which we helplessly confront death. She turned to speak to Mrs. Tipton, who followed and stood bareheaded on the top step.

"*There's* mother!" Joe Ed drew a great breath of relief.

"There's Orma, too," Boy prompted. I could see even from this distance that the girl's face was reddened and swollen by tears.

The hearse started on slowly, the other cars fell in behind; the crowd lingered, looking after, staring over at the Poinsettia, twos and threes of them with heads close together exchanging comments. A huckster's wagon turned the corner back of us; he was passing the house calling: "Watermel-loons! Watermel-loons! Watermel-loons! and nice fresh canteloups!" as we finally got to the curb and Mrs. Tipton and Orma came down to us. Our telegram had arrived; we were expected. They knew of Joe Ed's injury — and supposed that we had known of the funeral, seeing it in the papers.

I hadn't thought Joe Ed could move like that, with a broken arm. He was on the sidewalk before the wheels had well stopped turning, had the one good arm around his mother, and had fairly lifted her off her feet. I didn't hear a word between them; I don't believe any was spoken; but their faces were enough.

"Howdy, Cal!" It was Rosalie who poked up a hand as I was getting out of the taxi. "Say — it's a relief to see you here alive after what we've been hearing about the Hopfield riots!"

The house seemed very strange, all emptied and solemn and silent that way. I noticed with a little contraction of the heart a pale face looking from an upstairs window — Miss Chandler's window. As I glanced up, Mrs. Martin bowed slightly to me; Julia, brown and solemn, looked over her shoulder. She had evidently helped the old lady to that point so she could see the departure of the funeral.

"You're to have the bungalow, Mrs. Baird," Mrs. Tipton said. "Let the man take your suitcase round there for you. Orma can carry Eddy's things up to his room."

The chauffeur had already started down the tunnel with my bag, Boy at his heels, when a buggy came lathering up with two women in it — Mrs. Eccles driving, beside her Delia, a monstrous floral pillow in her lap.

"Oh — am I too late?" she demanded, hardly seeming to notice who we were. "Did Mr. Watkins get here? Well, of all things — to be late for a funeral!"

"How do you do, Mrs. Baird?" Mrs. Eccles pronounced in her reproving tone. It drew Delia's attention to me, and she fluttered:

"Oh, Foncie — I didn't see you at first. Did you come back for Gene Chandler's funeral?" Then, without waiting for any answer: "We'd have been in plenty of time if that old florist hadn't kept us waiting — or we'd had Harve with his car to bring us when we did get the pillow. Isn't it a beauty?" She reared it a bit in her lap so that we could see the word "Peace" on it. The fantastic thought crossed my mind that it ought to have been "Safe" instead.

"Why not follow on down Fortieth street?" Mrs. Tipton's little silvery tones suggested. "A funeral procession moves very slowly. I should think you could easily overtake them."

"I believe I will," Delia debated. "I can't bear not to have it used." She lowered her tone. "It cost ——"

Mrs. Eccles started the old horse with a jerk before Delia finished.

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Callie Baird, who has been telling her own story

Roscoe Train fired. In that infinitesimal moment Marie Beauvais found answer to that question. Who was it she loved?

The Case of Beauvais

by
James Oliver Curwood

Illustration by Anton Otto Fischer

Mr. Fischer

MADNESS? Perhaps. And yet if it was madness . . .

But strange things happen up there, gentlemen. I have found it sometimes hard to define that word. There are so many kinds of madness, so many ways in which the human brain may go wrong; and so often it happens that what we call madness is both reasonable and just. It is so. Yes. A little reason is good for us, a little more makes wise men of some of us — but when our reason over-grows us and we reach too far, something breaks and we go insane.

But I will tell you the story. That is what you want to hear, and you expect that it will be prejudiced — that I will either deliberately attempt to protect and prolong a human life, or shorten and destroy it. I shall do neither, gentlemen of the Royal Mounted Police. I have a faith in you that is in its way as unbounded as my faith in God. I have looked up to you in all my life in the wilderness as the heart of chivalry and the soul of honor and fairness to all men. Pathfinders, men of iron, guardians of people and spaces of which civilization knows but little, I have taught my children of the forests to honor, to obey, and to trust you. And so I shall tell you the story without prejudice, with the gratitude of a missioner who has lived his life for forty years in the wilderness, gentlemen.

I am a Catholic. It is four hundred miles straight north by dog-sledge or snowshoe to my cabin, and this is the first time in nineteen years that I have been down to the edge of the big world which I remember now as little more than a dream. But up there I knew that my duty lay, just at the edge of the Big Barren. See! My hands are knotted like the snarl of a tree. The glare of your lights hurts my eyes. I traveled today in the middle of your street because my moccasined feet stumbled on the smoothness of your walks. People stared, and some of them laughed.

Forty years I have lived in another world. You — and especially you gentlemen who have trailed in the Patrols of the north — know what that world is. As it shapes different hands, as it trains different feet, as it gives to us different eyes, so also it has bred into my forest children hearts and souls that may be a little different, and a code of right and wrong that too frequently has had no court of law to guide it. So judge fairly, gentlemen of the Royal Mounted Police! Understand if you can.

It was a terrible winter — that winter of *Le Mort Rouge*. So far down as men and children now living will remember, it will be called by my people the winter of Famine and Red Death. Starvation, gentlemen — and the smallpox. People died like — what shall I say? It is not easy to describe a thing like that. They died in tepees. They died in shacks. They died on the trail. From late December until March I said my prayers over the dead. You are wondering what all this has to do with my story; why it matters that the caribou had migrated in vast herds to the westward, and there was no food; why it matters that there were famine and plague in the great unknown land, and that people were dying and our world going through a cataclysm. My backwoods eyes can see your thought. What has all this to do with Roscoe Train? What has it to do with André Beauvais? Why does this little forest priest take up so much time in telling so little? you ask. And because it has its place — because it has its meaning — I ask you for permission to tell my story in my own way. For these sufferings, this hunger and pestilence and death, had a strange and terrible effect on many human creatures that were left alive when spring came. It was like a great storm that had swept through a forest of tall trees. A storm of suffering that left heads bowed, shoulders bent, and minds gone. Yes, *gone!*

Since that winter of *Le Mort Rouge* I know of eyes into which the life of laughter will never come

again; I know of strong men who became as little children; I have seen faces that were fair with youth shrivel into age — and my people call it *Noot' Akutawin Keskwawin* — the cold-and-hunger madness. May God help André Beauvais!

I will tell the story now.

It was in June. The last of the mush-snows had gone nearly a fortnight before, and the waters were free from ice, when word was brought to me that Father Boget was dying at Old Fort Reliance. Father Boget was twenty years older than I, and I called him *Mon père*. He was a father to me in our earlier years. I made haste to reach him that I might hold his hand before he died, if that was possible. And you, Sergeant McVeigh, who have spent years in that country of the Great Slave, know what a race with death from Christie Bay to Old Fort Reliance would be. To follow the broken and twisted waters of the Great Slave would mean two hundred miles, while to cut straight across the land by smaller streams and lakelets meant less than seventy. But on your maps that space of seventy miles is a blank. You have in it no streams and no larger waters. You know little of it. But I can tell you, for I have been through it. It is a Lost Hell. It is a vast country in which berry bushes grow abundantly, but on which there are no berries; where there are forests and swamps, but not a living creature to inhabit them; a country of water in which there are no fish, of air in which there are no birds, of plants without flowers — a reeking, stinking country of brimstone, a hell. In your Blue Books you have called it the Sulphur Country. And this country, as you draw a line from Christie Bay to Old Fort Reliance, is straight between. *Mon père* was dying, and my time was short. I decided to venture it — to cut across that Sulphur Country, and I sought for a man to accompany me. I could find none. To the Indian it was the land of *Wetikoo* — the Devil Country; to the Breeds it was filled with horror. Forty miles distant there was a man I knew would go, a white man. But to reach him would lose me three days, and I was about to set out alone when the Stranger came.

He was, indeed, a strange man. When he came to what I called my château, from nowhere, going nowhere, I hardly knew whether to call him young or old. But I made my guess. That terrible winter had branded him. When I asked him his name, he said:

"I am a wanderer, and in wandering I have lost my name. Call me M'sieu."

I found this was a long speech for him, that his tongue was tied by a horrible silence. When I told him where I was going, and described the country I was going through, and that I wanted a man, he merely nodded that he would accompany me.

We started in a canoe, and I placed him ahead of me so that I could make out, if I could, something of what he was. His hair was dark. His beard was dark. His eyes were sunken but strangely clear. They puzzled me. They were always questing. Always seeking. And always expecting, it seemed to me. A man of unfathomable mystery, of unutterable tragedy, of a silence that was almost unhuman. Was he mad? I ask you, gentlemen — was he mad? And I leave the answer to you. To me he was good. When I told him what *Mon père* had been to me, and that I wanted to reach him before he died, he spoke no word of sympathy or hope — but worked until his muscles cracked. We ate together, we drank together, we slept side by side — and it was like eating and drinking and sleeping with a sphinx which some strange miracle had endowed with life.

The second day we entered the Sulphur Country. The stink of it was in our nostrils that second night we camped. The moon rose, and we saw it as if through the fumes of a yellow smoke. Far behind us we heard a wolf howl, and it was the last sound of life. With the dawn we went on. We passed through broad, low morasses out of which rose the sulphurous fogs. In many places the water we touched with our hands was hot; in other places the forests we paddled through were so dense they were almost tropical. And lifeless. Still, with the stillness of death for thousands and perhaps tens of thousands of years. The food we ate seemed saturated with the vileness of sulphur; it seeped into our water-bags; it turned us to the color of saffron; it was terrible, frightening, inconceivable. And still we went on by compass, and M'sieu showed no fear — even less, gentlemen, than did I.

And then, on the third day — in the heart of this diseased and horrible region — we made the discovery that drew a strange cry even from those mysteriously silent lips of M'sieu.

It was the print of a naked human foot in a bar of mud.

How it came there, why it was there, and why it was a naked foot I suppose were the first thoughts that leaped into our startled minds. What man could live in these infernal regions? *Was* it a man, or was it the footprint of some primeval ape, a monstrous survival of the centuries?

The trail led through a steaming slough in which the mud and water were tepid and which grew rank with yellow reeds and thick grasses — grasses that were almost flesh-like, it seemed to me, as if swollen and about to burst from some dreadful disease. Perhaps your scientists can tell why sulphur has this effect on vegetation. It is so; there was sulphur in the very wood we burned. Through those reeds and grasses we soon found where a narrow trail was beaten, and then we came to a rise of land sheltered in timber, a sort of hill in that flat world, and on the crest of this hill we found a cabin.

YES, a cabin; a cabin built roughly of logs, and it was yellow with sulphur, as if painted. We went inside and we found there the man whom you know as Roscoe Train. I did not look at M'sieu when he first rose before us, but I heard a great gasp come from his throat behind me. And I think I stood as if life had suddenly gone out of me. Roscoe Train was half naked. His feet were bare. He looked like a wild man, with his uncut hair — a wild man except that his face was smooth. Curious that a man would shave there! and yet not so odd, perhaps, when one knows how a beard gathers sulphur. He had risen from a cot on which there was a bed of boughs, and in the light that came in through the open door he looked terribly emaciated, with a skin drawn tightly over his cheek-bones. It was he who spoke first.

"I am glad you have come," he said, his eyes staring wildly. "I guess I am dying. Some water, please. There is a spring back of the cabin."

Quite sanely he spoke, and yet the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he fell back upon the cot, his eyes rolling into the top of his head, his mouth agape, his breath coming in great panting gasps.

It was a strange sickness. I will not trouble you with all the details. You are anxious for the story — the tragedy — which alone will count with you gentlemen of the law. It came out in his fever, and in the bits of sanity into which he at times succeeded in rousing himself. His name, he said, was Roscoe Train. For two years he had lived in that sulphur hell. He had, by accident, found the spring of fresh, sweet water trickling out of the hill — another miracle for which I have not tried to account; he built his cabin; for two years he had gone with his canoe to the shore of the Great Slave, forty miles distant, for the food he ate. But *why* was he here? That was the story that came bit by bit, half in his fever, half in his sanity. I will tell it in my own words.

He was a Government man, mapping out the last timber lines along the edge of the Great Barren, when he met André Beauvais and his wife Marie. An accident took him to their cabin, a sprained leg. André was a fox-hunter, and it was when he was coming home from one of his trips that he found Roscoe Train helpless in the deep snow, and carried him on his shoulders to his cabin.

Ah, gentlemen, it was the old story — the story old as time. In his sanity he told us about Marie, I hovering over him closely, M'sieu sitting back in the shadows. She was like some wonderful wild-flower, French, a little Indian. He told us how her long black hair would stream in a shining cascade, soft as the breast of a swan, to her knees and below; how it would hang again in two great, lustrous braids, and how her eyes were limpid pools that set his soul afire, and how her slim, beautiful body filled him with a monstrous desire. She must have been beautiful. And her husband, André Beauvais, worshiped her, and the ground she trod on. And he had the faith in her that a mother has in her child. It was a sublime love, and Roscoe Train told us about it as he lay there, dying, as he supposed. In that faith of his André went unsuspectingly to his trap-lines and his poison-trails, and Marie and Roscoe were for many hours at a time alone, sometimes for a day, sometimes for two days, and occasionally for three, for even after his limb had regained its strength Roscoe feigned that it was bad. It was a hard fight, he said — a hard fight for him to win her; but win her he did, utterly, absolutely, heart, body and soul. Remember, he was from the South, with all its power of language, all its tricks of love, all its furtiveness of argument, a strong man with a strong mind — and she had lived all her life in the wilderness. She was no match for him. She surrendered. He told us how, after that, he would unbind her wonderful hair and pillow his face in it; how he lived in a heaven of transport, how utterly she gave herself to him in those times when André was away.

Did he love her?

Yes, in that mad passion of the brute. But not as you and I might love a woman, gentlemen. Not as André loved her. Whether she had a heart or a soul it did not matter. His eyes were blind with an insensate joy when he shrouded himself in her wonderful hair. To see the wild color painting her face like a flower filled his veins with fire. The beauty of her, the touch of her, the mad beat of her heart against him made him like a drunken man in his triumph. Love? Yes, love of the brute! He prolonged his stay. He had no idea of taking her with him. When the time came, he would go. Day after day, week after week he put it off, feigning that the bone of his leg was affected, and André Beauvais treated him like a brother. He told us all this as he lay there in his cabin in that sulphur hell. I am a man of God, and I do not lie.

Is there need to tell you that André discovered them? Yes, he found them — and with that wonderful hair of hers so closely about them that he was still bound in the tresses when the discovery came.

André had come in exhausted, and unexpectedly. There was a terrible fight, and in spite of his exhaustion he would have killed Roscoe Train if at the last moment the latter had not drawn his revolver. After all is said and done, gentlemen, can a woman love but *once?* Roscoe Train fired. In that infinitesimal moment between the leveling of the gun and the firing of the shot Marie Beauvais found answer to that question. Who was it she loved? She sprang to her husband's breast, sheltering him with the body that had been disloyal to its soul, and she died there — with Roscoe Train's bullet through her heart.

Roscoe Train told us how, in the horror of his work — and possessed now by a terrible fear — he ran from the cabin and fled for his life. And André Beauvais must have remained with his dead. For it was many hours later before he took up the trail of the man whom he made solemn oath to his God to kill. Like a hunted hare, Roscoe Train eluded him, and it was weeks before the fox-trapper came upon him. André Beauvais scorned to kill him from ambush. He wanted to choke his life out slowly, with his two hands, and he attacked him openly and fairly.

And in that cabin — gasping for breath, dying as he thought, Roscoe Train said to us: "It was one or the other. He had the best of me. I drew my revolver again — and killed him, killed André Beauvais, as I had killed his wife, Marie!"

Here in the South Roscoe Train might not have been a bad man, gentlemen. In every man's heart there is a devil, but we do not know the man as bad until the devil is roused. And passion, the mad passion for a woman, had roused Roscoe Train's. Now that it had made twice a murderer of him the devil slunk back into his hiding, and the man who had once been the clean-living, red-blooded

[*Continued on page 70*]

Sheila

by

THEODOSIA GARRISON

KATIE had the grand eyes, and Delia had a way with her,
And Mary had the saint's face, and Maggie's waist was neat,
But Sheila had the merry heart that traveled all the day with her,
That put the laughing on her lips and dancing in her feet.

I've met with martyrs in my time, and faith, they make the best of it.
But 'tis the uncomplaining ones that wear a sorrow long.
'Twas Sheila had the better way, and that's to make a jest of it,
To call her trouble out to dance and step it with a song.

Eh, but Sheila had the laugh the like of drink to weary ones.
(I've never heard the beat of it for all I've wandered wide.)
And out of all the girls I knew — the tender ones, the dreary ones —
'Twas only Sheila of the laugh that broke her heart and died!

Is the Way of the Transgressor Really Hard?

A Powerful Plea for the Old Morality

by

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Illustrations by Willard Fairchild

Mr. Fairchild

IF we exclude the coarser forms of transgression, like stealing and killing, I imagine most persons would say that many transgressors, men and women, find their way through life easy enough and escape with little or no punishment for their wrong-doings.

But let us see. Transgressing means the breaking of laws. What if a person breaks the laws of health? The laws of bodily exercise? The laws of diet? Is he punished for that? Does he find that way hard or easy? We know that he finds it hard. We know that he pays for these transgressions in sickness, in suffering, in death.

It is evident that those who rebel at laws and restraints must be in perpetual rebellion, since laws and restraints are everywhere about us, even in purple Bohemia.

"I defy all barriers, I demand all joys," cries the genial *viveur;* but he might as well set his amiable will against the laws of gravitation. His most spectacular Rabelaisian exploits will necessarily fall far short of what he might imagine. He cannot, for instance, drink all the wine in the world, or make love to all the women in the world.

I knew quite intimately a distinguished actor, a man upon whom the gods had showered every gift; he was brilliant in mind, charming in personality, handsome in face and figure, superb in health and strength. All the world liked him (he was not conceited) and women adored him.

He was one of those glad souls who believe themselves beyond all laws and conventionalities. He must have what he wanted when he wanted it. Nothing could harm him, no excesses could wear down his magnificent resistance. Let ordinary mortals cringe and compromise, he was a demi-god and would go his merry way.

Well, he went his merry way and, at last, he began to notice queer little things, disconcerting things, in himself.

"Say, doctor," he asked a medical acquaintance one day, "how does it happen that, when I walk along the street, I'm all the time bumping into people?"

The doctor took his friend, this big fine fellow, into his office and questioned him about his life, questioned him in detail, and, before they had finished, the conversation had lost its tone of blitheness.

"My dear boy," the doctor said gravely, "you must make a change. You must cut out late hours and high living. You must eat simply and drink no alcohol."

"And if I don't?" asked the actor.

"If you don't you will go to pieces within a year."

"You're sure?"

"I am absolutely sure."

The actor was so impressed by this that for six months he obeyed the doctor's orders and lived an exemplary life, with the result that his fine health returned and his buoyant spirits. Then he decided that the doctor had been mistaken. He was in no danger, he had never been in danger. It was absurd, this Sunday-school existence. He would go back to his gay life and again drink deep of the cup of pleasure. *Vive la joie!*

He went back. And within a year the end came, or what was worse than the end, for a living death is sadder than real death. That splendid mind was shattered, that beautiful body spent and broken. He had gone his merry way.

I met in Paris another obstinate pleasure-worshiper. He was an American who had retired from business at sixty with a fortune and now proposed to enjoy life. For years he had been accustomed to smoke ten or twelve cigars a day. This was one of his greatest pleasures, and when a celebrated oculist told him he was injuring his eyes, he resented it.

"This oculist is mistaken," he said to me. "I'm sure he is. I don't propose to give up my cigars."

"How serious does the oculist say it is?" I asked my friend.

"He says I will go blind within six months unless I stop smoking, but I don't believe it. Anyhow, I'm going to take the risk."

I saw this man about a year later and he was still smoking his cigars; but when he walked about Paris he walked gropingly, clinging to the arm of a paid companion, for he was totally blind. *Vive la joie!*

"Say, doctor," he asked a medical acquaintance, "how does it happen that, when I walk along the street, I'm all the time bumping into people?"

Let us consider the drink habit and see what price the drinkers pay. Not confirmed drunkards, whose tragic fate is familiar to all, but moderate drinkers, men and women of well-regulated lives who take two or three cocktails or highballs a day, or even less. Can it be said that they do themselves any particular harm?

In reply to this, most health authorities say, "Yes," that alcohol, even in moderate quantities, dulls our brains, lessens our efficiency, tends to shorten our lives; but some health authorities take the contrary position and refuse to condemn moderate drinking, and it must be admitted that many moderate drinkers are exemplary citizens who do fine things and live to a great old age.

While many persons continue moderate drinking for years and are apparently none the worse for it (in fact, some declare themselves the better for it) there is a possibility that must fill moderate drinkers with alarm—that is the case of their being stricken with pneumonia.

"What are the patient's drinking habits?" is the doctor's first question as he stands at the bedside of some vigorous man in the early fifties who has suddenly been laid low by this dread winter scourge.

"He has always been a moderate drinker, doctor," whispers the anxious wife.

"H'm!" grunts the medical man, and he knows what to expect during those terrible hours of the crisis when the thermometer soars around the delirium line, 105, 106, 106½, and the day nurse shakes her head as she greets the night nurse.

"I am sorry, madam," a famous specialist said to the sister of a moderate drinker, a dear friend of mine, "but it is my duty to tell you that your brother has not one chance in a thousand of pulling through."

In white-faced anguish the woman heard this sentence of death pronounced.

"Some things are in his favor, but—" The doctor took me aside and added: "It's those three or four drinks a day that he's been taking all these years that are pulling him down. If he could only keep his heart pumping for a few hours the lungs would resolve, they are resolving, but—he can't keep his heart pumping. It's not pneumonia that's killing him, it's alcohol."

Another argument against moderate drinking is that those who practise it almost invariably become *heavy* drinkers on rare occasions, either of great joy or great sorrow, and to be an occasional heavy drinker means that, perhaps once a year, you let your human machine run wild with a drunken chauffeur in control. You *may* escape a smash-up on that exceptional evening, but—*En passant*, think of the joy rides that have ended in sorrow—through drink. I recall a sad case where a man who had been dining too well undertook one night to drive his car some twenty miles to his home on the New Jersey coast. With him was his young and beautiful wife whom he idolized and whose wish was usually law to him; but now being fuddled with drink, he laughed at her fears when she begged him not to drive the car and, sending away their trusted chauffeur, he took his place at the wheel. Not only that but, following some mad impulse, he drove

at high speed through the darkness and presently crashed into a wagon and overturned the heavy machine.

When the victims were dragged from the wreck it was found that the wife had suffered grave injuries, her fair face was permanently disfigured, her memory was blotted out by skull fracture.

There was this man's punishment, and for many weary months it lasted while she lay between life and death, not recognizing him, not remembering anything. *But he remembered!*

Another argument against drinking forms itself as we study the causes of this habit. *Why* do men drink? *Why* do women drink? What is the explanation of these distressing periodical sprees that bring some of our most loved and talented ones to the edge of degradation or beyond it? What fiendish impulse drives this brilliant lawyer, this austere senator, this distinguished doctor to forget all decency, all promises, all expediency and make a beast of himself? And this lovely cultured woman with everything in the world to make her happy — children, riches and a devoted husband — how can she spoil and sadden everything, desecrate the temple of love by these sodden revels?

Why do men and women drink?

The answer is that some men and women drink because alcohol acts as a temporary antidote against distressing food poisons that come from over-eating, and as a temporary stimulant against alarming fatigue poisons that result from lack of exercise. Thousands of men and women would lose their craving for alcohol if they would exercise more and eat less.

The main reason for drinking, however, lies deeper. It has to do with the soul development and character development of men and women who drink (after the first start which may have come, alas! through social pressure) because they do not wish to face the facts and necessities of existence, because they dislike difficult things. Drinkers are easy-going natures that cannot stand the gaff, spiritually soft-handed, incapable of seizing the nettle of life and boldly crushing it. They would fain live in a genial, comfortable world without work annoyances or duty annoyances. And as a clear vision reveals hateful obligations all about them, they prefer a muddled vision.

Then, as years pass and conditions become more unsatisfactory, they drink to avoid really seeing these conditions, which are the consequences of their own inefficiency and neglect. And so they swing along in a widening vicious circle. The more they drink the more inefficient they become, and the more inefficient they become the more they drink.

In many cases, by inevitable progression, drink leads to drugs and men and women who start gaily with cocktails and cordials end in the abominable hells of cocaine torture.

I knew a theatrical woman, once a popular and beautiful dancer, who, step by step, through the insidious ways of alcohol, morphine and cocaine, fell into utter degradation. She ended her days in the levee district of Chicago with an equally degraded man, formerly a skilled laborer, and their only thought in the vile hovel that sheltered them was how they could, by any means, by any crime, get five dollars' worth of cocaine a day to satisfy their furious longings. And they got it. *They paid for it!*

WHAT are we to do about habits that hold us in such terrific mastery? What is the remedy?

The remedy lies in a changed attitude of mind, one that will give to life and the duties of life a new and attractive aspect so that the person will be reconciled to his or her surroundings, and, above all, will be at peace with his or her own soul. This blessed state can be achieved through a deeper understanding of life, and through the infinite power of the human will, self-strengthened by means that are within the mastery of anyone. It is certain that no man or woman who has peace of soul will desire to cloud the beautiful vision of life by drugs or liquors or poisons of any sort.

While it is true that victory over evil habits can come only through the awakened will, it is often possible for us to conquer, as it were, by strategy, to use diplomacy against our own weaknesses, to invent some little game that will make the struggle easier.

I myself had an experience with smoking that illustrates what I mean. Two haunting memories bade me give up this habit, one of my friend in Paris who went blind, the other of my father who shortened his life by the cigarette habit.

"The way of the transgressor hasn't been very hard—yet. But sometimes I'm afraid—on account of the children," she said

I had been smoking about thirty cigarettes a day at this time, and, if I had tried to break off the habit entirely, I should probably have failed. As it was, I merely "swore off" for three months on the occasion of an approaching trip to Constantinople. It amused me to reflect that I would soon make up for my brief abstinence with the best Turkish tobacco in the enchanting atmosphere of the Golden Horn.

And so it happened. For three months I kept my resolution with no great difficulty, having this magic vision ever before me, and, on the evening of our first dinner in Pera, I ordered Turkish cigarettes, first quality, and was about to strike a match when a new fancy took me.

"This anticipation is so delicious," I said to my companion, "that I am going to prolong it until tomorrow evening."

This was nineteen years ago and I am still enjoying that anticipation. I am still waiting to strike that match.

The point is that in this roundabout way I had *coaxed* myself to an attitude of mind where my resolution would hold, and it has held.

There is another lure that draws men as strongly as alcohol. I mean the gambling madness. Years ago in Paris I belonged to one of those sumptuous baccarat clubs where all night long, every night, men forget their duties, their resolutions, their honorable obligations, everything save the issue of the cards. Eight! Nine! Baccarat!

What wrecks of high purposes, of brilliant chances were to be found here! I knew a man of sixty, belonging to a prominent New York family, a man of patriarchal dignity (he was tall with a full white beard), who was so helpless in the fierce grip of gambling desire that, after squandering his own fortune and his wife's fortune, he became a hanger-on in this Paris club and, when his wife died, he took the money for her burial that had been contributed by friends and gambled it away in one mad night of baccarat.

Another friend of mine, a Siamese prince, having been warned that he would be recalled from his diplomatic post and probably beheaded, unless he ceased gambling, nevertheless persisted and, having lost his fortune, was recalled, and I bade him farewell, disgraced and penniless, this young nobleman, when he shipped for Singapore aboard a tramp steamer as a common sailor.

And his last words were: "Don't worry about me. I regret nothing. I would do it all over again. I'm going to the East to make another fortune, and when I have it," his eyes shone with the spirit of his dream, "I'll come back to Paris, and, mark my words, *I'll beat that game of baccarat yet!*"

In my own case, being in London where this game is not much played, I remember week after week crossing the Channel on my day off, facing the seasick torture both ways for the sake of one night at the Boulogne tables. And usually losing!

To be sure, one does not always lose; gamblers win in Wall Street, they win at the races, they win at cards (I myself had a brief, triumphant period), but they lose oftener than they win because the percentage is against them in all games of chance, from the stock market down, and because they cannot control their own emotions and sudden impulses, they cannot play like machines.

"I assure you," said a veteran Wall Street gambler to me, "that the joy we experience when we guess right and win, is nothing to the pain we have to bear when we guess wrong and lose."

It is certain that the defeated gambler suffers tortures in spite of his mask of impassiveness. Did not that famous race-track plunger, Pittsburg Phil, develop heart disease from the nervous strain of his heavy wagers? A habit that is so fierce in its emotional effect *must* take some toll of flesh and blood.

COMING now to sex transgressors, it must be said that certain of these — witness the indiscretions of youths and unmarried men — are judged so leniently, in fact, are considered so inevitable, that they are regarded as scarcely transgressions at all by numbers of intelligent and respectable citizens. Morality rests on the *real* opinion of the majority, these citizens argue, not on any opinion that is put forth for reasons of expediency or hypocrisy. Nor can a person be called a transgressor unless he or she offends against this *real* morality. A transgressor must know that his action or her action is condemned by the general conscience of his or her contemporaries.

Here is conflict between average public opinion and the teaching of the churches, conflict between the law of the land, as actually enforced, and the teaching of the churches. In the decalogue the sixth, seventh, and eighth commandments are presented as equally important: Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery; but, in practice, a man goes to the electric chair for killing, he goes to prison for stealing, and he gets a little notoriety in the newspapers for committing adultery, or perhaps not that.

And sex transgressors know this. Also the priests and clergymen of our churches know it. Here is a rock of spiritual trouble, a grave menace to church authority. The members of our congregations have no desire to kill or to steal, but when the white-robed minister reads the seventh commandment, and when the murmuring response comes: "*Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law,*" there are those among the kneeling ones who *know* they are not sincere in this prayer.

And when the priest or clergyman says to some troubled soul that has owned to sex transgression: "My child, you must repent, you must resolve to do better. You must pray for help," the troubled one may hesitate. He wishes to be honest. He despises a liar and a coward. He echoes St. Augustine's tortured prayer: "O Lord, make me pure, but *not now!*"

"Is this really a deadly sin?" asks the distressed one.

"Yes. You must repent and be forgiven."

"Can I redeem myself by repenting when I know I shall fall into this sin again?"

"You must pray for help. You must be sorry for your sin."

"Suppose I am not sorry? Suppose I do not desire help? Listen! I want to do right, but — I am a young man of twenty-five. There is no chance of my marrying

for years. My doctor advises me to do this thing that you call a deadly sin. He says it is necessary for my health. *What shall I do?* "

Sex problems are not usually presented so bluntly to a clergyman, but they might be so presented; the young man's perplexity is very real and legitimate and older men have similar sex perplexities. And women also. All over this land a sharp issue is engaged between what many consider a legitimate need of sex expression and what the churches declare to be God's holy law. Perhaps no single fact has so important a bearing on the lessened efficiency of our churches, since tens of thousands prefer to stay away from church entirely rather than allow themselves to be forced (by this distressing sex dilemma) into the position of hypocrites.

What can the clergyman say to these troubled but unyielding ones who come to him with their agitating sex problems? What convincing answer can he give? Are these men and women really transgressors? Is it true that they will presently find their way hard? Can the clergyman show them *how* their way will be hard?

The clergyman might show them if he had a broader knowledge of life and a more intimate acquaintance with every-day sinners than is usually possessed by wearers of the cloth; and he would strengthen his argument by considering sex transgressions along with alcoholic transgressions, excessive-eating transgressions, lack-of-exercise transgressions; that is, as sins precisely as these others are sins by reason of definite and demonstrable harm done by them to the individual and not for any reason of a theological nature.

What, then, is the definite and demonstrable harm that results from ordinary sex transgressions? The young man of twenty-five is waiting to be shown.

Very well, he can be shown. There are serious health menaces, to begin with, and it cannot be denied that ordinary sex transgressions create in men and women ever-increasing desires for fresh transgressions, just as indulgences in alcohol and drugs create progressively stronger desires for more alcohol and more drugs. The young man who at twenty-five takes the sex law into his own hands "for reasons of health-necessity until such time as he can marry," may find himself at thirty-five no longer desiring marriage; in fact, quite unsuited for marriage through an acquired inability to be true to one woman. He has formed the habit of sex promiscuousness and cannot easily break it. Indeed, he will be fortunate if the clutch of this habit does not drag him on to its last phase of sex perversion.

The clergyman should urge this young man to marry immediately. It is absurd to say that he cannot marry. Let him select a girl who will be glad to make the fight with him, a girl able to help and encourage him through those critical years of his early manhood when, without her wisdom and love, his life will probably be spoiled or half spoiled.

We need not exaggerate these dangers; the restrained truth is sufficiently impressive; and the restrained truth is that our American cities abound in men, not hard-faced scoundrels but eminent judges, amiable doctors, public-spirited business men, serious school teachers, respectable church members, who must be considered as rather worse than polygamists, since polygamists assume a certain responsibility for their wives and handmaidens, whereas these men, although they assume no responsibility for their women beyond a most fleeting one, nevertheless expect to enjoy and do enjoy all the sex privileges of any sultan in his palace. I am not speaking of dwellers in Utah or Nevada, but of citizens of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, thousands of them, who have come to this pass because, as young men, acting in good faith, no doubt, they entered upon a career of sex indulgence "for reasons of health-necessity until such a time as they could marry."

That is the stereotyped formula of self-justification.

It is evident that a man who, by the time he has reached the married state, has so far weakened his self-control that he *cannot* or will not be true to one woman is like a man who cannot or will not keep sober. He is an enemy of society and is in danger of the punishment that society visits upon its enemies; in fact, he is in constantly increasing danger as the years pass and the field of his transgressions inevitably widens.

Day after day the newspapers spread before us names of men and women of more or less prominence, frequently honored names, now overwhelmed by one of those startling sex catastrophes that involve respected families in heart-breaking scandal, some shameless avowal, a sudden killing, an unforgivable disgrace.

"How did it happen?" we wonder. "That lovely woman! Those beautiful children! That dignified, serious, exemplary man!"

It happened because sex transgression, as has been said, is a habit that grows resistlessly, like alcoholic transgression, and because the tacitly accepted double standard of human virtue leads to greater and greater sex transgression.

Even if a man or a woman escapes immediate punishment for such wrong-doing there remains the tragic possibility that full payment will be exacted of the next generation. Very often it is the way of the transgressor's children that is the hardest. A father may hide his sex waywardness from all the world and die respected, but he cannot escape an inexorable biological law that compels him to transmit to his daughters (as the mother transmits her faults and virtues to the sons) a tendency to sex waywardness. Thus it often happens that a despoiler of homes lives to see *his* home despoiled, just as a woman who escapes the consequences of her own transgressions may pay for them through the transgressions of her son.

I recall the case of a beautiful wrong-doer whose career I have followed through an extended evolution. At twenty-five she left a comfortable home and three young children to pursue an art ambition in New York, but she was too indolent to work seriously at this and, within two or three years, her small fortune being spent, she abandoned her high purposes and became a brilliantly alluring adventuress.

There followed fifteen years of agitated emotional existence with long periods of prosperity and a few sordid periods, and through it this woman kept her beauty and a great charm of personality.

When she was approaching forty I met her accidentally and we had a friendly talk. I congratulated her on her appearance.

"You're in fine health?"

"Yes."

"Everything going well?"

"Couldn't be better. I am just off for Europe."

"The way of the transgressor hasn't been very hard, has it?"

She laughed good-naturedly. "It doesn't seem so."

"No regrets?"

"Not yet — that is to say," her eyes clouded slightly, "I've had a wonderful life; I think I would live it over again the same way if I could, but ——"

"Well?"

"Sometimes I'm afraid — on account of the children. They're all right now — in private schools, but — that's where I may have to pay."

More years passed. This woman is now forty-eight, still handsome, still fascinating, but the iron has entered her soul. *She has paid.* Her children have turned out badly — very badly. The boy is a ne'er-do-well, quite unmanageable, and the two girls have followed in their mother's footsteps.

"Anything you regret now?" I asked when we met recently.

She half closed her dark eyes as if to hide the light of her fierce despair. "God, yes!" she answered.

Are we to conclude that the way of the sex transgressor is hard only when there are painful consequences, a scandal, an act of violence, some injury to loved ones? In the case of my beautiful acquaintance, for example, if she had never had children might she have gone on to the end of her days insisting that she regretted nothing and had never suffered for her sins?

There is ground for such a conclusion. We all know instances like that of the statesman whose sex indiscretions never troubled him until they were exposed and then they killed him; I believe, however, that these transgressors find their way hard in any event, whether they are discovered or not. They find their way hard for reasons known to themselves (I am not speaking of remorse) no matter what other persons know; they find their way *inevitably* hard just as alcoholic transgressors find their way inevitably hard.

Let us see how this theory works out in the case of the society woman transgressor who is never found out, either by her husband, if she has one, or by the world. She has her *affaires*, but there are no unpleasant consequences and, as the years pass, she remains a serene and respected figure, never touched by the breath of scandal. How is her way hard?

It is hard, to begin with, through constant humiliations, since a double existence is necessarily based on deceit. A naturally truthful woman finds herself continually forced to lie and then to remember her lies in all their petty details after she has told them, in order to avoid self-betrayal. And, if married, she must bear that hideous torture to a loyal nature of *simulating*, day after day, a love for her husband that has departed but that he still claims as his own.

To add to her pain is the knowledge that she cannot see her lover when she wants him, she cannot be with him freely. Even to write freely, even to telephone is dangerous. And, whatever her justification, little by little, from living in a false atmosphere she becomes false herself. She rubs off the bloom of her soul. She feels herself degraded. She grows hard.

This woman's way is also hard because meretricious love offers no certainty of permanence. The man is fickle, faithless, the woman finds herself abandoned; also this kind of love usually denies the woman her heart's fondest longing, a child, or makes the child an object of shame instead of joy. Finally, the woman is often tortured by the knowledge that her lover, a married man, is really devoted to his own wife and happy in his home. He regards her, the other woman, who, perhaps, has sacrificed everything for him, merely as a diversion. In a crisis he would stand by his wife, defend his wife, die for his wife. And if he were ill or in trouble, it is the *wife* who would comfort him and care for him.

Another sex offender, whose fault is more easily pardoned than that of the lady in her sheltered home, is the self-supporting, self-respecting working girl or business woman who yields to conditions that are too hard for her, who sees no way of making life at all endurable except by yielding. How much does she pay for her transgression? How hard does her way become?

The answer is that she pays the heaviest price of all and, through her downfall, society pays a heavy price. She stands for thousands, tens of thousands of girls and women who are practically alone in the world and are dependent upon their own exertions for whatever life is to give them. Every day they meet men in the factory, the shop, the office, the boarding-house;

The Dream American

By Richard Le Gallienne

I

BRAVE land of dreamers, born a dream,
Idealist of old,
Forget it not! Ah! sell it not!
For, all Alaska's gold,
Nor all Ohio's waving grain,
Once lost, can buy it back again.

II

The dream that wrote the great word "Free"
Across the stars for scroll,
And out of little Concord made
A city of the soul:
Still towards this light the nations steer,
Still yours to flash it high and clear.

III

If you should fail! Ah! then indeed
Shall Freedom mourning go,
And men shall weary of all dreams
That vanish like the snow;
And laugh at him, remembering you,
Who thinks to make an old world "New."

IV

Fail? Nay! though all the slag and dross
Of earth be smelted here,
Half-man to man shall grow, and still
The free be ever freer;
While through the restless complex whole
Gleams on the patient shaping soul.

V

They know you not who only see
The merchant and the mart,
For still beneath the dollar coat
There beats the dreamer's heart;
'Tis yet a huge and jumbled scheme,
But still he labors at a dream —

VI

Dream so aërial and vast,
We miss its scope and span,
The lordliest and the loveliest house
Man ever built for Man,
The temple and the dwelling-place
Of one great folk — the human race.

wherever they go men look at them and, if they are attractive, admire them and pursue them with attentions, for that is the eternal law.

But these men do not ask these women to be their wives, they do not want them for wives. Very often they have wives already. They ask them to dinner, to the theatre, to a dance, to go for a ride in a motor, to go on an excursion to Coney Island.

Sooner or later the women accept these invitations — they cannot spend all their evenings alone after the day's hard work; they crave some pleasure and excitement, some outlet for their emotional natures. Never were beauty and youth made to pine away in hall-bedrooms.

We need not complete this picture. We know how it will fare with the pretty factory worker, the romantic stenographer, the trusting, pleasure-loving shop girl. In their best frocks and smiles they will welcome the casual man, take him on his own terms, since they cannot have him on their terms, and they must have "a gentleman friend" on some terms.

We know also that the lonely, hard-driven business woman, sighing for the unrealized dreams of an ideal lover, will presently take instead some hustling good-natured sex wanderer who will invite her to table d'hôte dinners and ultimately have his way with her.

Pitiful result! Here are beauty and youth exchanged for some paltry pleasure, a dinner, a theatre, a motor trip; here is the sacredness of womanhood given to a man who will forget the giver next week or next month in the pursuit of another woman, as is the nature of sex wanderers.

And behold our little working girl again in the loneliness of her hall bedroom! If she wants more suppers on Broadway, more Tango teas, more automobile excursions, she must get them at the same price with another companion.

Even a glimmer of intelligence must show her that this prospect is hopeless. She will pay a hideous price in hardening, coarsening, inevitable destruction; so it is a stupid thing, leaving aside morality, for the little working girl to let herself be caught in this current of cheap transgression. *She can do much better for herself.*

How? What can a working girl, pretty, pleasure-loving, who earns six or eight dollars a week, or a business woman, lonely, emotionally intense, who earns fifteen or twenty dollars a week — what can they do to satisfy legitimate longings for the joys of existence, for smart clothes, for some gaiety and sentimental satisfaction after the grinding hours of their wage slavery? Inasmuch as the men they would gladly marry will not marry them (although they will entertain them), what are these women to do, since they must have entertainment?

The answer is that there are better ways for working women to get entertainment and to get anything else they desire than by giving themselves to men, and the best way (instead of drifting) is to decide upon a worth-while plan of life, a satisfactory goal in life, and concentrate upon that plan and that goal. And the essential requirement here is the right kind of husband.

Sharp comes the retort of discouraged women: "You are laughing at us. What can *we* decide? We are factory slaves, department-store drudges. Of course we want a husband, but how are we to get one? We want a good home and some money, but — what is the use? The men we like think themselves above us; they will not marry us. You don't expect us to marry some drunken truck-driver who will beat us, just to have a husband, do you?"

Certainly not; the working girl, the business woman who is attractive and intelligent can do much better than that. She can have a good home and money, a husband who will be kind to her, a nice-looking husband, if she will put her mind on the effort after the fashion of men who set out to get rich. A man who works for riches with all his heart gains riches; nothing can stop him. And a woman who works for a husband in the same way gets the husband; nothing can stop her. The reason why most men are poor and why many women lack good husbands is because men and women will not work hard enough to win these prizes. But they might win them.

Take the case of a factory girl alone in New York, a good-looking girl who is earning six dollars a week and is apparently condemned to a brutalizing tenement-house or boarding-house existence. How can she realize her dream of an attractive home? How can she get the husband she longs for? How is it possible?

The answer is she must make a fight, using her spare time instead of wasting it and, first of all, she must learn to be something better than an unskilled factory worker. She can (if she will) by making the most of her evenings and odd half days, become a skilled worker in any one of a hundred lines of effort, artificial flowers, leather work, decorative china, feathers, ivory-cutting, silver-engraving, numberless high-class trades where she could double or treble her earnings.

Or she can (if she will), without increasing her expenses, arrange to board with a French, German, or Spanish family where, within a year or two, she could learn a new language and this might open the door of some golden opportunity. It might allow her to travel. The world is not bounded by New York, Chicago, Boston, or Philadelphia. There are opportunities waiting in other cities, in other lands. And adventures! Enjoyments!

Again, instead of spending her evenings in dance halls or at the movies, she can (if she will) learn to do fine sewing, embroidery, hair-dressing, and fit herself to be a lady's maid. Not an ordinary lady's maid, but one with ambition to rise higher by self-development, one who will become a housekeeper, a traveling-companion, a business associate or assistant and, sooner or later, the wife of a man who will appreciate her efficiency, her adaptability, her indomitable courage. There are thousands of such men in the world, available and desirable husbands; it is only a question of having the *will*, the *resistless purpose* to find them and to be worthy of them.

It may be objected that this is an unduly optimistic view of the working woman's chances in life. Only the exceptional girl could achieve such success and lift herself above an unskilled labor handicap. Granted; but how many of us there are, girls, women and men, who might, if we would, become exceptional persons and not remain ordinary persons!

I HAVE received a touching letter from a lady who would shrink from sex transgression, yet who feels that the way of the non-transgressing sex woman is very hard.

"You say that sex love and spiritual love should go hand in hand," she writes; "but you must surely know that the combination is not always possible, to women at least. Man may seek until he finds, but woman must wait and hide her aching heart with a smiling face. Life has taught me this — unless spiritual love can be sufficient for both soul and body, then God did a cruel thing when he made woman, for there are countless numbers of women in all generations who are compelled, from

"This *Campbell* treat
will just complete
My joyous preparation.
It warms my heart before I start
To make a merry nation."

What would happen to Christmas if Santa Claus had dyspepsia?

It would be a dull old time.

"A good digestion makes a merry heart." Write that in your diary on Christmas morning. And underneath it write this:

A good soup eaten every day is the best assurance of a good digestion.

This is a truth on which all authorities agree; a truth proven by experience. That is why you get more of the real Christmas spirit into your whole year's program every time you eat

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It promotes the good digestion which makes a merry heart. It tones and strengthens the *natural* appetite; and it helps to overcome the unnatural "gnawing" sensation, so common with many people, which is no genuine appetite at all, but only a symptom of impaired digestion.

In other words, *Campbell's Tomato Soup* is real food and satisfies real hunger, because it furnishes the particular elements of nutrition which are so often needed to make a proper balance in the regulation diet.

Make it a practice to eat a wholesome soup like this once a day at least, and see if you do not feel "better-fed," s t r o n g e r and more cheerful. See if this doesn't seem a merrier world.

21 kinds

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Lazaro On COLUMBIA Records

Lazaro! ***"The greatest tenor since Rubini, a greater than Gayarre."***

You have never heard "Celeste Aida" or the great arias from "La Boheme," "L'Africana" or "I Puritani" as they are sung by Lazaro.

Here is a voice that has swept whole countries into adoration. Not only is there no voice of greater power, but there is no tenor with such range or control.

You can hear this wonderful tenor before he makes his first appearance on the stage in this country, on some of the most marvelous Columbia Records ever made in all record history.

Hear these wonderful Lazaro records at your Columbia dealer's.

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Prices in Canada plus duty

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

various causes, to lead lonely, love-starved lives."

How shall we answer this cry of heart-anguish in thousands of unsatisfied women? Shall we urge them to continued endurance or to rebellion? Is there no balm in Gilead for these lamenting ones? Must they go on to the end of their cold lives, their biologically useless and purposeless lives, knowing no other ecstasy than that of tragic submission? "*Thy will be done!*"

If I were a woman in the pathetic case set forth by my correspondent I would rebel against conditions, but *not* in the way of becoming a sex transgressor. I would insist upon having love in my life, both spiritual and physical love, and I would strive to win this love even if it were necessary to challenge certain half-worn-out social conventions regarding womanly duty and modesty.

If I were an unmarried woman in moderate circumstances, I would hold the thought that my chief duty in life, as preparing for my greatest chance of happiness, was to have a husband and to bear him children. With all my strength I would combat the notion that, in the matter of *getting* a husband, women are to play a merely passive rôle. I would do much more than merely wait sweetly until some *predestined man* came along and asked me to enter into the holy state of matrimony. I would not believe in any predestined man, since I would understand that falling in love is largely a matter of geography and opportunity, and I would be ready to change the one and create the other.

I would hold the thought that in a thousand cities and towns of America there are a thousand men waiting, all more or less eligible as husbands, all more or less capable of arousing and satisfying a woman's love. *I would have a husband.*

I would, furthermore, work to develop my most attractive qualities, my best efficiencies, so that when I had found the husband who satisfied me I would be the kind of woman who would satisfy him. I would put intelligent study on that most honorable and important business of being a wife, just as wage-earning women put study on stenography or singing. I would resolve to furnish the highest qualifications as a companion and a helpmate, not leaving this to chance, as usually happens; in short, I would make myself so desirable as a life partner that it would be impossible for me to remain long without the position that I desired.

If I had a little money I would make that count, not in any odious way but as a legitimate part of my contribution to the partnership. I would let it be known to a man exactly what I had to offer and would see to it that he realized *my* value to *him*. If necessary, I would not hesitate to use the good offices of a third person or even (directly or indirectly) to make a proposal of marriage myself. *I would have a husband!*

I hear protests that such scheming and striving for a husband is altogether odious and unworthy of a fine woman; but I reply that no important result is ever obtained without effort, and nothing in life is so important for a woman, under the present social order, as to be married — happily, if possible. Besides, women *do* strive to get husbands — they always have — but with an ill-directed, ineffectual striving, since they usually have not prepared themselves to be efficient wives, nor have they learned to admit, even to themselves, that a satisfactory marriage is necessary for their happiness. When they realize this eternal truth they will no longer (through false modesty or a false sense of duty) leave these momentous issues to unassisted fate any more than a mother would leave the care of her sick child to unassisted fate. *Women must have husbands*, exactly as men must have employment, and they must work for these husbands exactly as men work for money. This is their supreme duty in life, and this alone will bring them their supreme joy in life.

IT remains to consider the way of the male sex transgressor. How is this hard if his wrong-doings are not discovered, if he rounds out his term of years without any apparent punishment for harm done to women? How does he pay for his insincerities, his false promises? Or for some heartless abandonment? Perhaps he has plotted against the honor of a peaceful home, against a maiden's innocence. How is his way hard if no one ever knows these things or asks him to pay?

If I were preaching an old-fashioned sermon (which I am not) I should say that his conscience makes him pay, that he suffers tortures of soul through harrowing memories, but, in most cases, I do not believe this is true. I have talked frankly with many men and have found no evidence that the average sex transgressor suffers from pangs of conscience. He takes these things complacently. His way is hard for a different reason.

What reason? His way is hard because the inevitable habit of promiscuousness already considered (think of the wasted time, the wasted vital and emotional power) interferes with what a man cares most for in life, his success. No doubt many successful men have been sex offenders, but for one such there are a thousand failures who might have succeeded brilliantly but for this weakness. There is the tragedy of sex transgression and a vast multitude know it in their hearts — doctors, lawyers, artists, business men, writing men, scientific men, who should be in the front rank (not in the rear rank) who *would* be in the front rank but for these unknown and unsuspected woman follies. That is how they pay — with failure or mediocrity or poverty for themselves and for their children, instead of the eminence they might have attained.

MANY a grave-faced citizen of sixty or so looks back on his life with a double pang since *he knows* why he has been so far outstripped by less gifted men, why he has not achieved the ambition that was in his power; but he can tell this truth to no one.

We know the truth, however, those of us who have studied these weaknesses of the stronger sex. We know what incredible capitulations to the "illicit rove" are made every day. We know that sex offenders carry within themselves the sources of their own punishment, since they create conditions that make punishment inevitable. Having enjoyed one romantic or sordid adventure they straightway prepare for another and, as the series advances, they demand added piquancy, even welcoming the spice of danger, just as drug-users increase their doses.

The spice of danger! God knows there is danger enough for these stumbling offenders as they wander down the black labyrinth of passion! On every hand are enemies and perils. Grafting perils! Blackmailing perils! Treacheries! Corruptions! And, in the gloom, red-angered retribution lurking! It is not by accident that exposure comes, but by necessity, the same kind of symptomatic necessity that leads to the discovery of a cancer in the human body. It *must* be discovered sooner or later.

Dwellers in a Western city speak with awe of the downfall of a great sex offender, perhaps the most powerful man in the West, through one transgression which turned the community against him, although he, no doubt, regarded it as of minor importance, no worse than others in his record. Swift and hard fell the blows of fate. His immense political power was broken, his friends forsook him, his riches slipped away, his rugged health was shattered — even the girl, victim and avenger, upon whom he had lavished a fortune, turned her back on him, and many saw this once mighty dictator, now a pitiful derelict, weeping and mumbling his griefs to anyone who would listen.

How many similar cases we can recall where a man was running his race bravely, was almost at some splendid goal when suddenly he faltered, turned, dropped out. That brilliant district attorney, brief idol of the people, once cheered as the indicated candidate for governor — what stopped his political career? That most fearless and incorruptible senator from the West who seemed about to shake down the pillars of privilege — what happened to him? And that social reformer whose bold lash was once so heavy on our hypocrisies — what crippled his splendid powers and purposes?

If you inquire diligently you will hear the whispered explanation:

"They *got* him."

"How? Crooked?"

"No. A woman."

It is the same eternally old, everlastingly new explanation of a million disappointed hopes and unfulfilled opportunities, *they got him — there was a woman!* That is how *he* paid.

NEXT MONTH: "Is Honesty the Best Policy?" — another splendid article in the series by Mr. Moffett; also a story by Edward Mott Woolley that many will find reminiscent of Mr. Woolley's former success, "Dictated, but Not Read."

A happy Christmas thought–

KODAK

The gift that adds to the good times at the moment; that indoors and out gives zest to the merry making *and then*—preserves the happy picture story of all that goes to make the day a merry one.

The Kodak catalogue, free at your dealer's, or by mail, tells in detail about the various Kodak and Brownie cameras — from $1.25 upward. Photography is really very simple and inexpensive. Kodak has made it so.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Krementz

Correct Jewelry for Men

Two Gifts in One

For his Christmas—Krementz 14 Kt. rolled gold plate jewelry in a beautiful Parisian Ivory, plush-lined gift box. Initials may be engraved on the lid.

Remove the jewelry, reverse the box—he has a jewel box—a handy receptacle for collar buttons, studs and trinkets—a gift in itself.

Lucky is he if his wife or sister does not appropriate this box for her own use. Its attractiveness is as appealing to women as its utility is to men.

Send for our new booklet "Krementz Correct Jewelry for Men"

As you turn page after page of this booklet, you are sure to find at least one design that will please "him." You have your choice of 18 styles of collar buttons; of 48 latest designs in one-piece-bean-and-post cuff buttons alone, as well as loose links and tie clasps; 29 sets of evening jewelry; of 20 combinations in gift boxes, ranging in price from 75c to $5.00.

Send a postal card for this booklet. Take it with you when you go to your dealer's. If he has not in his stock the designs you select, he can secure them for you. Your dealer sells Krementz jewelry under this guarantee:—

"If damaged from any cause at any time any dealer anywhere (or we) will replace it free."

Krementz & Co.
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6 KL
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25c each
2 plated collar buttons, (1 long and 1 short for front and back) in Parisian ivory box, 75c.
Goes in like a needle and holds like an anchor
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162 KP
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Loose Links, $2.50 a pair
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Tie Clasps $1.00 each
Cuff buttons, made with one-piece-bean-and-post, $2.00 a pair.
Pad is to be taken out, jewelry removed and box reversed—
the recipient of your gift has a beautiful Parisian ivory plush lined jewel or trinket box. Initials may be engraved on lid.
Ass't shown, including box, $5.00
Ass't shown, including box, $4.50

The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 24*]

her eyes that fear which used to be so regular a visitant.

But fear was almost instantly displaced by cheeriness. "Never mind. They can't go on with it forever. In a few months' time it will have blown over. I've noticed that. They seem to get tired of keeping at the same set of people too long. Their readers must like a change."

"The odd thing is the way in which they get their information. I should think it must come from the servants."

"It comes from someone," Clorinda contented herself with saying.

"If we could only get at *them!*"

"Yes, if we only could we should stifle the thing; but we can't."

IN the matter of Pansy Wilde he was, however, more successful, directing his efforts first toward the judge who had consigned the girl to the House of Comfort. The judge was a small, elderly, frosty-faced man, with a long upper lip which he made longer by the pursed-up, concentrated movement of his mouth in listening. From his manner of the Bench, detached, unbiased, a little severe, he might have been born in his office.

He tapped soundlessly on his desk while making his points. "In considering this matter there are three things to which we must give our attention — discipline, training, and a reasonable certainty that the work shall go on for a stipulated time. What can you say of these?"

"I think I can promise all three, even if not in quite the same way that they would be given at the Home."

"If the result is achieved the method is immaterial. Be so good as to tell me how we can be sure that the end will be attained."

Bainbridge endeavored to be clear. "The lady I speak of is a person of considerable means living in Madison Avenue between —— "

"We're not concerned with her residence; it's sufficient that you give me to understand that she's a woman of benevolent intentions. Have the goodness to inform me of what expectations we can entertain that she'll carry her intentions out."

It was not in one interview alone that Bainbridge gained his object; but he gained it. After a fortnight's hesitation, and close scrutiny of Mrs. Gildersleeve's request, the judge granted a permission contingent on the willingness of the mother of the girl and of the matron of the House of Comfort to agree with it.

Miss Downie's opposition was more tenacious than the judge's because less reasoned out. "I never heard of such a thing," was the argument she found most cogent.

"No, nor I," Bainbridge admitted, frankly; "but the world is full of improvements we never heard of thirty years ago."

"Of course the child's unhappy," Miss Downie agreed, vehemently. "Who wouldn't be unhappy after such an experience as hers? But what's a little unhappiness when it means her salvation? *We* know what we're doing, and we know what will be the result."

With her convictions, her experience, her zeal, her burning eyes, and her bunch of keys she might have dissuaded Bainbridge from his purpose had he not been working for Clorinda. "I'm not thinking of Pansy altogether —— "

Miss Downie perceived her advantage. "So I see; but I am."

Ignoring the irony, though not without a flush, he went on: "No one can know better than yourself the good which such work as yours can do for the worker —— "

Again Miss Downie pounced on him. "This is a home for unfortunate girls who've got into trouble. It's not a plaything for fashionable ladies who are bored with everything else."

Miss Downie never yielded, but she was overcome. She was overcome by a consensus of the more modern-minded among the directors in favor of the new social experiment to be tried on Pansy Wilde. This coalition happened to be backed by a timely misunderstanding, resulting in "words" between Pansy and Miss Scattergood. Pansy's ability to flash out in "words" was taken as a revival of her broken spirit and as a menace to the institution's future peace. As, moreover, the circumstances made it difficult for the head matron to support her second in command, and still more difficult to desert her, it became the easiest way to give to Pansy's withdrawal some of the aspects of banishment. No more remained for Bainbridge than to secure the consent of Mrs. Wilde.

The difficulty here was to make Pansy's mother speak in a manner that could be called decisive.

"I've stood all I can on account of Pansy," she declared, in a dull, sorrowful voice, "and now I'm about sick of it. I've rose above it anyhow. If I hadn't, I don't know where I'd ha' been. I've got my other children to bring up and keep respectable, if there's any way of doing it, which I dare say there ain't, and that's all I've got to say."

"But it isn't all you've got to feel, Mrs. Wilde."

To this there was no reply during the minute it took her to lift the cover from a big round pan, cut off a lump of dough from the larger quantity "rising" within, and begin lightly to rub it in the dab of flour on the rolling-board. "What I've got to feel is my own affair," she said, at last. "If I can stand it nobody else needn't mind."

"Unfortunately we can't always choose what we shall mind and what we shall not. When we know you're in trouble we want to get you out of it."

Taking the rolling-pin she rolled her lump of dough till it was flat and thin and oval. "I've seen a lot of getting people out of trouble, and what it's generally amounted to has been making 'em bear their trouble in somebody else's way instid of their own. If I've *got* trouble I guess my way of taking it is as good as the next one's."

These observations were made not bitterly or perversely but with quiet, dignified resignation. She was a massive, motherly woman, made for the peaceful, homey ways of Lisbon, N. Y., whence she had sprung, rather than for the fight for life in a poor quarter of the metropolis.

"I've no doubt of that," Bainbridge agreed, in response to Mrs. Wilde's philosophy, "and yet if you have troubles I suppose you don't object to their being made lighter. The lady who's willing to take Pansy —— "

Mrs. Wilde cut fiercely into her superficies of dough with an oval cutter, repeating the operation wherever she found space. "A lady has taken Pansy already, and see what's come of it."

"Quite so; and it's because we do see what's come of it that we're looking for something else."

"They've put her where she is without asking me; why can't they take her out in the same way?"

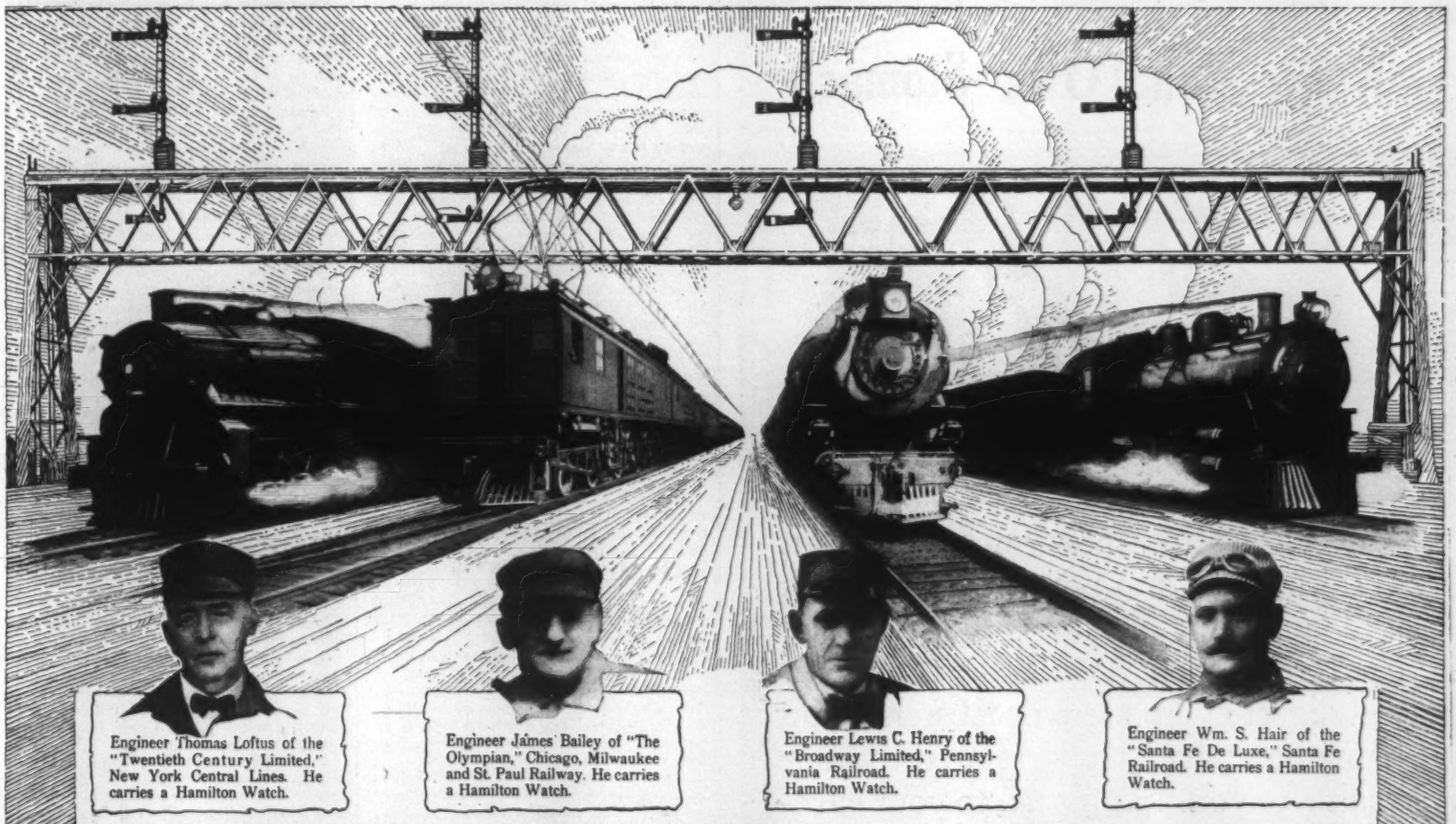
"Because there was no responsibility in putting her in, whereas in taking her out they want to be assured that they have your approval."

"I don't see what you want me to agree for. I've got nothing to say to it one way or t'other. If you'd stood all on account of Pansy that I have . . . and that old Miss Higgins pretending to be so fond of her, and yet letting her out nights to tramp the city with the Lord knows who . . . If I could find out his name I'd have the law on him — a child of seventeen!"

"Isn't it possible that on that point Pansy has been wiser than we have? What good would it do us, after all, to know who the man is? We could only punish him by making her troubles more public; and she's had a pretty hard time as it is You know that, don't you?"

The mother turned sharply to the stove, whence she took a cup of melted butter that also held a pastry brush. By the time she had returned to the table the proud lip had stiffened sufficiently to enable her to say: "I don't know anything about it, and — and I don't want to know. If I'm to bring up my other children respectable I must rise above the whole thing."

"You can't rise above anything by turning your back on it, and refusing to know what it is." She was painting the inside of her rolls with melted butter as he went on pitilessly: "After the baby was born poor little Pansy went to work too soon." He allowed this information to sink in whi'e she cut off another lump of dough from th main stock



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Sometimes you say, "My watch may be fast," or "It may be a little slow," but you will seldom hear of an engineer or conductor of a fast train doubting his watch.

It's just as easy for you to have accurate time as it is for these railroad men. It's easier in fact, for your watch doesn't get the constant vibration their watches have to stand.

The four men above and thousands of others bought the Hamilton Watch because every Hamilton is an accurate, durable timekeeper.

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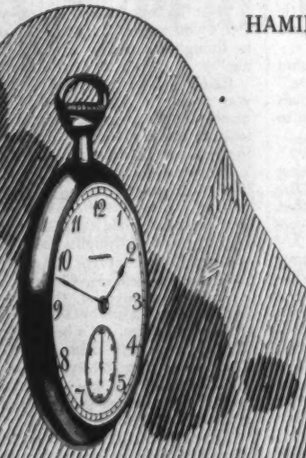

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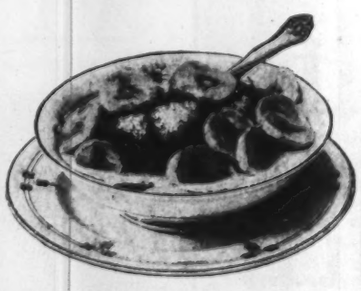
You ought to know more about it than the Doctor. You have lived with it a long time. You know how you have treated it. You know whether it will digest cucumbers or lobsters. You know how vitally it is related to your health, to your happiness, to your earning capacity. There is always safety in

Shredded Wheat

the food that is easily digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. It contains all the body-building nutriment in the whole wheat, including the bran coat, which is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is made by the best process ever devised for making the whole wheat grain digestible. It contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs and costs much less.

For breakfast heat one or more biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Wholesome and delicious for any meal in combination with fresh or preserved fruits.



Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

in the big round pan. "Her first job was in a candy factory. She had to give it up when they found she had a child." More flour having been sprinkled on the board she began again the process of dabbing the new lump into it. "She was turned out of her rooming-house, too, and had to move to another. But here, when they heard the baby cry they wouldn't let her stay the night." The proud, meek features twitched as the lump was rolled to a flat oval. "She had to move two or three times after that, but always with the same result. She could hide her baby for a day, and sometimes for a day or two; but they found she had it in the end, and then she had to go." There was a sudden dash to the stove, where the objects on it were pushed aimlessly about. Bainbridge waited till she came back to the table, where she stood with the cutter in her hand but without using it. "She had found work in a laundry when she got the idea that she could leave the baby covered up in the bed. I believe she managed it two or three times successfully, especially as she contrived to steal back to her room at odd hours through the day. But *that* day she couldn't, and so when she returned in the evening —— "

"Oh, stop!" The cry was that of a great mother-animal. From sheer need of personal activity she worked the cutter desperately. "I'm her mother. I can't stand it. I've been hard on her; but I didn't know what else to do." She poured out her confession with rapid, irresistible onrush, because of emotions too long repressed. "I'd had so much trouble that when I knew the state she was in it seemed to me I couldn't feel no more. I was just numb like. I haven't done so bad — considering. But oh! it's been hard. With five young children, and Pansy the oldest, and a husband dying on your hands . . . and nothing coming in but what you can earn yourself . . . and not used to working in other people's houses . . . and then when he died . . . and Pansy got into her condition, and me not knowing which way to turn or what to do . . . and the Lord Himself showing no mercy upon me . . . "

So Bainbridge broke down the cold, fierce pride that passed for respectability at Lisbon, and the last barrier but one to Clorinda's coming to the aid of Pansy was taken by assault. There still remained the last barrier of all, which was Pansy's own consent.

THE inclination of Miss Scattergood's head on a long neck that broadened its base was exactly that of a giraffe's. "If you'll be good enough to sit down I'll send her in." She added, over her shoulder as she reached the door: "I think I ought to tell you that she's impertinent. She's a pretty child, and in some ways biddable; but she's impertinent." As further information she said, when she had reached the hall: "We haven't told her anything, so you'll find it all to do."

Because Clorinda was frightened and nervous and unused to Homes she said under her breath, as Miss Scattergood withdrew: "Oh, that woman!" For the same reason she murmured: "Oh, how dreadful!" as she looked round the room.

Bainbridge laughed. "It's only dreadful to a super-sensitive taste. As a matter of fact it's very clean and —— "

"Clean, yes. I've never seen anything so clean in all my life. It's clean to the point at which your soul cries out for dust. And this odor—" her delicate nostrils quivered — "this smell of discipline — " she gave a little sniff — "of disinfectant" — she sniffed again — "and of good will — Ah!"

The exclamation was caused by the sound of the slipping of a bolt. "She's coming," Bainbridge whispered, the smile passing from his lips, as he withdrew to the background to let Clorinda carry out her task alone.

They could hear the shuffle of Pansy's steps along the corridor. She was not coming lightly or blithely. They could tell by the way in which she dragged herself along that she had no thought of approaching deliverance.

When she appeared at last in the cavernous dusk of the hall her face was as white as her blouse. An old wine-colored skirt hung limply and dejectedly about her little person. A wine-colored tie, faded and carelessly knotted, was but the relic of past coquetry, like a stained and bedraggled flower that has once been in full bloom. Her hands hung heavily at her sides. In the staring of her wide violet eyes there was the fear of some new twist to the net that had enmeshed her. The dull stupefaction of suffering was in the degree to which her lips, lovely in spite of their bloodlessness, fell just a little open.

Mute and questioning she stood on the threshold, not daring to enter the room. Like a spirit conjured up from unimaginable depths she seemed to ask why she had been sent for. There was something piteously dignified in the demand.

Bainbridge had no difficulty in reading what was passing in Clorinda's mind. Her stilled attitude, her sudden pallor, her helplessness and speechlessness, made it clear. Because she knew the details of the child's history as she had not known them on Christmas Eve she felt herself dumb before so youthful an incarnation of tragedy. It was beyond what she was prepared for — beyond belief. For a space of seconds that seemed long, the two women, since woman Pansy must be called, confronted each other in silence.

When Clorinda found voice at last it was with strange huskiness. "Pansy," she said abruptly, "I want to know if you'll come and live with me."

In the wide, vacant eyes there was no sign of comprehension or response.

Clorinda continued as best she could. "I'm — I'm sorry for you, Pansy. I know what you've been through, and I want — I want to help you."

On the spirit called up from the void of its despair the words made no impression.

Clorinda struggled on. "I don't believe you're happy here; I know you're not happy. If you'll come with me . . . "

There was a movement on Pansy's part, but only that of shrinking back into the dimness of the hall.

Bainbridge came forward and whispered: "Hadn't you better put it a little more plainly — less emotionally — and more as a lady looking for a servant? Put it on the ground of a new place, a new job. That's something she'll understand."

As he withdrew again Clorinda made a fresh attempt. "You see, it's this way, Pansy. I'm looking for someone to help my maid, and I've thought — I've thought you would do. It would be a nice place for you, and I should see you all the time. My maid's name is Alphonsine. She's a nice woman. She'd be kind to you. She'd show you how to do things, to sew and mend, and things like that." She racked her brain for a list of inducements that would sound natural. "You'd have a room to yourself — and good wages — and not too much work to do — and —— "

Pansy's voice from the hall was deep and startling. "And an afternoon out?"

Clorinda hesitated. "Yes," she said, at length, "an afternoon out — with someone."

Again the depth of Pansy's tone gave tragic intensity to her words. "Someone to watch me?"

"Not to watch you, Pansy — to take care of you. You wouldn't mind that, would you? If I had a daughter of your age I should want her to be taken care of when she was out in the street. I should do for you exactly the same as for a child of my own."

"Would they know about me — the other girls in your house?"

"No one but Alphonsine, as far as I could prevent it. She's a motherly woman, a Frenchwoman — and Frenchwomen don't — don't feel about — about such things — like Americans. They're often kinder — and have more understanding —— "

"I won't go." The declaration had tears in it rather than defiance. "They'd find out. Someone would be sure to tell them. Then they'd look down on me."

"But I don't look down on you, Pansy. Can't you see that I don't? You wouldn't be living with them. You'd be living with me."

Bainbridge again stepped forward. "Won't you come in, Pansy? Mrs. Gildersleeve wants to talk about it seriously. We must look at it all round — with its advantages for you, and its disadvantages."

Pansy advanced slowly, not so much timidly as distrustfully, and not so much distrustfully as with the conviction that whatever promised good could be nothing but a trap. She came straight, however, and without hesitation, till there was only the marble-topped table between Clorinda and herself.

"I know about you, Pansy, and — don't you see? — that's why I'm here asking you to come with me. It's because you've done the things you've done that I want you. That seems strange to you, doesn't it? But it wouldn't if you knew all about me. It doesn't seem strange to Mr. Bainbridge here; it really isn't strange at all."

The effect of these words on Pansy was to make her open her eyes wider, with a look in which incredulity struggled with amazement. Once more Bainbridge thought it wise to

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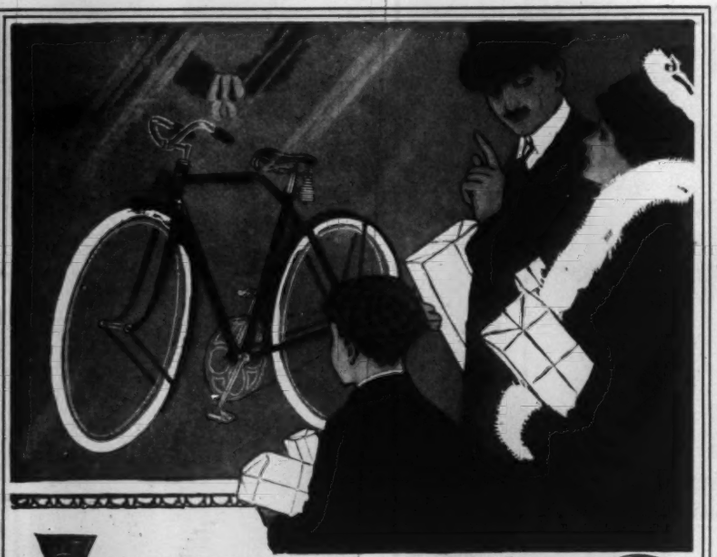

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intervene. "It isn't that Mrs. Gildersleeve thinks you've been right, Pansy, but only that you've been unhappy. It's the unhappiness that counts with her just now, not the right and the wrong. They can wait; we can think of them later on."

Though Pansy remained speechless her eyes had the wide-open, innocent blankness of the flower from which she took her name.

"And I understand you," Clorinda went on. "That's something in itself. We know it was wrong, don't we? But it isn't what we've got to think of just now, as Mr. Bainbridge says. They tell us we don't have to punish wrong — that it punishes itself. But what we have got to do is help each other when the punishment has overtaken us. That's what I mean when I say that it's because you've done what you've done that I want you. If you hadn't done it you wouldn't be in trouble; and if you weren't in trouble you wouldn't want *me*. If a baby needs things it cries; and when it cries anyone with a human heart wants to go to it, and do for it the things it can't do for itself. That's a little how I feel now, Pansy —— "

Bainbridge hastened to interpret. "What Mrs. Gildersleeve means is that she has this excellent place to offer you, in which you'd have a good home. If you want to take it we've arranged that you shall be free to do so. The judge has said you may — and Miss Downie — and your mother. But of course we can't compel you. If you'd rather stay here —— "

THERE was nothing to precede or herald Pansy's sob, no trembling of the lip or preliminary dash of tears. It was in fact a tearless sob, a mere convulsive moan that subsided as suddenly as it began, leaving her as before. It was less startling to Bainbridge, who was familiar with most of the tricks emotion can play, than it was to Clorinda. "But, Pansy, I don't want to frighten you, or make you cry — " she began, stammeringly.

Pansy flung herself on the chair that stood beside the table, her arms outstretched across the Bible, and her hands clasped as if in some violent prayer. She was still tearless, possibly because she had no more tears to shed. "I didn't do it," she muttered, in her deep, tragic, unchildlike voice. "I didn't kill it . . . the baby . . . I — I only hoped it — it would die."

Clorinda was on the point of throwing herself on her knees beside the girl when Bainbridge put out his hand and stopped her. "No; let her go on. She wants to tell us — to tell someone. It will ease her mind, and do her good."

Pansy went on again, hoarsely, looking straight before her: "I didn't do it . . . I wouldn't have done it . . . If it had lived I'd have taken care of it the best — the best I knew how . . . I only hated it . . . No, I didn't hate it . . . It was like something I loved and hated at the same time . . . It was so little and — and helpless; but it had eyes like his and I knew it would have his colored hair. It was born with a lot of hair, all downy and soft . . . It was a little boy . . . its name was Lionel . . . Lionel Lemuel . . . I called him Lemuel after poppa, and Lionel because I liked the name . . . I wouldn't call it *his* name . . . I didn't know what it was . . . I found out it wasn't Gussie . . . He just give me that name to fool me . . . I was afraid it would grow up like him, and so I hoped it would die . . . But I didn't kill it. They said I did, but I didn't. I thought of it two or three times . . . but I couldn't. I didn't know how; I couldn't do anything to it with my own hands. Once when it cried in the night and give me away in the house where I roomed in Bradshaw Avenue I thought I'd — I'd choke it; but when I took hold of it, it was so little — and soft — and helpless — I — I couldn't. He said if I'd do it he'd — bury it — but —— "

"He?" Bainbridge questioned, gently. "Who? Its father?"

She nodded, keeping her eyes raised, and staring off into the distance. "He come to see me once. That was when I was in Mooney Street. I was there three days. It was the longest anywhere . . . I sent him a postcard and he come that night . . . He said he was going to light out to the West — where his wife was."

"So he had a wife?"

She nodded again. "I didn't know that till — till it was too late to do any good . . . He said we was engaged, and that he'd marry me, and give me a set of fox furs . . . and buy me lunches . . . and take me to Coney, and everything like that. And then I found out he was married. And so when he come that night, and I told him I'd been turned out of so many places when they found out I had the baby, he said — he said we must — we must make away with it . . . He said that if I'd kill it I wouldn't have no trouble with it afterwards because he'd carry it off in my suitcase . . . like I brought it in . . . But I couldn't kill it . . . and then he got mad and said he'd do it himself . . . So he took it out of the bed . . . it was sleeping awful sound because a girl I knew who'd had a baby of her own had give me some drops to put in its milk . . . But when I saw him take it up — it was an awful small baby; it didn't weigh no more than five or six pounds — and me not having the proper food for it . . . and having to drag it about . . . and keeping it shut up in the suitcase for an hour and more at a time when I had to move . . . I just let out one awful scream and snatched it away from him . . ."

"You wouldn't have hurt it then for anything?"

"No, sir; not when it was right up to me like that . . . But he swore something awful . . . and said I was trying to ruin him because I was under the right age . . . and that I'd made him throw up his job at the paper where Miss Higgins used to send me with the things she wanted to have printed . . . that's where I met him. He used to be there when I went with the things for Miss Higgins . . . It was always him who took them . . . in Twenty-fourth Street, down by the East River . . . "

Bainbridge glanced toward Clorinda, who had not recognized the significance of these words. "A big yellow building — the fifth floor — an office at the back?"

"Yes, sir." She spoke as one hypnotized. "Kilroy wasn't his real name . . . no more than it was Gussie . . . Gussie Kilroy was just a name he give me . . . I don't know what his real name was, and that's why I wouldn't tell momma . . . Momma was awful mad. But what was the use — *then?* . . . Momma has been a reg'lar crape-hanger about me anyways — never wanted me to have a good time. You couldn't get him when you didn't know his name . . and he was married besides . . . and so I just made up my mind to take my medicine . . . I knew that if I could get rid of the baby I could go reg'lar bad like Mary Swett, a girl I used to go to school with. They let her stay in Mooney Street, though they knew what she was, but they wouldn't keep me because I had little Lionel . . . I always liked his name . . . And so I had to go to Tyke Street, where it was something fierce. And the drops I used to put in the milk give out, and I didn't know how to get any more . . . and the baby got fretfuller and fretfuller, and I was trying to find out about homes where I could put it, or some woman who'd take it to nurse. But no one didn't know anything, and I was afraid to ask, and it was getting too big for the suitcase, though it kept so awful small . . . And all I could do was to bury it right in the middle of the bed when I went to work . . . I got back to it every minute I could, and so long as I had the drops it didn't hardly stir . . . it seemed to get to depend on them like . . . But *that* day I couldn't get away at the lunch hour — a lot of extra work had come in to the laundry, and old Steptoe what run it said that any girl that went out to lunch could stay out to lunch . . . and I'd had such an awful job to find a job after they bounced me from the candy factory . . . and so everything was against me . . . and when I got back to my room and turned down the bedclothes I just let out one awful holler . . . and I didn't know anything more till I woke up and found I was — in — in jail."

The recital ended, her head dropped on her arms, and she cried softly. There was no passion in her grief — nothing but the gentle weeping of a heart relieved of part of its load. Clorinda passed round the table and laid a hand on the quietly heaving shoulder.

"I shall come for you to-morrow morning, Pansy, dear. You'll be packed and ready by eleven, won't you? That's understood."

But Pansy quivered at the touch. "Don't have nothing to do with me," she sobbed. "I'm better here. It's all I'm fit for. I did kill it — in my feelings — sometimes. I dare say I'd have come to it, if I got desperate — and I was pretty near desperate anyways." She raised her head to add: "When I turned down the clothes the poor little thing had wriggled itself over on its back, trying to get its breath like. It didn't die from nothing but want of breath — that and not being rightly fed. Its eyes was wide open, and it seemed to be saying: 'Oh, what did you go away and

leave me for?' I can hear them words just as plain as if the little lips had spoke them."

Bainbridge and Clorinda drove up Seventh Avenue almost in silence. It was snowing and raining at once, and the only words uttered were as to the necessity of having windows of the limousine up or down. They were nearing the house in Madison Avenue when Clorinda said, tremulously: "I don't see how the mother could have left the poor little soul to shift for herself like that."

Bainbridge answered with the sad thoughtfulness with which he always came away from dealings with the poor. "That's probably because you can hardly imagine what it is for the overtaxed human heart to be at the end of its resources. You've always got your resources to fall back upon — resources of money, of intelligence, of friends, of a vast upholding civilization all around you. You can't conceive of yourself as positively not knowing which way to turn or what to do — with four other children dependent on you for their supper tonight and their breakfast tomorrow morning. There are millions of the poor living with literally no margin, I won't say of food and money, but of affection and thought. Everything is used up for the wants of every day. And so when an additional misfortune, such as that which happened to poor Pansy, comes on them, they can only let it come. When you see Pansy's mother you'll find her typical of thousands upon thousands of mothers all over the world — the women whose daily stint taxes them to the limit of which they are capable, and who have no reserve with which to meet an extra demand. They're not callous; they've only given all they had."

"And we don't lift a finger to help them!"

"Some don't; others again . . . But it's a vast subject, one through which we don't see our way as yet. Our attempts are too often a mere scratching on the surface, when we need to get down to the depths. While we're afraid to go to the depths — and the philanthropic world *is* afraid of it — our aid is more or less thrown away. I'm coming to believe that philanthropy only aggravates the evil; that industrial readjustments and compromises between capital and labor are no more than new patches on old garments, making the rent worse. But so long as our civilization is unwilling to tackle the subject by the right end — " He broke off to ask: "Then you don't think of changing your mind?"

She turned toward him, her eyes shining through the dusk. "Because of what she's just told us? Why should I? It's what I should have felt, and been tempted to do, in her place. I seem — I seem to have been through it all — to have had it actually happen to me. It's because poor little Pansy's problem is at bottom so much like my own —— "

His brows went up. "So much like yours?"

"Surely you must see — you of all people! — that money and social position have no bearing on souls. Her soul and my soul — " As the motor drew up to the door she prepared to descend. "Come in," she said, gathering her wraps. "Tea will be ready, and we can talk about it then. I shall tell Hindmarsh not to let anyone else in. There's so much I want to say to you." She was actually getting out of the car, the door of which the chauffeur held open, as she turned to say over her shoulder: "I've — I've decided about — about what you asked me on Christmas Eve."

As Bainbridge remembered this moment afterwards, his mind seemed to stop thinking, to enter on the blankness of suspense. As to what was before him he could scarcely hazard a conjecture. Since they had last driven up from old Greenwich Village together she had held the balance so evenly that whether she told him she could or she couldn't marry him he would feel it was what he had expected. All he could do was to brace himself inwardly to face what he was convinced would prove the great issue of his life. Consciously he prepared himself for that worst out of which he must know how to make the best. If she were to inform him that she had tried to bring herself to it but in vain, he must still see that in knowing her at all, in loving her, he was on his way to that Highest Possible which he had always made his aim. In this, as he got out of the car and followed her up the steps, his spirit seemed to act while his intelligence stood still.

She went before him swiftly, speaking a few words to Hindmarsh at the door, and proceeding directly up the stairs. He himself waited for Hindmarsh to relieve him of his overcoat, hat, and stick. He recalled an exchange of friendly remarks with Hindmarsh, a slim, cadaverous young Englishman of the indoor-servant class with a bass so deep as to be ludicrously out of keeping with the task of arranging teacups and passing plates, and asking the news from home. It was perhaps to put off the terrific moment — whether of joy or disappointment — as long as possible that he took his time in crossing the friendly hall, and looking round on it as one who might be seeing it for the last time.

He had passed the turning of the stairs when he fancied he heard a man's voice from the drawing-room above. Having gone up a step or two farther he paused, and made himself sure of it. Clorinda was in the portion of the drawing-room which was not visible; but standing before the fire, with a hand on the white marble of the mantelpiece, and directly within Bainbridge's range of sight, was a man — a man whom Bainbridge knew instantly he had seen before, and yet was for the moment unable to place — a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a handsome, rather sensuous face on which the mustache and imperial were very slightly touched with gray. As Bainbridge lagged on the stairs his immediate thoughts were: "Where have I seen him? What connection have I with him?" Close on these questions came the realization: "It's an unusual connection; something dramatic and romantic." The idea was no sooner in his mind than the name came staggering, as it were, to his lips: "It's — it's Malcolm Grant."

Of the clarity of Bainbridge's vision during the few seconds it took him to mount the remaining steps and cross the hall there could have been no possibility of record. In thinking it over afterwards it came to him that the difference wrought in his consciousness was as instantaneous as that which came over darkness and chaos when the divine "Let there be light," was commanded. It was illuminating — it was complete. It was complete — it was in order. Nothing was wanting; nothing was obscure. It was as obvious as the visually panoramic, or as lines in print.

Clorinda was the veiled woman who had come to him more than three years previously. She had had a lover. She had described herself as a sinner.

Malcolm Grant had wished to marry her, and had been deterred by God only knew what misgivings on his part or hers.

During the months since he, Bainbridge, had known her as Clorinda Gildersleeve she had tried to reveal her identity — she was under the impression that she had revealed it.

The fact that she had this impression explained a hundred references, a hundred speeches, that had bewildered him, but which were as clear to him now as chaos was clear when light flashed upon it.

To her the beauty of his asking her to marry him had been in the fact that he *knew*. Very well, then; he must know. He had no doubt now as to what constituted the Highest Possible. She must never learn from a hint that should escape him, or so much as a glimmer in his eye, that he hadn't read her from the first.

Having come to this consciousness before reaching the threshold of the drawing-room he was able to cross it as one who faces no more than the commonplace. Clorinda was still standing, a little dazed perhaps, but with no outward trace of embarrassment. Without bravado, or affectation of self-control, she was sufficiently mistress of herself to assume from the first the fact that the two men had met before. "You know Sir Malcolm Grant," Bainbridge heard her saying, as he entered the room. It reached him, too, as if from a long way off, that she added: "He's passing through New York on his way to buy horses for the Canadian contingent to the British Army, and has been good enough to wait to see me."

[*To be continued*]

IN the coming instalment, Bainbridge, Sir Malcolm Grant and Clorinda drink tea together, under curious circumstances, and the young clergyman, for the first time, makes a bewildering discovery that affects his whole after life. It is a gripping, convincing chapter, in which ethical standards are raised and brilliantly discussed.

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The Bar and the Bard

[*Continued from page 21*]

"Wonderful type!" exclaimed Phil Burke before Cassius could reply. The "r's" dropped here and there and the slurring of the "g's" had not been lost. They had landed in the brain of the astute producer. His face was aglow.

"Great type, Joe," he repeated, Mr. Walker being unpleasantly conscious that he was being sized up as a horse or a piece of furniture. "If he can only act."

In the meantime the Southerner had handed Mr. Green his letters. The producer tried to look serious, but a chuckle was growing inside him rapidly. He could not hold it long. Averting his face, Joe handed the two letters to Burke. They were practically duplicates, and as he read Phil dared not look up. The first one:

"To Whom it May Concern:

"This will introduce Cassius Calhoun Walker, Esq., of the county of Tallapoosa. His grandfather and father were gallant Confederate soldiers and men of whom Alabama is justly proud. This scion of the family, I am sure, will never by his actions permit the name to fall from its high estate. Whatever may be the vocation you will always find him loyal to his last breath, and a gentleman.

"Permit me humbly to inscribe myself, etc., etc."

This bore the official seal of the State of Alabama and was signed by the Governor. The other, almost identical, bore the signature of a United States Senator, nationally prominent.

Though amused, the two producers were, in a way, impressed. Not often did they see a letter of introduction like these.

"That certainly proves to me that you are a good actor," said Burke, looking the young man squarely in the eye. "Mr. Walker, you come well recommended."

"I also have clippings," suggested Cassius Calhoun. He handed Joe Green the column eulogy from the County Advocate.

"Looks all right," observed Mr. Green. "Could you come back this afternoon at four o'clock, after we have had a chance to see some of those who are waiting?"

"I should be happy to do so, gentlemen. I feel very much encouraged and wish to thank you."

When he had gone Phil Burke got up and closed the door.

"Lock it!" ordered Joe Green. "I've got to laugh."

"If I wasn't afraid he'd shoot me," mumbled Burke between gulps of laughter, "I'd sell these letters and clippings to a newspaper for real dough — recommended by the Governor and U. S. Senator ——"

"And played *Romeo!*" chimed Green as he held his sides. "Phil, I don't care now whether the piece gets over or not. I've had my laugh."

"Listen to me," suggested Burke, as their mirth subsided. "You know, this guy may be kidding us after all. If he can go on the stage and keep that look he had in here he'd knock that part cold. There ain't another Southern accent like it in all New York. It's the real, unadulterated thing — ninety-nine and ninety-nine one-hundredths per cent. pure."

"I'm game," challenged Green, looking at his partner.

"All right, it's a bet!" announced Burke. "All I ask is that he holds that pose and doesn't change his make-up and we'll knock this town on its ear. Talk about type — wow!"

When Cassius Calhoun Walker returned in the afternoon he was engaged. The question of salary — he had fondly hoped they would refer to it as "honorarium" — was not even discussed. The new exponent of the drama was told to report at Lyric Hall the next morning for the first reading, preparatory to rehearsal.

The fact that his new part was not to be Shakespearian was somewhat disappointing to Cassius Calhoun, but a job was a job — he was practical enough to appreciate that — and it gave him an opportunity to bide his time and wait until E. H. Sothern got sick or something. He did not even stop to inquire the nature of the production. He remembered the suggestion of Mr. Bierbauer, however, and left a slip at the desk. This reminded him that he had forgotten to discuss salary. It did not bother him, though. Naively he observed, to himself, if it was small the first week he wouldn't have to pay so much to the Desmond Dramatic Exchange.

The Southerner had enough money to pay his immediate expenses, and probably would have spent it immediately had he not learned the next morning, to his surprise, that actors did not receive pay while rehearsing. His mind was logical and he gave the financial end of the drama some thought. It was apparent that an actor might rehearse three or four weeks under these conditions. Then, if the play failed, he would have but one week's salary, half of which would go to the Desmond Dramatic Exchange, and he would be just where he started — except for the experience.

"But," Cassius consoled himself, "the law is also a precarious profession and not nearly so fascinating."

IN searching for the theme and plot of a new piece Joe Green, the playwright of the producing firm of Burke and Green, had found what he wanted in a fiction magazine while riding in the subway. He had sought something contemporaneous, a subject widely discussed in the daily press.

The story he read told of a rich Northern girl who had interested herself in the question of child labor in the Southern cotton mills. Her maid had come from the East side in New York where her brothers and sisters had worked in a sweatshop, owned by the mistress. The rich young woman received the rents regularly but knew nothing of the use to which her property had been put, and the maid was too well trained to tell her.

Reading in the newspapers of a young lawyer from the South, who had come to New York on a visit and was interested in the abolition of child labor, the wealthy girl had sent for him. She would point out to him the evils of such a condition, as she saw it, and would engage him to assist in the great work she had undertaken.

The young lawyer came, and it developed that he had not thought of child labor in the South but was intent upon exposing the property owners who rented houses for sweatshops in New York. The young lady knew nothing of sweatshops but wanted to imprison the relatives of the young lawyer who allowed their property to be used for the operation of cotton mills and the employment of little children.

In the discussion the maid became a prominent figure, her knowledge of actual conditions bringing both the rich girl and the young lawyer to a better understanding.

The general mix-up and conflict of ideas furnished material for both comedy and pathos, and therein Joe Green thought he had a play. He intended consulting the author of the story but decided to write the play first.

Naturally, Joe Green, being a regular playwright, made the young lawyer marry the rich girl and everything was about to wind up happily when Joe thought of another scheme. To give an added touch of current interest the couple would discover that the real solution lay in giving the vote to women. The young lawyer would become a spellbinder for the "cause" and the rich girl would finance the enterprise, the maid and her sisters and brothers going along as Exhibit A.

Green called the play "Man, Woman and Child," and figured it to be all that could be asked in contemporaneous drama.

That was the play read to Cassius Calhoun Walker and the other performers when they assembled at Lyric Hall before going into the arduous work of rehearsal.

Mr. Walker was intensely interested, and went so far as to suggest certain touches that Joe Green admitted he had overlooked.

A Miss Edith Calvere had been selected for the leading woman, and Julia Mavoortski, a well-known Yiddish character actress, was to be the maid. It was evident at the first reading that the parts had been well cast.

"In accepting this part, mind you," Walker reminded his employers, "I am not sacrificing my first love for the Shakespearian school."

"I understand," said Phil Burke, "but right now school is out. Take your parts

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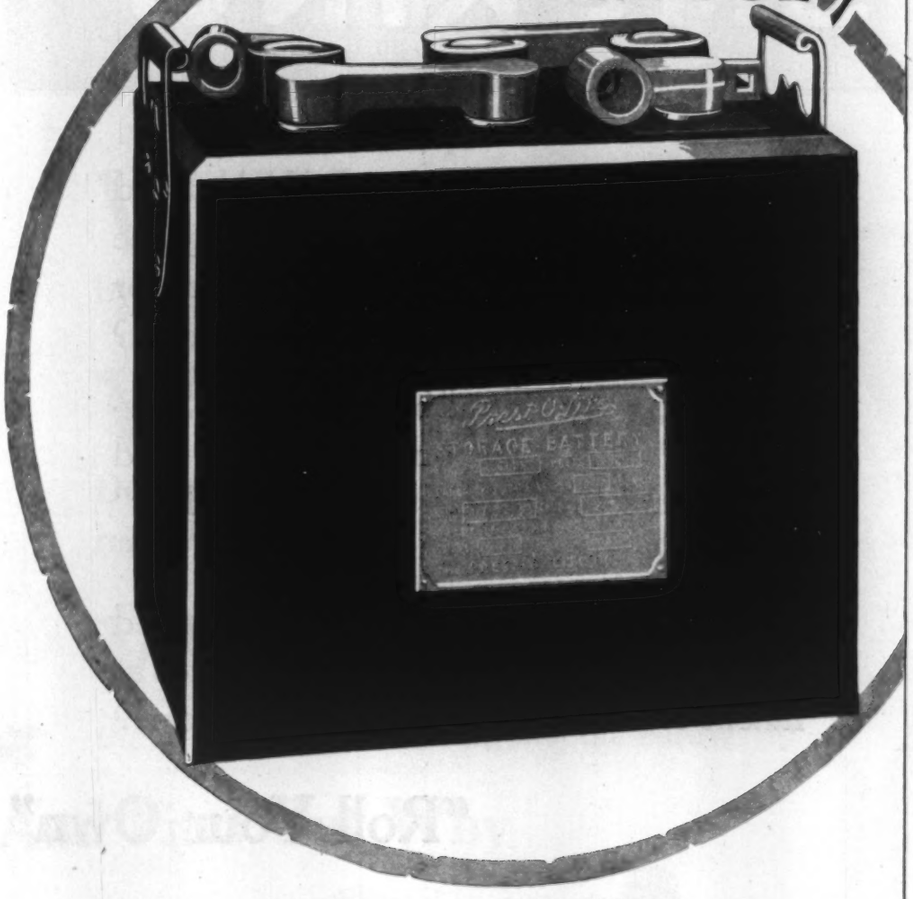

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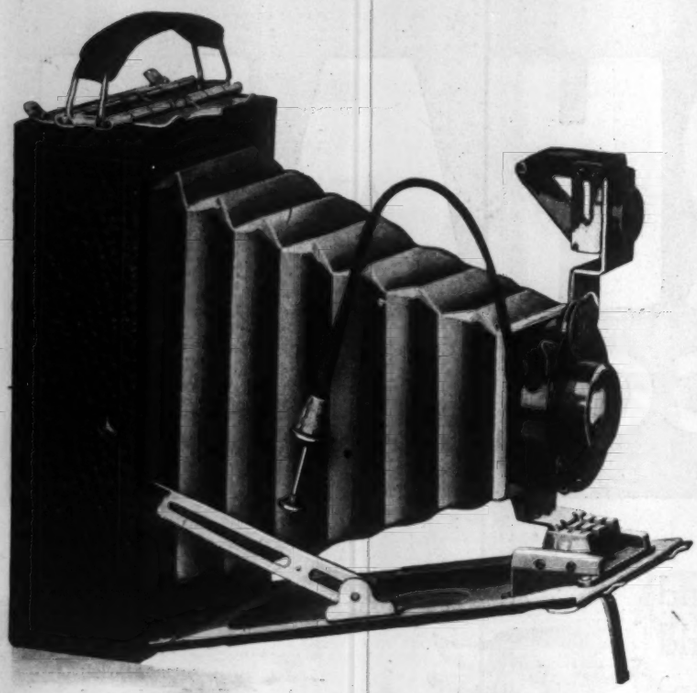

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home, do some studying and report here at ten in the morning."

There was little of the dramatic atmosphere that Cassius Calhoun Walker had longed for in the first rehearsal. It was held in a large room, absolutely bare but for some plain chairs, arranged in a semi-circle, and an ordinary, uncovered pine table. The actors read from manuscript, Joe Green and Phil Burke sitting at the table making changes as the lines appeared too long or too short.

The Southerner had given much thought to his part during the night and read with all the exactness taught him at the school of elocution. Occasionally Green would look up, amused at the bellowing bass voice. He would then glance at Phil Burke inquiringly.

"You can't tell," observed Burke. "He may do. He's proved to me, though, that he still belongs to that Shakespearian school."

All attempts to make young Walker talk naturally failed utterly.

"I'm going to take a plunge, just the same," decided Joe Green. "He can't act a lick, but if he strikes the public as he does us it'll be a knockout. The type is too perfect to lose."

"Yes," agreed Burke, "I've got to admit he makes me laugh."

"MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD" made its first appearance at Wilmington, Del., a favorite try-out station for high-class attractions. By skilful cutting Joe Green had made a forty-minute playlet out of it. This was unusually long for a vaudeville house, but the piece had a decided advantage in that it could take the place of two other acts, thereby justifying the high price that Burke and Green demanded.

The local manager had protested violently at having to pay more than the mere expenses of the production just to try it out. In fact, he was on the point of canceling when Burke made him a proposition.

"I know this act will be a puller," he declared, "but I also know that you will be a loser if it doesn't draw as big as we expect. How would you like to gamble?"

"State your proposition," demanded the manager, a veteran.

"We'll put it on a percentage basis," explained Burke. "I believe your house is figured to do an average business of three thousand five hundred dollars a week."

"That's correct."

"All right, then. We'll start on a guaranteed salary of four hundred dollars for the piece a week. All the house does over three thousand five hundred, we'll split fifty-fifty. How's that strike you?"

"You're on," agreed the manager. "Never let it be said that I would not take a chance. More than that, if you get over, I'll agree to put you in for a second week the first time you have a lay-off, on the same basis."

It was now up to Burke and Green. The issue was clear cut and they had to work fast.

"By the way," Joe Green inquired of the manager, "there'll be no objection to us changing the piece, if necessary, after the first performance?"

"Go as far as you like, provided you don't put in anything that will offend my patrons — you know, of course, the house rule that does not permit the use of any 'damns,' 'hells,' 'my Gods' and the word 'slob'?"

Green nodded. He did not have one in the show.

The scene for "Man, Woman and Child" was the drawing-room of a fashionable apartment house, the home of the wealthy heiress. It was furnished with Turkish rugs, many odd-looking little chairs, a fancy chandelier and a magnificent mahogany center table. The entrance to the room was through a double doorway shielded by bead portières. Every furniture store in Wilmington had been ransacked by the property man for odd bits suggestive of affluence, the dealer receiving therefor free passes and mention on the programme.

When the curtain arose on "Man, Woman and Child," the Wilmington audience, that afternoon, gazed upon what was without doubt the most sumptuous setting ever shown at the old Garrick.

Edith Calvere, in the rôle of *Genevieve Wellington*, the rich young heiress, was in a lounging-chair attired in an evening gown (designed by M. Jacques Fournier, according to the programme) that drew from the women and matinee girls an audible "Oo-o-oh!"

A ring of the call-bell by pulling a tasseled cord — they always ring for servants with a tasseled cord in scenes of rich homes — brought *Olga Zinski*, the maid, and the piece swung into action.

The maid informed *Miss Wellington* that *Quintus Lamar*, the young Southerner, had telephoned that he would call at eight o'clock and, of course, she glanced at the clock, declaring, "He will be here in five minutes."

This was not real news to *Miss Wellington*, as could be seen from her expectant attitude, but it was necessary to tell the audience so as to put it in readiness for Cassius Calhoun Walker's entrance. In the meantime the maid used up the remaining minutes by arranging bric-à-brac here and there and listening to her mistress propound her views on child labor, thereby establishing the theme of the playlet, a very necessary thing in the drama.

Cassius Calhoun Walker rang the bell promptly at eight o'clock, just in time to interrupt *Olga Zinski's* evident intention of informing her mistress of conditions on the East Side.

A butler announced, "Mr. Quintus Lamar, from the South," and *Miss Wellington* arose to receive him. It was necessary for the Southerner to enter through the beaded portières. Cassius had not been instructed to separate the long strings of beads by parting them with his hands and, in the rôle of *Quintus Lamar*, started to shove right through them. His overcoat was correctly laid across his arm and his silk hat and cane were carried according to stage tradition, but the author had not figured on fancy portières. Before the actor was disentangled beads were in his hair, wrapped around his cane, caught under his topcoat and his hat was half full. The embarrassment was intensely amusing because it was real. The Wilmington audience screamed with laughter.

"Don't speak yet," Miss Calvere cautioned Cassius Calhoun. "Nurse the laugh."

"But this is ridiculous," whispered Mr. Walker. "My entrance is completely spoiled."

"It's all right, though," insisted Miss Calvere in an undertone. "As long as they'll laugh, let them go."

With all the dignity, drilled into him through generations of gentlemen, Cassius, trying to look like *Quintus Lamar*, made his way to the center of the stage and deposited his coat, hat, cane and gloves on a big chair, just as he had been instructed. He was not in evening clothes. At his own suggestion Joe Green had permitted the Southerner to appear in Prince Albert coat and the rest of the attire that signifies a young lawyer on business bent.

Cassius was perturbed beyond all control. He missed a costume like that of *Romeo* to hide in. Mr. Walker was game, though, and tried hard to pull himself together. Bowing grandiosely he took the extended hand of *Miss Wellington*, who led him to the center table. There he attempted to seat himself in one of those three cornered, gilded chairs — and missed it!

Another laugh interrupted the seriousness of the drama, but Miss Calvere made Cassius hold it.

"That woman is worth her weight in gold," Joe Green whispered to Phil Burke, as they stood back of the rail downstairs. "Watch her hold those laughs! She's on."

A drink and a cigar were ordered for *Quintus Lamar*, and with rare forethought the property man made the drink a real one. Cassius needed it.

Between laughs, in what the audience now thought to be a burlesque, Miss Calvere, playing sincerely the rôle of *Genevieve Wellington*, gradually got to the question of child labor. This was the cue for *Quintus Lamar's* first long speech. Stepping to the center of the stage, Cassius hurled words and phrases at the audience in a way that would have swept a jury off its feet. The audience laughed, but, Miss Calvere being too far away to advise him, Cassius talked right through the mirth, letting the giggles fall where they would. At one moment when he called the earth "this mundane sphere" there was such a scream of laughter that *Quintus Lamar* had to wait to be heard.

The Southern barrister was still to begin his love scene with the philanthropic heiress, but already the show was to the audience one of the best comedies of the year.

The love scene was so good that even Miss Calvere got laughs out of it. Seeing the trend the playlet had taken she violated a stage rule and improvised lines — lines intended to get laughs. She actually "kidded" Cassius Calhoun Walker as he made elocutionary love to her, and but for the sudden entrance of the maid the main plot of the piece would have been forgotten.

Miss Mavoortski, in the rôle of the *Olga Zinski*, turned the play back into its original

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channel, paving the way for the suffragette finish.

"Man, Woman and Child" was an unqualified success, the most laughable burlesque the manager of the old Garrick had brought into his house for a decade.

"That Walker is the funniest actor I've seen in years," he said to Joe Green. "Don't let him get away from you."

There wasn't a chance. For ten minutes Green and Burke had been congratulating each other as the best pickers in the show business. The possibilities they had sensed had materialized.

When the company met on the stage after the matinée for a "polishing off" rehearsal the producers greeted them with a smile.

"What on earth are we going to do?" begged Miss Calvere, almost hysterical. "That Mr. Walker knows no more about acting than the greenest amateur. It's awful."

"What are we going to do?" repeated Phil Burke. "I'll tell you: we are going to put this piece on tonight without changing a line, provided Walker can get tangled up in those bead portières again."

At that moment the serious-looking Southerner, still dazed, walked up to the producer, anxious for the verdict.

"My only suggestion to you," said Burke, "is that you stagger through those portières again and miss that three-cornered chair as you did this afternoon. It was a great piece of work."

"But, it was an accident, sir," Cassius informed him.

"Yes, but the way you went through it was ideal. Do it again and your mark is made."

ALL Wilmington quickly got news of the big laugh at the Garrick, and the morning paper gave Cassius Calhoun Walker a wonderful notice. Evidently he had fooled the critic, who declared his repression in the laughing scenes a touch of real dramatic art.

This newspaper notice also served to give Phil Burke an idea. The night performance had packed the house and it was evident that the firm would do a big business on the percentage basis. The house manager sent to New York a glowing report on the new production.

If Cassius Calhoun Walker realized that he was so bad as to be funny he gave no indication of it in his conversation with other members of the company.

"Joe," Phil Burke said to Green when they arrived at the theatre the next day, "you've done about all that you can do around here. I'll look after the piece for the rest of the week. I want you to go to New York."

"What's the idea?"

"You are a writer, Joe, and know all the dramatic critics, especially those who do the vaudeville houses. You say they are your friends and I'm going to make you prove it."

Green was puzzled but did not interrupt.

"I want you to go to New York right away," Burke explained, "and see every critic in the town. Tell them to roast this fellow Walker if they want to, or praise him, but for the sake of everything you hold dear — which is your bank-roll — don't let them kid him. If they do we are gone. I doubt if you can fool those birds by telling them he is really acting, so give them the real dope and throw yourself on their mercy."

"That's a cinch," said Green. "It'll be as much of a joke to them as it is to us. A critic has his bad points but they all appreciate a good laugh."

Green was right. After the opening performance of "Man, Woman and Child," in New York, the vaudeville columns of the papers fairly reeked with Cassius Calhoun Walker. They told of his family history, his early Shakespearian rôles, and one used his photograph.

Cassius Calhoun Walker was not a fool. He knew that he wasn't as good an actor as the papers pretended, but, since Phil Burke had agreed to pay him a salary of one hundred dollars a week, he was quite content to let matters go as they were. He figured it out that New York audiences were really not so critical as he had been led to believe. In other words, Cassius finally came to the conclusion that he was fooling them. There was no telling what he could do when he got good!

Burke and Green had made a similar percentage arrangement with the New York house and for two days "Man, Woman and Child" packed it to the doors. On Thursday the house manager made arrangements for the playlet to continue at the Paladin a second week, being urged on by Will Kingsley, the press agent, who had been reaping a harvest out of Cassius in the daily press.

—The second week opened up well, but on Wednesday Joe Green saw signs of a shrinkage. He had not witnessed the performance for two or three days and decided to have a look.

"We're gone," he said to Phil Burke, as he gloomily made his way backstage. "That Walker is getting too good. There isn't a laugh left in him. I told you to keep him away from those actors who are always giving advice."

"That isn't worrying me right now," Burke declared. "We are about to get a worse wallop than that."

"What do you mean?"

"Just a minute; here's Walker now."

Green hailed the Southerner just as he was about to enter his dressing-room.

"Come right in, gentlemen, I'm glad to see you," was Walker's greeting.

"Now, how are you going to talk rough to a fellow like that?" Green half whispered to Burke. "I haven't got the nerve."

"Were you out in front?" Cassius Calhoun inquired, offering chairs to the producers.

"I was," admitted Green, "and it didn't look good, either."

"It occurred to me that there was not so much enthusiasm as usual," agreed Walker. "How do you account for it, Mr. Green?"

"To be candid with you, Mr. Walker, you're getting stale — too much like a manikin. You have lost your technique."

"That surprises me, Mr. Green," said Cassius. "I felt that I was just beginning to feel what the actors call 'easy in the part.'"

"That's exactly the trouble," Burke injected into the discussion, but his meaning was lost on the Southerner. "You are getting too good. If you don't get back those tricks you had at the start we are going to lose a lot of business. It's falling off already."

"I am profoundly sorry, sir, and will endeavor to do as you suggest."

"But what else was there — that other wallop that you were talking about?" Green asked of Burke.

"Simply this — you don't mind us talking business, I hope, Mr. Walker?— the manager of the house has a letter saying that this playlet has been copyrighted by other persons and if we don't agree to a big royalty and also to close after this week they'll prosecute us for infringement. That's all."

"And we haven't a copyright?" Green demanded. "Didn't you attend to that?"

"No, I haven't had time, and besides I didn't think it necessary."

Though a listener by force of circumstances Cassius became very much interested. To avoid any show of it he busied himself by making up for the coming performance.

"I guess you don't need to tell me who these people are," observed Green, a trace of bitterness in his voice.

"You can guess, eh?"

"Why, certainly. Marcelle Wynne and James Humphrey Troy!"

"You hit it the first time. What do you think of that pair of pirates? Refused to appear in the piece, listened to the idea as I told it and then go off and have the whole thing copyrighted — in their names, too!"

"Pardon me, gentlemen," spoke up Cassius Calhoun Walker, "but how long did they give you in the notice?"

"We've got to straighten things out or close Saturday night," Burke informed him. "And we may close earlier if you don't freshen up that part."

The last remark cut the Southerner deeply. He thought it entirely unnecessary but he recalled that, perhaps, they had no idea that he was trying to think out a way of helping.

"I apologize for intruding," said Cassius, "but, you know, I studied law at one time and was interested in your remarks."

"It's all right, old fellow," declared Burke, noticing that his shot at Walker had hurt. "I was a little sore over this other thing, I guess, and was rude. I know you'll do your best to straighten up the part."

"If you will remember, Mr. Burke," said Walker, "I was standing in the doorway while you were talking to the gentleman and lady in question and heard the entire conversation. I presume the day you spoke to them in the Desmond Dramatic Exchange to be the only occasion on which the subject was discussed?"

"That's all," Green replied. "They've simply gone out and double-crossed us."

"Here's the answer," said Burke, handing his partner the official notice from the lawyers of Miss Wynne and Mr. Hope.

"B-gging your pardon, but may I see that?" asked the Southerner. Green handed it to him without a word and looked at the actor curiously.

Walker put down his make-up stick,

scanned the letter closely and made some kind of a memorandum on the paper shelf-covering in front of his mirror.

"I will try to do better tonight," he said as he returned the letter to Burke. "I didn't think it possible that people of reputation could do a thing like that," he added, referring to Wynne and Troy.

"They don't all come from well-known old families," Burke remarked as he and Green departed.

The two producers went to see the lawyer for the big firm, of which Green was a part, and found him out on a political speaking tour. It would be impossible to see him before Sunday. And they had been notified to take some action by Saturday night.

"At that," suggested Green, "they can't do anything to us until after the Saturday-night performance and we haven't the next week booked, anyway. Might as well wait."

In the meantime news came to Broadway that Marcelle Wynne and James Humphrey Troy had put on the play in another city but had given it a different title. It had been a pronounced success.

For the present there was nothing for Burke and Green but to make the best they could out of the production for the remainder of the week. Despite Cassius Calhoun Walker's efforts at improvement the business fell off rapidly. They would barely make the guarantee. Walker was becoming a regular actor — there was no help for it — and consequently was killing the laughs. He was done as a money maker. Burke had to admit that despite his desire to hold on. He and Green had a long talk and the inevitable letter in the blue envelope was written to Cassius. It was to be presented Saturday night after the concluding performance.

The creator of the rôle of *Quintus Lamar*, the best laugh-getter Wilmington ever saw, was in his dressing-room removing the grease-paint from his face when a call-boy rapped.

"It's a note from Burke and Green," the boy said.

"All right, young man, bring it in," Walker called to him. "Is either Mr. Burke or Mr. Green in the theatre?" he asked the boy.

"Mr. Green is, sir."

"Tell him I would like to see him immediately. It is important. Lay the note on the trunk there."

Green's look of embarrassment cleared up considerably as he shoved open the door and saw the unopened letter. He had dreaded to talk to Cassius about dismissal.

"I was anxious to see you and Mr. Burke," said Walker. "I have some news for you. Is he around?"

"He's in the next dressing-room, talking to Miss Calvere. I'll call him."

Burke was puzzled. He had purposely absented himself while the note was being delivered and thought it all over. He also saw the note on the trunk, unopened.

"Mr. Burke," began Cassius, "here is a communication that might interest you both. It came by wire, during the performance, from my former superior in the copyright department at Washington."

He handed Burke the telegram. It said:

"Your inference is correct. In asking for a copyright the applicants, Mr. and Mrs. Conroy, known as Marcelle Wynne and James Humphrey Troy, did not state all the facts, that, as you know, are demanded in this department, and an order has been issued canceling the copyright issued to them. They did not inform this department that the theme and plot were taken from a short story published in a magazine or periodical or that the author had not been consulted. Your point is well taken and I congratulate you on having remembered your training. Have Burke and Green forward at once manuscript with written concurrence of author of story, and copyright, in due time, will be issued."

When Burke had finished reading he silently handed the long telegram, on which Cassius had paid the charges, to Joe Green. They looked at each other and then stared at Cassius Calhoun Walker, once more busy with his make-up removal and, apparently, unconcerned.

"That's right," stammered Burke. "We didn't tell Wynne and Troy the idea had come from a short story."

"And we thought him a boob," Green whispered, indicating the Southerner. "Just a moment, Mr. Walker," he blurted suddenly, "let me have that note a moment."

The blue envelope still lay on the trunk and he reached for it.

Tearing it open Green removed the letter and with a fountain pen wrote on the bottom of the page. When Cassius Calhoun Walker saw the letter it read like this:

"DEAR SIR: We regret to inform you that your services as an actor are no longer needed. Wishing you success in your future undertakings, we remain,

Sincerely yours,
BURKE AND GREEN.

"P. S.: (this still wet from the fountain pen) But, if you will call at the office of the International Theatrical Syndicate, of which Mr. Green is a member, you will be given a retainer as copyright attorney for the firm. The yearly retainer, we feel sure, will be larger than your possible earnings as an actor. B. and G."

"It was only a personal favor, I assure you, gentlemen," said Walker, looking up without show of excitement. "I did not expect this. In fact, it embarrasses me. I will make up what you have lost this week, however, by forcing Miss Wynne and Mr. Troy to pay for having used this piece without your permission."

"That's another one I hadn't thought of," admitted Phil Burke. "Walker, you'll clean up once you get in that office."

"Perhaps, after all," decided Cassius Calhoun, now ready for the street, "the law will be better. I was born to that, you know. Still, gentlemen, if you ever have anything of a Shakespearian na ——"

"Never mind, never mind!" interrupted Green. "Let's all go over to the corner."

COMING: *More stories of the stage by Bozeman Bulger; some thoughts on playwrights by Anna Steese Richardson; and some beautiful rotogravure portraits of stage celebrities.*

What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

The Lifted Veil

SHORTLY after young Bainbridge comes to New York as assistant rector in St. Mary Magdalen's — a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue — he is called upon by a heavily veiled woman of evident wealth and position who declines to give her name. She tells him that when she was barely twenty a Canadian had wished to marry her, but she had become interested in a wealthy New Yorker who was living abroad, and married him. After her husband's death, four years later, she returned to New York and went to stay with a cousin and her husband for a short while. Later she had taken a home of her own and she and her cousin's husband had become intimate. This had been going on for two years, but the time has come now when she is unhappy about it and desires to wipe out the past. Bainbridge is able to give her considerable encouragement to start out afresh, and she leaves him in a much more peaceful frame of mind. Bainbridge has all but forgotten his mysterious visitor some eighteen months later, when a Canadian, Sir Malcolm Grant, calls on him with a letter. The letter is not signed, but the contents show it to be from the veiled woman who had visited him, and asks Bainbridge to tell the Canadian about her past life. The clergyman refuses to reveal any part of the woman's story, preferring to consider it in the nature of a confession.

Another year and a half rolls by when by accident Bainbridge falls upon a shameful piece of gossip about the Pallisers, friends of his, in a "society" sheet.

Just before Christmas Bainbridge takes Clorinda Gildersleeve to a home for wayward girls for their Christmas celebration. On their trip home he begs her to marry him, but she is unwilling to give any definite answer until she has been able to think it over.

HER GIFT TO SANTA CLAUS

"Dear old Santa Claus:

I think it's just a shame nobody ever gives *you* any Christmas presents. You are good and kind to people, but they treat you just dreadfully. So I am going to leave this pretty sampler in my stocking for you to take back home with you way up there in the clouds. You *do* live in the clouds, don't you? This sampler is just like the top of my favorite candy box—called Whitman's Sampler. Last Christmas you brought me one, don't you remember? Please leave me another this year. The chocolates and other candies are just splendid. If you feel very, *very* generous, you might leave a Fussy Package for father, too, and a Pink of Perfection for mother, and a Library Package for big sister and—but, there, maybe I've asked for too many good things.

P. S. Please come down good and *early!*"

Whitman's Christmas Candies (plain or fancy boxes; bags; baskets) are on sale at leading drug stores nearly everywhere (or from us by mail postpaid). Booklet on request.

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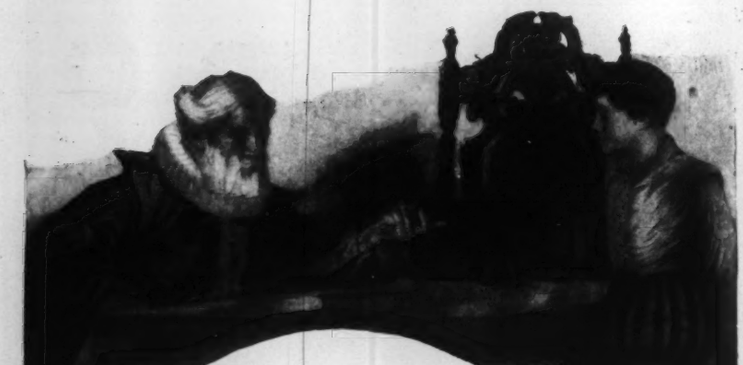

When Physician Meant "Physic--Dispenser"

IN Shakespeare's time, if you were sick and went to a doctor he did one of two things. He either bled you or "physicked" you.

Physicians no longer practice bleeding. And the leaders of the profession are equally opposed to the indiscriminate use of laxative and cathartic drugs. In fact, the habitual use of laxatives is now known to be one of the most fruitful *causes* of constipation.

Physicians of the highest standing prescribe Nujol because it relieves constipation without any bad after effects and without forming a habit. It acts in effect as an internal lubricant, preventing the bowel contents from hardening, and in this way facilitating *normal* movements.

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Paying for a Car While You Use It

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of Popular Science Monthly

"THERE goes Simkins in his new Bordolet." casually remarks Mrs. Jones at breakfast. "How does he do it?"

"I wish I knew," retorts Mr. Jones, half seriously, half petulantly.

"His salary isn't nearly as large as yours," argues Mrs. Jones. "And yet we haven't a car."

"Maybe he's come in for some money," guesses Mr. Jones. "I know I can't afford it."

How often have you heard variations of that dialogue? Every married man who earns $2,000 a year is familiar with it. How often have *you* wondered how your neighbor manages to go motoring on Sundays and holidays, while you stay at home and read the newspapers?

The comic weeklies still keep up the fiction that all America mortgages its home in order to ride in an automobile. When a professional newspaper or pulpit moralist wishes to prove that our extravagance is plunging us into ruin, trust him to drag in the automobile. Doesn't the word suggest "joy riding"? And doesn't "joy riding" in turn call up visions of roistering tours, with expensive dinners and wines at roadside inns? Add to all this the fact that in the last year four hundred million dollars' worth of automobiles were sold on credit in various forms, and the picture of our national recklessness seems complete.

Let the automobile owner now speak. "What first led you to consider a purchase of a car on credit?"

The question is one of a dozen sent to some ten thousand automobile owners by a banking company. And what is the answer? Not the rollicking shout of a money-spending joy-rider, but a plain, common-sense reason. Here are some of the replies:

"My wife bought the car to solicit subscriptions for a periodical in North Dakota."

"I needed the car and I wanted to utilize the cash in my business."

"I was going to take a mail contract and I could use the car in filling it. I was sure of my check every month from the Post Office Department, and so I knew that I could meet the payments as they became due."

"I owned a badly used cheap car and needed a new one. I was building and short of ready money."

"I wanted a car for business, partly for pleasure."

"By purchasing on credit, I avoided the necessity of withdrawing funds from securities paying better than the 6 per cent. asked for the credit accommodation. I paid for the car out of current income and, in a sense, saved the money to do so."

Over ninety per cent. of the automobiles sold on the Pacific coast are bought on the deferred payment plan. Even California millionaires ask for credit.

The truth is that the automobile is no longer a luxury for the rich. It has taken its place in every-day life as a necessity. The man who travels from a suburb to his office every day now lives five miles from the railway station, instead of two. The salesman who has an expansive territory to cover uses the automobile instead of the railway now, because he is independent of time-tables and because he is not compelled to stay in a small town all night to catch the early morning train. And the farmer finds that he broadens his narrow life by motoring into town in one-fifth of the time needed by his discarded horse and buggy. It is not the joy-riders that built up the automobile industry, but the plain people in small towns and on farms—sensible folk who saw the possibilities of getting along in the world more easily with gasoline than with horses and who made the most of it when the price of cars came down.

If the one hundred million men, women and children of the United States were to pay cash for everything they buy, either a new monetary system would have to be established or the standard of living would have to be lowered to what it was in pre-colonial times. There is not one-eighth enough American money to place the nation on a cash payment basis. Economists hope there never will be. Money is simply the medium for settling the balances arising from credit transactions. For instance, Jones owes Brown $30.00 for groceries. Brown owes Smith $30.00 for rent. Smith owes Jones $20.00 for fuel. Eighty dollars' worth of debts in all. Here comes in the credit instrument called the "bank check" which most people erroneously think of as cash. All on the same day Jones gives Brown a check for $30.00, Smith gives Jones a check for $20.00, and Brown gives Smith a check for $30.00. Each deposits the other's check after which the situation stands just as it did before in each of their bank accounts except that $10.00 has moved over from Jones's account to Smith's.

Such balances arising from check clearings are settled through the New York and other clearing houses daily by banks. They are settled with real cash. Here only $10.00 of real cash has been used in the settlement of $80.00 worth of debts. This process is repeated all over the world every day. Cash is only a convenient settlement of credit balances. Because it is so

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"He rastled with my finger —the d - - - d little cuss!"

About 50 years ago an unknown young man wrote a story. In a flash it made him famous. The story was "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The author was Bret Harte; then an impressionable young man, fresh from the mining camps of California.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" would have beaten a path to the door of any writer. It won with its common humanity as the Luck won the sin-blackened hearts of Roaring Camp. Roaring Camp was a rough mining town at the foot of the Sierras. A woman of the town dies in her travail and her soul climbs "that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever." Her baby lives. The male contingent of the camp answers its new born wail. And little baby fingers clutch rough hearts with surprising results.

Maybe you have read this famous story; maybe you have finished it with tears in your eyes, and your heart pounding? Maybe you promised yourself sometime—some day—you would get the rest of Bret Harte's great stories, "M'liss," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Salomy Jane's Kiss," and a host of others. Well, here you have your chance!" The Metropolitan has just completed arrangements with the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, Bret Harte's authorized publishers, for a special 4-volume edition of Bret Harte's Selected Stories—the ones that have stood the test of time. They are in four handsome green cloth bindings—60 wonderful short stories.

As you read each story you will lay down the volume and say, "Well, he can't possibly beat that one"—Presto! The next is even more thrilling, closing with a bang—leaving you laughing and sometimes blinking your eyes rather suspiciously.

Bret Harte's stories are of the Far West and the days of '49. They picture for Americans of to-day the courageous souls and times of a great nation in the making. The lure of gold had attracted from all parts of the country the intrepid men and women that have always made the world's pioneers. They came from hamlet and town, good and bad, with the rough virtues and vices of a young people in a new country.

Bret Harte loved them—all of them. And if they had collided with a few man-made laws or dallied on the primrose path he gave them his affection the quicker. He loved them for their weaknesses because their sins brought them closer to the understanding of his great heart.

Learned critics, in later years, have solemnly praised Harte's stories and promised to them the immortality of genius. But before them and greater than their praise was a generation of Americans—the great army—of common folk—the people of Lincoln—who took Bret Harte to their own, who laughed and cried over his stories; whose hearts were touched with his tenderness, whose sympathy and love for men and women, good and bad, was broadened and deepened by the brain and heart of a great writer.

McC. 12-16

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dynamic, a little of it can be used to serve us well. There are only two billions and a half of currency in the United States to pay debts settled through the clearing houses of the United States, which during last year amounted to one hundred and eighty billion dollars.

So you see that every forty days during the year each dollar of cash settled its eight dollars' worth of debts.

When automobiling was young, motor cars could be bought only for cash. You placed your order months in advance of delivery. The idea of bowling over roads at twenty or thirty miles an hour was too fascinating to be resisted. There were a hundred purchasers for every automobile. No wonder that only ready money would buy a motor car. And no wonder that houses were sometimes mortgaged to pay cash. As soon as the automobile industry settled down to a sound basis and competition sprang up, dealers found that cars had to be sold like other merchandise. They began to take notes from purchasers of good character and discounted them. The dealers, not being familiar with credit practices and not having established their own banking credits, so as to finance these notes, fell into the hands of loan sharks who "shaved" the paper. Automobile manufacturers saw the necessity of curbing the dealer's tendency to injure himself through unregulated credit. And so they encouraged the establishment of a credit system which is fast gaining ground.

Within the last few years, an entirely new form of banking has been created. No less than nine companies, with a total capital of about ten million dollars, are making it easy to buy automobiles on the deferred-payment plan. Left to themselves, dealers ruinously competed with one another in extending credit, quite forgetting that credit should be dispensed as a favor and not sold as a commodity. The credit companies have brought system out of chaos. An effort has been made to standardize the deferred-payment plan of buying automobiles.

For years the ordinary banker has been lending money on farm implements, pianos and printing-presses. But when he was asked to carry notes given in payment of automobiles, he thought that he was encouraging an outrageous form of extravagance. To be sure, he would take a purchaser's note endorsed by a dealer. That was considered safe, if the dealer was responsible. The plan of taking a purchaser's note and repossessing himself of the car in default of the promised payments either never occurred to the banker or was considered too undignified. And so the business of dealing in promissory notes of automobile purchasers—paper so safe that one company has lost, quite accidentally, only $10.80 out of $5,000,000 advanced—has slipped away from old banks into the hands of new companies who have specialized in this field.

How do you buy an automobile on credit? You conduct your negotiations with the dealer. The car that you have selected costs $985. You pay in cash 40 per cent. of the purchase price ($394), and 3 per cent. for incidentals, fire and theft insurance ($29.55). Your total first payment is $423.55. The balance is paid in eight monthly instalments, for which you give your notes, with interest at ordinary bank rates.

What becomes of the notes? The dealer must have cash. And so he sells the notes to the credit companies at a small discount and thereby washes his hands of the whole transaction. One company alone has $16,000,000 invested in these notes and makes no charge whatever for taking over the notes.

What security has the credit company? In the first place your character. It investigates you. A man who cannot afford to own a car is not likely to buy one with a credit company's assistance. Your notes bear the dealer's endorsement. The dealer, in turn, sells under a contract which gives him the right to repossess himself of the car if the purchaser fails to meet the payments as they fall due. But the car is second-hand, then, you say? Yes, but one-third of its value, at least, has been paid. And its resale value, greater than that of a piano or a threshing machine, is more than equal to the payments still due. So careful is the scrut ny of the purchaser's character, that not two cars in five thousand are forfeited by delinquents. The gilt-edge bonds of many a railway or a manufacturing company are not so safe as the notes of ordinary, honest men who buy automobiles on credit. A railway is a single thing. If it fails to make money, the bondholders or mortgagees must suffer. But the automobile credit company distributes its risks over ten, twenty, even thirty thousand notes given by carefully appraised human beings. A thousand may default, but the company will still be safe.

Thrift is a commendable virtue. But paying cash is not necessarily an evidence of thrift. Going to church is not a proof of piety. So the possession of ready money proves nothing. What dealer would be offensive enough to ask a purchaser how he acquired the ready cash offered in full payment of an automobile? It may have been foolishly drawn from a savings bank; it may be the proceeds of a mortgage; it may have been borrowed from a life-insurance company on a policy; in short, it may represent the very improvidence and extravagance that bankers sought to curtail when they first refused to take an automobile buyer's notes. Let a man ask for credit, and at once he is studied, like a bug under a microscope; he must prove himself worthy of confidence. If he has a credit-character, he is sure to be an upright member of his community. Beware of the man who *must* always pay cash. He is a liar or a thief!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1916.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc.,
McClure Building, 251-4th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Editor, Frederick L. Collins,
McClure Building, 251-4th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne,
McClure Building, 251-4th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Frederick L. Collins,
McClure Building, 251-4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the name and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1916.

[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 31. Bronx Register's No. 710. Certificate filed New York County, No. 21. New York Register's No. 7052.
My commission expires March 30, 1917.

We Don't Have to Touch It, My Dear— The ÆTNA Checks Are Ample

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Lowney's Chocolates

65¢ 80¢ and $1.00 a pound

"Gettin' to be a reglar thing"

And now the Western Union will wire Lowney's Small cost

Someone and Somebody

[*Continued from page 10*]

twins, so why shouldn't a goat? . . . Anyway, what difference did it make? What was one goat more or less between friends?

He turned his attention to the new dish that the waiter had set before him. He wasn't nearly as hungry as he had thought he'd be. However . . .

It was just before the salad that he asked for the fourth cocktail. The waiter looked first shocked, then horrified, then pained; for he was a good waiter and proud of his art Still, though it wrung him to his soul, he brought it. And Walsingham VanDorn, smiling happily if a bit blurredly at the twin Rocky Mountain goats, drank.

My, but it was a wonderful world! What good times he was going to have in it, he and his forty million dollars! How he loved everybody! How everybody loved him! He even came to think kindly of his uncles. It was a strain on his imagination and a stretch on his integrity, but he did it.

Yes, it was a wonderful world, when you were young, and had forty million dollars to buy cocktails with!

Of a sudden a thought struck him. He turned quickly to the waiter.

"Have you got forty millionsh dollarsh?" he asked.

"Have I got forty million dollars?" queried the waiter, now beyond surprise.

"Yesh," said Walsingham. "Hash you? I mean," carefully, "have you?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said that waiter.

It was enough. Gone was the joy from life. Shattered were illusions. It was not a wonderful world, after all. It was a cruel, cruel world. A world in which there was a man so poor as not to have forty million dollars!

Walsingham VanDorn's lips quivered. His eyes suffused. He leaned forward, and into his *café parfait* fell bitter, scalding tears.

Chapter IV — Concerning Somebody

DESIRÉE LANE rolled over, yawned, stretched, sighed happily, and awoke.

Lying amid tumbled coverlets of purple and fine linen, she blinked a little, wrinkled a tip-tilted nose, remembered who and where she was, and felt completely satisfied. . . . The morning sun streamed in from beneath the drawn shade; there came to her nostrils the delicate scent of the narcissus that were envased upon her dressing-table of French gray and wicker.

So she lay, sprawled comfortably and comfortingly upon her bed. And why not? Wasn't she just twenty-one and as nearly perfect, physically, morally and financially, as it is possible for a girl to be? . . .

By-and-by came the gentle chiming of a clock. It told her that the hour was eleven. So she made plans to arise. . . .

First she ——

It comes over me as I write that the introduction to our heroine is fraught with difficulties. We are in grave danger of transgressing the proprieties. If we could only have come upon her later in the day! On the Avenue, perhaps; or skating on the roof of the Splendide; or riding her blooded sorrel in the Park. But, alas! facts are immutable. Truth is remorseless. Our heroine is in bed; and we can't get away from the fact.

I told you it would be difficult. And since it is, let us dash hastily on, hoping that some guiding hand will lead us safely by our perils.

As I have said, it being eleven o'clock, our heroine made plans to arise.

First she sat up in bed. Then she yawned again. Then she stretched her arms above her head. The shimmering silk and cobweb lace of her absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful *robe de nuit* fell back upon rounded shoulders. Then she put one foot out of bed. Then she put the other out. Then she sat there a while. Then she called her maid. It was as far as she cared to go by herself.

Her maid came in and slipped about her shoulders a *negligée* almost as absurdly useless and even more uncommonly beautiful than the *robe de nuit*. The maid then opened the bath-room door from which came the delicate odor of scented water. Desirée Lane entered.

She yawned again; stood a moment. The absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful *negligée* and the similar *robe de nuit* fell from her young body. She put one bare foot into the porcelain bath with the scented water, on the surface of which floated rose leaves. Then she put the other in. Then ——

There we go again. You know, I warned you. However, to be absolutely on the safe side, let us close the door, leaving our heroine to plash healthfully, happily, in the scented water, while we turn a cursory eye on the more conventionally attired and occupied maid.

Having laid out the befrilled, beflounced and befurbelowed féminine mysteries that lie between a woman and the world, she vanished to appear again with a lacquered tray on which reposed a dainty breakfast in delicate china, hothouse grapes, thin slices of toast, an egg, coffee, steaming hot. Arranging these comestibles upon a tiny, spindle-legged table, she stopped. She was finished. She had naught now to do but wait.

Let us wait with her, the while comes to our ears the gentle plashing of scented waters. . . .

The door opens. Comes from the bath our heroine, cheeks aglow, eyes bright, lips red. . . . The absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful *negligée* is about her. . . .

Seating herself on the edge of the bed, Desirée Lane drew up her *negligée* and thrust forth a bare foot, pink beneath the white skin. Kneeling, the maid slipped over it a silken stocking, drawing it up the leg to above the knee.

It's all right. Don't go away. We'll be through in just a minute. Quickly, now! Come!

The other little foot is thrust forth; the other stocking drawn over foot and leg. . . Slippers . . . murmuring something, the maid rises to her feet and our heroine turns to her breakfast.

There you are! Safe once again on the solid ground of convention. The danger's over. You can take a long breath and open your eyes.

And really, now, when you think it all over, it wasn't so very terrible, now was it?

And so, munching thin slices of toast with white, even teeth, the while feeding the hothouse grapes to her Pekingese, we can leave her, her absurd *negligée* still *negligée*-ing absurdly, to discourse of other things.

Chapter V — Wherein We Again Sidestep Our Story to Talk About Money

AS I have remarked before, so unoriginally and yet so truly, money is certainly a strange thing. And the strangest thing of all about it is the way people so universally confuse the word "money" with the word "success."

It is a fact as sad as it is certain that in almost every instance, the public mind even regards the two words as synonymous.

Now as a matter of fact, the truth of the matter is that the two words are diametrically antithetical. Money is not success at all; nor is success money.

You are walking down the street with a friend. You see slithering down the boulevard a large automobile. It looks like a cross between Napoleon's coach and a child's hearse. In it reposes a man wearing a silk hat, a cigar, a tummy, and an air of vast boredom of, with, by, and for, the world. Of course he wears other things, too, such as diamonds and silk underwear; but the essentials are those I first mentioned.

Your friend turns to you. Indicating the beautomobiled plutocrat, your friend says:

"There goes the most successful man I know. He cleaned up two hundred and eighty thousand dollars last year."

Your friend fails to mention that during this period of financial cleansing said successful man's wife eloped with a lyric tenor smothered in garlic with just a dusting of Parmesan cheese; that his daughter ran off with a Swedish chauffeur because after mingling in high society for seven years any regular male human being looked good to her; that his son, after spending seven weeks in a private sanatorium trying to

hit with a boot a pink lizard with blue whiskers and spectacles that lived on the foot of his bed, had completely and successfully died; and that said successful citizen himself had lost all his conscience, most of his self-respect, his digestion, all but two of his friends and had learned to become darkly suspicious of even the two because he had a Hunch that they were After him only For his Money; and that his cankered soul and his over-taxed, over-stimulated, overturned system gave him no peace either of mind or body, day or night. These things your friend forgot to mention. And you forgot to ask. So, because you know he cleaned up two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, you go home believing him to be a success.

No, success is not money. The successful man is the one who does the best he can in the best way he can; who takes things as they come, makes the best of them while he has them, loses them when they go; who puts the respect of his fellows above a dollar, the cleanness of his conscience above a hundred, the sanctity of his self-respect above a thousand, and the Golden Rule above a million. Money, too, may come to such a man. But if it does, then is he successful not because of his money, but in spite of it.

And now, having said these few more mean things about money, we are at liberty to get on to our heroine and her absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful *negligée*. And there, I will admit, I find myself in infinitely happier mood.

Chapter VI — Preparing for a New Application of the Abstract to the Concrete — You Might Even Say the Cement

I HAD wished, while being unwilling to bore, to enter into further description of our heroine. "Ruby lips," "teeth of pearl," "lithe and beautiful," "glowing with health and youth," "trim of figure," "the dark, rippling masses of her hair," "beautifully modeled (or chiseled," as you choose,) features — all these things came to me, only to be discarded. True, they are. But they've all been said so much we don't believe them any longer.

While thus striving for expression, I chanced to pick up a magazine. In it, Arthur Train had achieved that which I had failed. Let Mr. Train speak:

"She," says Mr. Train, "is the Typical American Girl. . . . She combines — as no Latin, Slav or Teuton can — vivacity and virtue, dignity and deviltry, culture and coquetry, muscle and morality, passion and purity, spirituality and seductiveness."

Thank you, Mr. Train. It is so infinitely better than I could have done.

There then, is Desirée Lane, our heroine. Further description should reveal that she was fond of horses and dogs, loved the out-of-doors, was a Feminist, a Suffragette, a New Thoughter, and was dissatisfied to the point of disgust with her name. Desirée! That was an awful name to inflict upon a defenseless young girl. She wished instead that they had called her Experience (which she had never had) or Prudence (which she didn't have much of) or Duty (of which she had a latent sense).

For the rest, she loved horses and dogs and the out-of-doors because she was normal, young and healthy. She was a Feminist because she didn't have enough to occupy her mind. She was a Suffragette because she had never stopped to figure out that before we take on a lot more ignorant voters we ought to get rid of some that we have now; that woman's first duty to God, to the world, and to herself, is to bear children, since, if she doesn't, where are all the little future Suffragettes to come from; that Abraham Lincoln and Jane Addams and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton and several hundreds of millions of other people would never have been upon this earth if it hadn't been for their mothers; that after a woman has fulfilled her obligations to God, to posterity and to herself, then she should most certainly be allowed to vote if she knows enough to; that voting, in the first place, should not be regarded as a matter of sex at all but as a matter of fitness.

And she was a New Thoughter (or should I say New Thoughtette; which seems more like it) because it Sounded Well.

While the life of our heroine had been exceedingly eventful in an uneventful sort of way (by which I mean she had ridden and driven and hunted and traveled and motored and yachted and flirted the wee-est little bit) in one way was our heroine a disappointed woman. She felt that her money had stultified her.

Many a night, when she wasn't too busy, she had lain amid her purple and fine linen, in her absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful *robe de nuit* wishing that she were only poor. Yes, that is it. If only she were poor! Then people would accept her at her Real Worth, instead of only humoring her on the one hand and making eyes at her on the other.

Lying amid the tumbled coverlets of silk, the delicate odor of narcissus in her tip-tilted nostrils, she would think how Fine and Strong she would have been! She could picture herself bringing sunshine into the lowly, sodden lives of the Unfortunate. Thrilling, bravely-colored pictures came to her of herself, on the battlefield, in a plain, white nurse's uniform with a red cross on the sleeve, something neat, of course, but nun-like in its simplicity and asceti: of its quality, something that she was sure her modiste could get up for, say, not over ninety or a hundred dollars at the very most. She would have to have at least ten of them; for she had heard that battl fields were terribly mussy places.

She saw herself in the hospitals, taking care of long rows of handsome young men, bringing them drinks of water, and bending a sympathetic, tearful ear to listen to their dying words; she saw herself assisting handsome young doctors with VanDyke beards to take patients' temperatures with cynical, no, clinical thermometers.

And on the battlefields, under fire, tying bandages about bleeding foreheads — not too bleeding, you understand — just bleeding enough to be romantic. And then she saw the Charge flash by, gallant soldiers running cheeringly across the battlefield, led by her Hero, strong and muscular, with the profile of a Greek god.

(She hadn't read much, you know. So she didn't realize that modern battles are a sort of composite of working in a slaughterhouse and digging sewers.)

But to resume:

She saw her hero charge. Then she saw him get it and, in the crude phraseology of the proletariat, get it good. Frantically, she rushed to aid him. A bullet had seared his forehead, stunning him, and tearing a frightful gash an inch and a half long and three-sixteenths of an inch deep, (and incidentally that would leave such a stunning scar when healed).

She took his head in her arms, holding it against her breast. . . . His eyes opened. . . . Full into hers they looked. Came into them a look of infinite peace. He smiled a little; then his head fell back.

They took him to the hospital. She rode with him in the ambulance, holding his head in her arms. . . . Then the weeks of nursing, ever at his bedside while he tossed in the delirium of fever, her name upon his dry lips. (How he knew her name, she wasn't quite clear.) She saw herself grow wan and pale from confinement and loss of sleep.

And then, one day, the fever left. Weak, he was, and pale. He looked up at her, the appeal of all his soul in his eyes. His arms outstretched. She bent forward, her lips parted. . . . And then those lips met his, and there came over them both the Great Happiness.

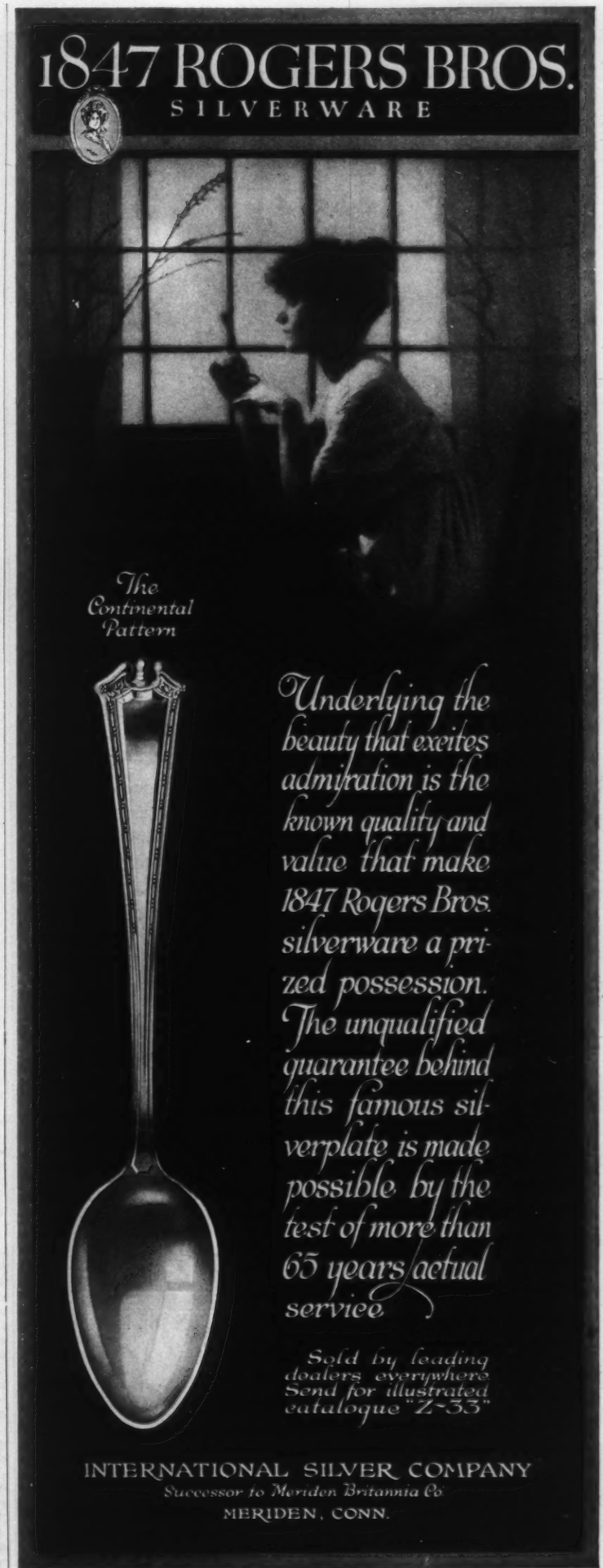
In time he recovered his strength. She would walk with him in the garden of the château, where lay long shadows cast by the sinking sun. . . . To them came the faint, sweet scent of flowers. All the world was theirs!

No, he didn't have to go back to war. By the time he got well, the war was over.

And they had Lived! They had fought together, struggled together, suffered together. She liked to think of how they had suffered. It made her so unhappy.

So she suffered enjoyably until one day at a *thé dansant* she met a Prominent Young Society Girl from Philadelphia whose Uncle had a Pull with the Minority Leader in the House. This Young Society Girl, thrilled by the romance of nursing, went right to work and qualified herself for that Noble Profession. She read about Florence Nightingale in a magazine, and ascertained the fact that when you cut yourself, blood came. Then, buying herself a complete equipment for nursing, this equipment consisting of a Perfect Love of a Uniform, and three pairs of yachting shoes, she exercised the above-mentioned pull and finally got as far as a hospital. It had formerly been a pipe factory and was in London.

Presenting herself for work, she had en-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tered a ward and started to walk around. She was looking for a handsome young officer to nurse. Inasmuch as most of the wounded gentlemen present were hiding behind a six weeks' growth of whiskers, her search looked difficult. But she was about to hurl herself courageously into the task when a small man, dressed as, and looking like, a butcher, told her to take a lot of nasty bandages out in a bucket and wash them. She got one look at the bandages. It was enough. She felt Sick and Weak. With her hand on her heart, she started toward the door. As she passed through, she heard the small man tell her to never mind the bandages but to get a mop and be damned quick about it, because the last amputation case had just come out from the ether and it was affecting him in the customary manner.

When she came to, she was in her hotel, packing her trunk herself.

She furthermore Confided to our Heroine that all the Wounded Officers she saw looked about as Thrillingly Romantic as a Street Sweeper that has been in an ill-advised Argument with a Mail Truck; though if you could put a good Hedge Trimmer at Work cleaning out the Underbrush, there might finally be Exposed something worth Looking at, if, in the meanwhile, the Smell of the Place didn't Kill you, which was a Million to One. She also said you wouldn't Believe the Way they talked while they were Changing the Dressings. She said it was Something Terrible.

Following her conversation with the Prominent Young Society Girl, our heroine, much disheartened, returned to America and again took up her work in the slums. Though she stopped once to tell a prominent department-store owner what she thought of him and his treatment of his salesgirls; at which the Prominent Department Store Owner reorganized his entire business. He established a minimum wage of twenty-five dollars a week, a nice hot dinner at the expense of the Firm, and Seats for them to Sit On. He also gave them all day Saturday off during the summer months and closed the store during the Holidays.

It was of this gratifying *coup* that our heroine had been thinking when we returned to her.

The last bit of toast had been eaten. The last spoonful of coffee sipped. The last hothouse grape gulped by the aristocratic Pekingese. Our heroine had tucked her gauze-covered legs beneath her and turned to the middle of a fashion magazine when, slowly the door opened and her father entered.

She started. The magazine, unnoticed, slipped to the floor. . . . This was not her father! . . . No! no! It couldn't be! It wasn't possible!

Her father was a fine, upstanding man, ruddy of cheek, grayed of temples, firm of chin, kindly, gentle of smile. . . . This man had sunken cheeks; his shoulders were bent. There was no smile upon lips that hung loose and flaccid . . . chin that fell, strangely.

He stood in the doorway, bent, silent, his eyes on the ground. Swiftly she leaped from the chair, and ran to him. Her arms went around his neck. She kissed him. Then, drawing back, she looked again, and there came from between her frightened lips a cry.

"Daddy!" It was tremulous.

He didn't look. He didn't speak. He merely stood there, bent, broken.

Real fear came to her now.

"What is it?" she asked. "You're sick! Why, you look terrible. Has anything happened? Tell me! What is it?"

At length his eyes came slowly up, hesitated; then finally reached her own.

"Poor little girl," he said, slowly. His voice broke. "Poor little heart of mine!"

It was his pet name for her. But to have it so used, in that dull, helpless, hopeless tone. She shook him a little, her hands gripping his sleeves.

"Tell me!" she cried. "You must tell me! Don't you trust me?"

Came over her the wonderful glory of protective and protecting womanhood; the mother instinct that lies in the heart of woman. For he and she were left alone. Her mother had been dead these seven years.

Again she shook him, as one would tear the truth from a frightened child.

His dull eyes rose again to hers. . . . At length he laughed. But there was no mirth in that laugh. It was grim as death, and as bitter. It was a laugh that made her shudder. And then he said:

"Well, they've got me at last."

She led him to a chair; sent the maid for a glass of brandy. A bit of color came to his cheeks.

"When did you eat last?" she asked her father.

He shook his head.

She spoke quickly to her maid. The maid nodded and left. She looked again at her father; the father that had been so big, so strong, so happy, so gentle; the father that, from strength and youth, had been so suddenly, so completely, so shockingly changed in a day to a broken, bent, old man.

"Now tell me," she said, gently. "Tell me everything. It can't be anything so very terrible. Because anyway we're strong and well"—she gulped a little when she said that—"and we have each other. Haven't we?"

He did not seem to hear at first. But, at length, by soothing, gentle coaxing, she wrung from him the whole pitiful story.

And it was a story that is old—old as business, and as rotten. It was the story of the honest man among thieves; the story of Commercial Murder that men commit in the nowadays when physical murder is punished by law. Of Commercial Murder with fire-escapes and open plumbing and all the modern improvements.

It is simple to ruin a man in business. All you have to do is to go to him, with a smile upon your lips, your hand outstretched to his, and lend him money; lend him a lot. Lend it to him, however, with the proviso that it must be paid back on demand. Then, when you see that he, trusting you, has so placed this money that he can't get it back without delay, pounce upon him. Demand that he pay you back in full, and immediately. Naturally, this he cannot do. So you've got him. You can push him into bankruptcy and his business into the hands of a receiver. And then all you've got to do is to pick the carcass at your leisure.

It's as simple and efficacious as hitting him on the head with a sand bag; and has the further great advantage of being considered respectable, since it has been practised for years by many prominent church members. Money gained like this has placed many a beautiful stained-glass window in many of God's magnificent houses.

You have only to bear in mind one thing. Pick out an honest man to play it on. Don't take a crook. He's wise.

This, then, was what they had done to her father. Hot rage rose in her soul as she listened. Little hands clenched. White teeth set. Her eyes gleamed.

When he had finished, her father's head sank forward, into his hands. She looked down at him, and spoke. He did not answer. She waited, then spoke again. She leaned toward him, and pulled one hand from his face.

Her father was crying.

She did not quite believe, at first. She was young, you know, and had so little knowledge of suffering. But then the woman in her told her the truth.

Chapter VII—Having Thus Prepared, the Application Now Begins

DID it ever occur to you how singularly alike are men and electric light bulbs? Man has a soul. An electric light bulb has a filament. As you can burn out the filament while the bulb still remains so can you burn out the spirit while the body still survives. If you have not known a man like that, it is strange; for I have known many—far too many.

It was that way with Desirée Lane's father. His body still carried his soul about in the world; but the spirit was gone. His head was often in his hands.

They were ruined, of course. When those men down in the Street once get after you, they make a Numidian lion look like a philanthropist. So they stripped Desirée Lane's father; so they stripped her.

Their friends in society were very sympathetic, very helpful. Wasn't it just *simply terrible* about the Lanes! They were *such nice* people! Of course Mr. Lane was *quite* broken up over the whole thing. And of course, there's no *work* he can do. Having always had *money* and with no *business* training, naturally there's no *position* that he can get, even if his *health* would *let* him. And his daughter! Such a *pretty* little thing. And so quite *charming! What* in the *world* was she going to *do?* Of course she might get a position as a model. Really, she had a *perfect* natural figure. Or perhaps secure a position in the chorus. And what a *mistake* it is to bring up a child without

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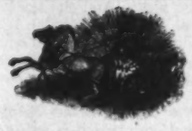

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teaching it *something useful!* One *never* knows *what* will *happen*, does one? Will you have *cream* in your tea, or *lemon?*

Thus their friends in society rushed forth to aid them.

The Street sent men up to despoil them. These men took away their town house, and their country place, their horses and their dogs, their motors and their yachts. They took the furniture, the pictures from the walls, the rugs from the floors. They took their books and their bric-à-brac, their jewels and their laces. Everything they took, everything except the absurdly useless, but uncommonly beautiful *robe de nuit* and the equally useless and even more beautiful *negligée*.

And, as they took, and took, and kept on taking, her father sat with his head in his hands. . . . She stood beside him, hands clenched, white teeth set, eyes agleam. . . .

For that which had burned out her father's filament, had served but to light her own.

NIGHTMARE days followed, days that came grotesquely still-born from the womb of groaning Time. Alike they were in horror as unalike in event. Days strangely torturing in their new and unexpected afflictions, in their novel and unguessed miseries.

They moved to a little hotel at first. There she learned what it was to eat food that didn't taste good, and to take a bath unaided. She learned that money and money only makes people welcome. She learned to put on her stockings by herself. She learned to know her father as a man who sat with his head in his hands. He learned nothing. All there was to know, he knew. A single day had told him.

There they lived for a while. At first everyone bowed and smiled and was very polite. . . . Then, one day, she noticed a change. It was about the time that she discovered that their money was beginning to get low and therefore stopped tipping with dollars and began to tip with dimes. She went to their suite; and, while her father sat with his head in his hands, she tried to figure out what it all meant.

What do people do when they haven't any money? It was this that she asked herself; and the answer came swiftly and logically:

They ask their fathers.

The thought brought her eyes to her own father. The answer seemed not so logical. She thought some more.

Suppose they ask their fathers and their fathers haven't any. Then what?

The answer was slow in coming. But at length it came.

They work.

She knew that she must work. But the difficulty was at what?

Work, as a word, was abstract. Work to her had always meant anything that anybody does and is paid for doing.

So she started to think out of what work consisted.

Well, there was banking, and brokering, and financiering, and being president of a railroad, or a stock company, and ——

But those positions were for men. What did women do? She thought assiduously.

There were maids, of course, and seamstresses and things like that. And there were modistes! But you can't make gowns for girls you have been entertaining at tea. Let's think some more.

Milliners! That's it! . . .

Is it, though? If you can't make gowns for them, how can you make hats?

That's so. Well, we'll think some more.

Eureka! Or words to that effect. Now, at last, we surely, really, positively, have it! Women are actresses! There! You can't get away from that, can you? There's the answer. Women are actresses, Actresses are women. And actresses make oh-so-much money, four hundred dollars a week, or four thousand, or forty thousand, or whatever it is. Anyway, it's enough to get along on quite comfortably if one is willing to live simply. You see, it's not so terribly hard if one sits down and thinks it all out carefully.

Over our heroine's soul crept a certain feeling of content — I might add the first that she had known in all those pitiful days. . . . The feeling came from the fact that she had decided to make a lot of money by going on the stage.

The rest was mere detail.

It was with a heart almost light that she tumbled out of bed next morning. She drew the bath for herself; then slipped out of the absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful

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and Christmas is the Best Thermos Day of All!
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Doubles the pleasure of touring and pays for itself in a few trips—that's the Thermos Motor Restaurant. Savings can go for tires and gasoline.
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On a raw day a hot draught from the Thermos Bottle makes you forget you're wet and tired.
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For the Invalid
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For the Golfer
At the "nineteenth" hole the cold fruit punch in the Thermos Bottle is always an attraction.
For the Student
At recess the Thermos School Kit is opened, and there is hot bouillon, tea or coffee for the school boy and girl.
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Handsome, practical and adaptable is the Thermos Carafe on the dining table.
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All temperature-retaining bottles are not Thermos. There are many imitations, but only one real, genuine Thermos. Reliable dealers are proud to show you the THERMOS trade mark plainly stamped on every piece.
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Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1917

The American Girl, at home and abroad, is famed for her beauty, her grace and her charming feminine ways.

All that is characteristic of the typical American Girl is exquisitely portrayed by the famous artist, Mr. Frank H. Desch, in the Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1917. The face, the form, the pose, the costume, the freshness and charm of vigorous youth—make a composite picture of womanly beauty that calls forth the admiration and praise of everyone.

This beautiful art panel—shown in illustration herewith—is seven inches wide, thirty-six inches long. It is lithographed in twelve shades and tints, harmoniously blended, and makes a pleasing and attractive decoration for any room or office.

No advertising matter whatever—not even the title or months—is printed on the front. Scores of calendars, far less artistic, are sold in art stores at prices ranging up to a dollar or more. *But we send you this calendar free*, asking you to pay only the cost of packing and mailing, hoping that it will remind you that

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"Brings the Roses to Your Cheeks"

—that it is a natural tonic which enriches the blood, rebuilds the wasted tissues of the body, steadies the nerves and tones the entire system. Being a perfect blending of the extract of choicest malt and hops with iron, it is nature's own builder and reinvigorator—a splendid tonic recommended by leading physicians for nursing mothers, convalescents, anaemics, all who are run down from any cause, and as a revitalizer for the aged.

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1847

1916

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S.B. COUGH DROPS

Absolutely Pure. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach

O'ER muddy roads and cobbled streets, rickety-bang, rambled the old shay to the village store—Grandpa with the reins, the boys on back. A week's supply of S. B. Cough Drops—*the Family Doctor*—and we were on our way home again. From that day to this, Smith Brothers' Cough Drops have been a household word—and *necessity*. Put a Drop in your mouth at bedtime to loosen the phlegm.

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Angel Food Cake Eight inches square Five inches high

I teach you to make them. Also other cakes. They bring $2.00 per loaf—profit $1.50. My methods are original and different. Never fails. Particulars free.
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robe de nuit. There were no rose leaves on the water now.

Throwing about her the equally useless but even more beautiful *negligée* she dressed her hair carefully. Then she put on her stockings, and her shoes. Then she ——

We're in a hurry, so we'll just let her get dressed quickly, stop with her a moment in the hotel dining-room, while she hurried through a little fruit, some cereal, and egg, buttered toast and coffee with nearly cream. Then out upon the street. What if that bell boy did grin, sneakily, because we didn't tip him when he brought the morning paper up to dad? We'll show him, and everybody else. He'll be sorry when he sees our name in electric lights all over the front of a theatre!

So thought our heroine. So was she still thinking as she turned into Broadway. Indeed, she was still thinking thusly when she entered the lobby of the Empire Theatre. She had chosen the Empire because it was the theatre to which she liked most to go. Of the man in the box office she inquired as to where she should go to secure a position as an actress. He told her the fourth floor. She went up.

They are gentlemen at the Empire, and kindly. They told her that if she would send in a photograph of herself, with a letter telling of her experience, they would give it every consideration.

She tried another theatre where her experience was much the same. Then she tried another. Again the same. Another.

By midafternoon the supply of good theatres and kindly gentlemen had given out. (Though of course this our heroine did not learn until later.)

On entering the next office, an office-boy who sadly needed a good spanking, muttered something about whajer want? On being told, he informed her that she could set down wit' th' other dames.

She sat down with the other dames and waited. An hour she waited. Two hours. At length a red-faced man, smoking a cigar, came from an inner office, passed through the group that comprised herself and the other dames, and went out. At which the office-boy informed herself and the other dames that the main guy wouldn't see nobody today because he'd just went out.

Our heroine and the other dames did likewise.

On her way back to her hotel, she stopped at the box-office of a theatre where was playing a musical comedy. On stopping at the box-office, as had now become her wont, she faced a young man with carefully-manicured nails.

In response to his query as to how many, she told him that she wanted to go on the stage. He replied that he had no objections. And he said that when she got there, he'd be very grateful if she'd let him know because he hadn't had a good laugh in weeks and would love to get a peep at her; that is, if he hadn't died of old age in the meanwhile.

. . . . . .

The above dots mark the lapse of a week.

It is the blessing of the writer, as of the reader, that we can thus elapse weeks, or even years, so simply, so vicariously and so cursorily. . . . If only our heroine could have elapsed that week as we have! But no! She must live it, learn it, suffer it. And she did. There's no doubt about that. She did. She trod, she trudged, she waited. She was rebuffed, ignored, insulted. And she learned one more thing about going on the stage. It makes one's feet ache terribly—almost as terribly as one's heart.

But at length she got a position. It was as chorus girl. And the salary was fifteen dollars a week in New York, and eighteen on the road. Those that had read the book and heard the music seemed to regard the latter part of the financial side as negligible.

Now it is very simple to be a chorus girl; simple, that is, for some people.

First you take off all your modesty and toss it carelessly over a chair. Then you remove your ideals, your intelligence (assuming, of course, that you possess any of these much unneeded commodities) and hang them on a hook.

Then you take off your frock and your petticoat (if you wear one) and attire yourself in a pair of short bloomers, to cover the lower half of your body, and the jacket of a suit of pajamas, or a sport shirt, or something, for the upper half; after which you present yourself before the director. And if you aren't too bow-legged, or knock-kneed or something, you're entitled to do what you're told for fifteen hours a day. Usually it's in the summer. Which makes it harder.

But this, of course, our heroine did not know. And when she presented herself for rehearsal she was in street clothes.

Now there are two kinds of directors, even as there are two kinds of managers. This one happened to be the Other Kind.

Never having seen ladies ready for work in so frank and unconventional a costume, our heroine's amazement lasted until she had been sorted and herded about, and arranged in regard to size, and even until she was in the middle of the first dance, which was a step back, a step forward, a step sideways and a kick.

At the kick, seven vari-sized legs flew high into the air. The eighth, which belonged to our heroine, did not. At which the stage director turned to the pianist, muttered through his cigar to wait a minute, Gus, and directed toward our heroine a cold and sarcastic orb. He asked her where her workin' clo'es was.

She said she didn't have any.

He told her she could hold up her dress, then; that he was going to put a little pep into this show or retire to an old ladies' home.

Our heroine took a diffident hold upon her skirt and raised it to perhaps six inches above her shoe tops.

The director asked where she thought she was; in a convent? At which everybody laughed. Everybody that is, except our heroine. Her cheeks grew bright. Her eyes filled. Did you ever see a blooded horse kicked in the stomach? It was like that. They were still laughing as she went through the stage door. Ben was certainly a great kidder.

. . . . . .

Our heroine found a department-store very much like the one she had reformed while lying amid the tumbled heap of purple and fine linen in the absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful *robe de nuit* and the equally absurd and even more beautiful *negligée*.

She worked at the glove counter, receiving for six short days of nine hours the magnificent emolument of eight dollars.

For, you see, our little row of dots has marked another lapse. A lapse to us, nonchalafft, airy and trivial. But not to our heroine. No, indeed! Our little row of dots had taught her much knowledge, and bitter. . . . For she knew Worry, now, knew him well! And she knew Fear. She knew that sordid and sodden trinity, Hopelessness, Sorrow and Despair, and had even come to fear them less because she knew them so well. For such is the way, you know.

She had learned about Being Good and Being Bad, and that it is not, as our limousine socialists and parlor reformers believe, entirely a matter of money; that there is not, as these misguided but well-meaning people believe, a financial demarcation between Virtue and the Lack of Virtue; that eight dollars a week means that a girl will be good, and that six dollars means she will be bad.

Some girls are good for nothing a week. Others are good for nothing at all. Some girls are good because it never occurs to them to be bad; as to some men it would never occur to commit murder, whatever the provocation. Other girls are bad because it never occurs to them to be good. Some girls will be virtuous on six dollars a week. Others wouldn't be virtuous on six dollars a minute.

But our heroine was one to whom being bad did not, and could not occur. Hence was she saved one worry, if only one. . . .

There was one floorwalker ——

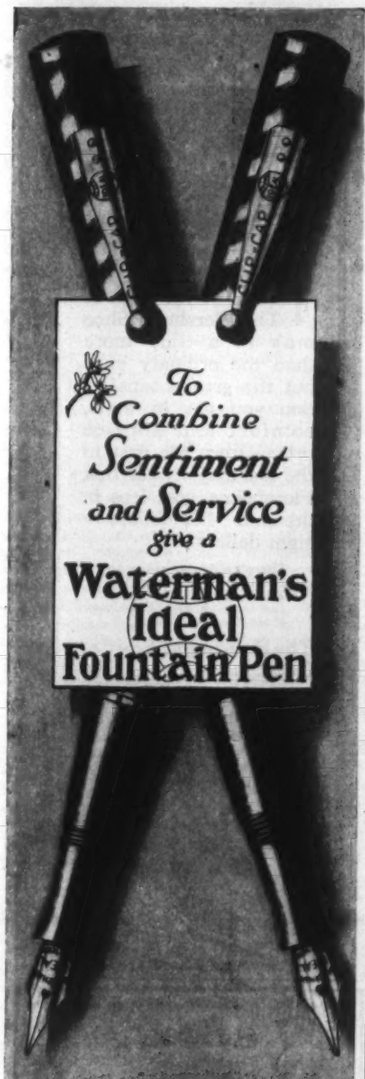
This is old Stuff, I know; so I'm going to beat you to it. For in this case it is true; hence it must be told.

He used to find occasion to hang around her counter, and ogle her. He was fat, perfumed, married, and had three chins in front and two in back.

Yes, he tried to kiss her.

She still had strength left from the out-of-doors of the days of the boats, and the dogs, and the horses. . . . Her hand left a bright, red blotch on the side of his face where the front and rear chins met. He glared at her from pig-like eyes. He told

NEXT MONTH: *More of this jolly little tale; and "The Bitterest Pill," another story of politics and women by Sophie Kerr.*



Waterman's Ideal fulfills every requirement of a sensible and serviceable Christmas remembrance. It combines attractiveness and good taste—a gift that every one appreciates for its everyday usefulness.

Waterman's Ideal is universally recognized as the standard fountain pen. Added to the beautiful finish and diversity of design are quality, conveniences, and patented features developed through two generations of pen making. Lasts for years.

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her that just for that he'd get hunk with her. . . .

He did. The following day she was discharged. The floorwalker told the manager that the girl had made him an indecent proposition. And the manager lived in a glass house. And there you are.

The floorwalker told his wife that he had walked into an Open Door. His wife believed him.

For, as I have observed, it's a strange world in which we live.

. . . . . .

WHEN our heroine reached the boarding-house where they now lived (yes, they were in a boarding-house by now; the last little row of dots did that, you see), she found her father sitting on the worn and faded sofa. His head was in his hands.

She spoke to him. He did not answer.

She spoke again. Still he didn't answer.

Thinking he might be sick, she went to him. She placed her hand upon his cheek, gently. The cheek was cold.

Quickly, she took his hand in hers, drawing it away from his face. The head fell forward.

Her father was dead.

Men came to take away the body. They said that for thirty dollars they could give her father the swellest funeral she ever seen. And they asked her if she had a plot.

She said she had, telling them where it was.

They opined that since it was so far away, she had better hire the automobile hearse. It would cost five dollars more, but would get her there and back in a coupla hours. That was what they always done it in, if not better.

But, as she had but thirty dollars and ten cents, and as time seemed no inducement, she said she'd take the hack. At which the men grudgingly admitted that mebbe she knowed her own business best, and departed.

Dry of eye, dry of soul, she sat the night away. A thousand hours it was, each hour of a thousand bitter minutes, each minute of a thousand bitter seconds.

With the dull dawning of a day, gray, like the cheek of her father when they took him away, her grief broke. . . . Tears came. They scalded her cheeks, even as life had scalded her heart.

Later came rage, hot wrath and resentment.

In the bitter battle of life, in the sessionless school of Experience which she had been attending in all her waking hours, she had accepted passively, without question, the cause of all their suffering, her own and of the father that had been hers.

Now came to her in all its plenitude of justified anger the right to know who had done this thing to them, and why. Who had torn from them happiness, and hope, and love, and health, and strength, and peace, and contentment, yes, even life itself!

With eyes half closed, with brow wrinkled in effort, with little clenched fists beating one against the other, she tried to recall the mention of some name, some allusion by which she could learn.

She went over in her mind that morning—that morning when her father had told her first of what had come upon them. Surely, he spoke of someone! Let us think! We *must* think! Why can't we remember it! He *did* mention a name! Yes, we're sure of that! Quite sure. He mentioned a name. But what was it? Well, then, with what letter did it begin? . . . A? No, no. Not A. What then? B? . . . B! . . . That seems—Yes, it was a B. But the name! A queer name! We've heard it somewhere. Maybe we read it!

Suddenly it flames before us, burnt bright by torture, seared into our souls by suffering! It comes to us, the name of those men who have humiliated us, and tortured us, and driven us to scorn and insult, and sorrow and suffering, and fear and hunger and torment unnamable! The name of those men who took from us everything we had, our all, and drove our father to his death! The name of those plunderers, those looters, those murderers! We know it now!

The name is Barabbas & Co!

And sitting there, her eyes half closed, that name upon her lips, she made plans as to what she would do to them! They couldn't treat her like that and not suffer for it! They couldn't kill her father and—and—and——

A little tear stole down her cheek. Placing her handkerchief in a tin box marked "Biscuits," she wiped away the tear with a soda cracker.

[*To be continued*]

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for CHRISTMAS

THERE is double delight in homes where Holeproofs are received—the delight of the ones who get these perfect hose and the delight of mothers who know that they bring freedom from darning.

Each year there are tens of thousands of boxes of Holeproof Hosiery presented at Christmas. And in these days when beautiful effects are so thoroughly appreciated, it is difficult to find another kind so smart looking and yet so durable.

No finer Japanese silk is used in any hosiery; and in the lusterized lisle these Holeproofs quite excel, though they cost no more than the average.

Men's, 25c a Pair and Up
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Made of beautiful oak and mahogany richly inlaid—speed, accuracy and ever-level smoothness—sizes to fit all homes.

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The perfect, automatic operation of this device makes your dreamiest dream of winter comfort come true. A marvel of convenience. Insures safety and saves fuel.

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We send 12 double disc records—24 selections—with it, and if at the end of the 10 days you wish to, you may return it and get your money back. We sell at factory price and our terms are very liberal—we make them to fit your pocket-book. Write today for *The Cornish Phonograph Booklet* and full information regarding a purchasing plan that will greatly interest you and save you money. A postal or letter will bring it to you promptly.

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RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 50, Washington, D.C.

When answering ads. it is well to mention McClure's.

"Parasites Lost"

[*Continued from page 26*]

Not at all. The reaction from enforced economic independence which spells parasitism!

Thousands of girls in department-stores have enough to eat and enough strength to perform their work, but they go half-mad with envy of the parasitic women who crowd the counters and swathe themselves in the velvets, silks, laces and furs there displayed.

"But the salesgirl represents untrained, unskilled labor," interrupts one who believes in the social redemption of the weaker sex through economic independence.

The up-to-date saleswoman need be neither untrained nor unskilled. Modern selling methods may be learned in classes if a girl is truly ambitious and prefers economic independence and business success to parasitism. But does she?

Then consider the average professional woman.

A young teacher gave a luncheon to her co-workers, half a dozen in number, to announce her engagement. The function was staged in a fashion calculated to check any unfortunate tendency on the part of the guests to recall certain unpleasant memories of the prospective bridegroom. The decorations were charming; the food and service delectable. There was much talk of the elaborate bungalow under construction in an exclusive section, a wedding-gift from the bridegroom's mother; the Apperson-Jackrabbit roadster, for the prospective bride's personal use, gift from the bridegroom's father; certain ancestral mahogany to be contributed by a paternal aunt, the flat silver ordered from a famous New York silversmith, the undeniable fact that if wedding-gowns were to be cut short in the prevailing style, they simply would not cling and make a girl look tall and svelte. But under it all crawled the serpent, slimy and spotted, the past of the bridegroom-to-be. And because in the end it raised its head, conversational shrapnel to the contrary notwithstanding, the hostess lost her temper just a bit.

"I know what you're all thinking about — the ugly stories they used to tell of Harry. Well, I'm not marrying him to reform him. He has been on the waterwagon a year now. And what if he does go the pace a bit? Forgiving the mistakes of an impulsive fellow like Harry is not so aging nor wearing nor irritating as teaching thirty stupid youngsters five hours a day. And it's something to wear silk instead of lisle stockings, and to drive your own little car instead of hanging by a strap in the trolley. And nothing to look forward to in teaching except a pension! Sometimes when I remember how I thrilled on Commencement Day and how proud I was when I got my first appointment, I could laugh at my ignorance of what it meant. My own money! Well, I've had it. Now I'm ready to spend — Harry's!"

She might have said — "any man's." Harry happened 'round at the psychological moment when the reaction from economic independence set in and the desire to become a parasite was evolved.

Of course this outburst cleared the atmosphere beautifully. Everyone became frightfully absorbed in the discussion of such problems as the superiority of rock-crystal over cut-glass, silver trivets over asbestos mats with hand-embroidered slip-covers, and crêpe de chine lingerie over mere Milanese silk! But the experienced, broad-minded school principal who related the incident concluded with a significant comment:

"Well, let us be properly grateful that there is at least one less of her kind in our profession!"

One of those women described in newspaper interviews as "successful" had just announced an increase in salary and a new title which she could affix to her signature on all office correspondence.

"How ripping!" I exclaimed. "You must feel as if you are walking on air tonight."

"Why?" inquired the successful one curtly. "I earned the raise. I worked harder this year than last, and I'll have to continue to work hard, or my salary will go back to the original figure. As a business woman, you ought to know that."

"Yes, but what in the world do you expect and want?"

She of the increased income turned like a caged leopardess, her spiritual teeth bared. "What every woman who works for her

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

THE initial cost of The Florsheim Shoe may be a trifle more than the ordinary shoe but the greater satisfaction you get in style, comfort and service proves from the first to the last day's wear that Florsheims cost less in the end. Six dollars to eight dollars.

There's a dealer ready to show the style you prefer. We'll give you his name and mail booklet, "*Styles of the Times.*"

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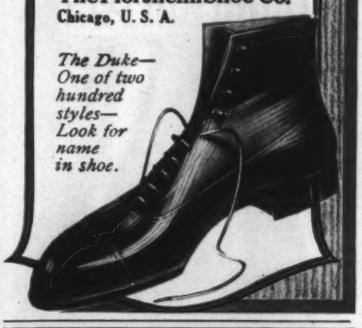

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That is her idea of marriage!

And she does not stand alone in her class! She is the product of enforced economic independence. When the reaction sets in, the parasitic instinct is no respecter of salary, industrial position, opportunity or former educational advantages.

This article is not to be construed as an attack on feminism. The writer would not presume to debate with those well-trained, admirably drilled platform stars who urge economic independence as the most direct path to freedom for women. She does not even advance her humble theory that happiness for both men and women lies in true socialism and the higher education for marriage and parenthood. She merely presents facts, incidents and certain conclusions in biology, physiology and emotions, forced upon her during twenty years of work among girls and women, efficient and inefficient, progressive and reactionary, independent and parasitic. The article represents only the rebellion of the woman behind a mahogany desk against being crowned for economic independence when in her heart she knows that hundreds of unsung, uncrowned women behind the family dish-pan and sewing-machine who spend wisely the earnings of men, contribute equally with her to the social body.

Parasitism is not a matter of the pay envelope, but of the soul!

Several years ago, some adroit public speaker, with an eye to the newspaper headlines of the next morning, coined the phrase, "the parasitic wife." He meant the woman once removed from the mistress by a marriage license, who contributes nothing to the economic and social body. Undiscriminating speakers and writers seized upon the phrase as an effective epithet to hurl at any woman who did not share their "advanced" views. And an unthinking public came to see any single woman who does not engage in some gainful occupation as a parasite, any wife who does not actually contribute her share to the family exchequer or do the entire housework for her family as a parasitic creature. The intelligent, efficient wife and mother who, by the aid of one or more servants, makes a home for her husband and children, and incidentally contributes her share of interest and energy to church and charity is viewed with scorn, while the unintelligent girl or woman who plagues her employers by her inefficiency and has no desire to give just returns for the wages paid her, is crowned as "economically independent" and therefore "non-parasitic."

In factories, stores, offices and professions, are fine women with high ideals and clear vision, who contribute, equally with efficient women in the home, to the social body. But working alongside them are thousands of girls and women who engage in gainful occupations only because economic conditions force them to do so. By the aid of sex-lure, they give the minimum in energy and service. They are the parasites of the industrial world, and in spite of their pay-envelopes, they contribute no more to the social body than the slothful mistress or the butterfly wife.

"Parasites Lost!"

To those of us who work that we may live, the phrase is a merry jest.

But why confine the adjective "parasitic" to the female of the species? There are men — but as a master of English once said, "That is another story."

NEXT MONTH: Another article by Mrs. Richardson; "Is Honesty the Best Policy?" by Cleveland Moffett; and "The Bitterest Pill" by Sophie Kerr.

Putting Uncle Sam to Work

[*Continued from page 12*]

I mention him simply to drive home how the earth is dotted with your cavalry of commerce, waiting for your orders. Every one of the three hundred and thirty can be made all but your personal representative.

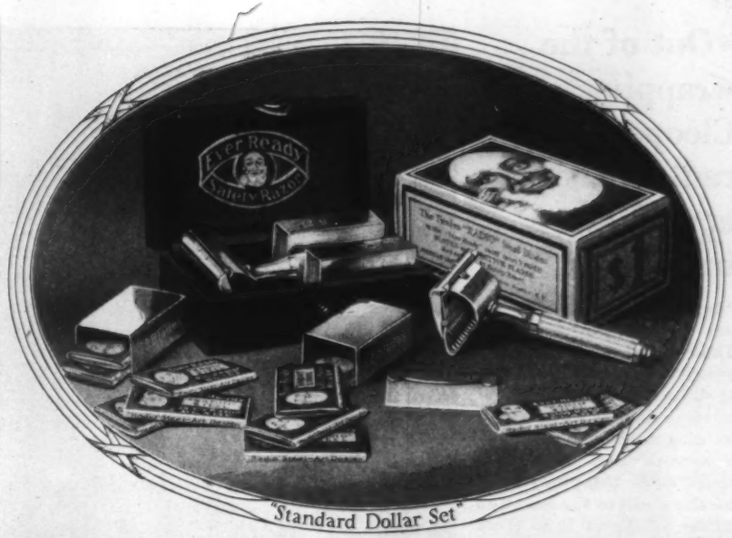
But how?

Suppose that the Chinese government decided to make at home the cheap cotton goods hitherto bought from Japan; and suppose that it planned to organize the companies which are to spin and weave this cotton; and suppose that it even invested money in the enterprise. Wouldn't you like to sell the machinery to China? Wouldn't you like to have a man on the spot who can guide you in outbidding Manchester manufacturers with generations of experience in dealing with the Far East? Wouldn't you gladly avail yourself of the knowledge and skill of the United States' commercial attaché at Peking if you knew that he was ready to help you?

That is exactly what happened recently. An American firm, learning of the Chinese plan, determined to bid against Manchester and Birmingham. It was wise enough to realize its own ignorance of the Orient; it employed the attaché at Peking as he is supposed to be employed. The reward of wisdom was a million-dollar order placed in the United States for the entire machinery of the projected Chinese cotton mills — an order almost insignificant compared with the equipment that will eventually be required.

Read the history of some of our hugest industries, and it seems almost as if we were imbeciles because we fail to make the utmost use of the three hundred and thirty commercial scouts in foreign parts. For years Bolivian tin ore was sent to Europe, smelted there, carried back across the Atlantic Ocean and marketed in the United States. Fine business for English ships — high prices for us. Yet we persisted in that extravagant, stupid, commercial practice, even though we dominated the world's market, in a sense, as the largest consumer of tin. When the war broke out we had to bestir ourselves. Europe could no longer smelt tin ores for us. An American company conceived the idea of bringing the crude Bolivian ores directly to the United States and smelting them in New Jersey. That seems childishly simple. But the problem was more than a matter of transportation. Political obstacles were encountered, and to overcome them the company consulted the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The attaché at Lima was ordered to proceed to Bolivia. In a year he had smoothed out all wrinkles. Misapprehensions of Bolivian mining companies were dispelled, and assurances were given by the Bolivian Foreign Office that no discriminations would be made against Americans in the matter of export duties. Thereupon New Jersey added a new industry to her commercial resources. Probably half of the $50,000,000 worth of tin consumed in this country will soon be handled by our own smelters—all because one of the three hundred and thirty was put to work by business strategists.

Even without your orders the three hundred and thirty are scouting for you. To distribute the information that they gather the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce issues a daily paper — the "Commerce Reports." Have you ever seen it? Like a real newspaper it publishes its news within twenty-four hours after it is received in Washington. It ought to have the largest circulation in the world, since it costs nothing and suggests a dozen ways every day of earning pounds, marks, francs, lire, yen and taels. The opportunities for selling goods in foreign countries, which it recounts, are enough to fire the imagination of a delicatessen dealer. Who can ignore such headings as "Market for Saws in Russia," "Algeria Needs Vitriol for Spraying," or "Demand for Shaving Soap in Italy"? Opportunity not only knocks at your door at least once every day in the "Commerce Reports," but kicks in the panels and almost drags you out of your stuffy office, claps your hat on your head, puts you on a ship and sends you off to Spain or Japan on a money-making adventure. Read the "Commerce Reports" and you will learn for



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Many a man, mighty in every way, has become as wax in the hands of a fascinating woman.

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yourself how you can make anything from five dollars to five million simply by giving opportunity a chance; how, for example, one American company sold a million dollars' worth of machines to a Chinese arsenal; how another placed an order for eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of flour in Turkey (before the war, too); how a third sold a two-hundred-thousand-dollar telephone system to a Norwegian town; and how a South American country was induced to place an order for battleships with an American firm; how a foreign street railway and lighting company placed an order for 19,400 light-carbons in the United States; and how an American firm secured the contract for a coal-handling plant at the port of Durban, South Africa.

The pity of it is that too few know of the service the Government is prepared to render. Of the thousands of business men in the country not one-tenth utilize the scientific and commercial knowledge of Uncle Sam to improve their shining business hours; not one-tenth are aware that the best expert advice in the world is to be had, often for the asking. Those who have wit enough to exploit these resources profit enormously. The knowing president of a great electric light company asked the Naval Observatory for tables which would indicate the time of moonrise and moonset throughout the country and particularly of the power zone which his plant supplied with current. Was he a student of astronomy whose hobby was the moon? Not at all — merely a shrewd business man who wanted to save money by turning the current of street lamps on and off at the right minute. At the suggestion of the American Institute of Metals, the Bureau of Mines undertook for brass manufacturers a study of the relative efficiency of various furnaces in order to stop a loss of two million dollars a year, and, as a result, published a bulletin which has become a handbook on brass-foundry practice. "Strain breaks," resulting from rock stresses, have caused heavy losses in many marble quarries. With the co-operation of a marble company the Bureau investigated the underlying causes and evolved a method of relieving the rock pressure so as to prevent destructive fracturing and so as to make possible the utilization of valuable marble otherwise wasted.

Do you wish further examples? You will find enough of them in the work of the Forest Products Laboratories. Sugar pine is subject to a brown stain which often depreciates the value of the lumber by more than ten dollars per thousand feet. The Forest Service has determined the cause by exhaustive research. The laboratory keeps in close touch with wood-using industries, studies their problems, and gives valuable expert advice on everything relating to timber, from the best paint to be used to the most effective way of preventing ties from rotting. One sensible manufacturer of wood alcohol, who had a fifty cord per diem plant, increased the value of his yields three hundred and thirty-five dollars a month by following the laboratory's advice on the control of temperature in distilling hard wood. Another alcohol maker (he used sawdust) was told to increase the period of digestion twenty minutes; he obtained a twenty-three per cent. increase of yield. The laboratory maintains that the pulp yields from woods can be increased from five to twenty per cent. What paper manufacturer shall be the first to profit by the researches which have led to this conclusion? Osage orange is a dyewood which can be substituted for natural colors imported from Germany before the war. Is there no manufacturer ready to reap where the laboratory has here sown? Wood blocks make fine pavements, but they "swell" and "bleed." Municipalities may consult the most exhaustive record ever made of methods to make the blocks more serviceable. How many have done so? Who has profited by the advice of the laboratory on the making of lead pencils in California? How many saw mills have asked how to dry shingles without impairing their quality? How many planing mills, box and crate makers, railway car designers, aeroplane builders, producers of artificial legs, and dealers in railway ties have learned from the Forest Service how to simplify and cheapen their processes?

A few months ago the Service inaugurated a wood waste exchange. The purpose of that exchange is to bring mills and factories with waste material for sale into communication with purchasers of wood waste. Few lumbermen or waste buyers know about the exchange. One buyer who did know was a novelty manufacturer in New York City. He uses small, half-finished blocks of dogwood for the production of patent spool-holders. After he explained his requirements to the exchange he was brought into contact with a manufacturer of shuttle-blocks who burned up his waste dogwood for lack of a market. Both now make money as a result of their introduction to each other. A furniture maker in Michigan asked how to dispose of sugar maple blocks and sticks which were cut off in the process of furniture making and which he had to sell merely as fuel. The Forest Service found for him a scrubbing brush manufacturer who wanted sugar maple blocks for brush backs.

FARMERS are probably deriving more direct and substantial benefit from the Government, through the Department of Agriculture, than any other class, not only because more money is being spent on the improvement of agricultural methods than on the development of manufacturing, but because a large staff is employed to teach cattle-raising, wheat-growing and wire fencing in the field. New money-saving, money-making ideas are literally dinned into the farmer's head. In carrying out its extensive work, for example, the Department of Agriculture aims to have at least one well-trained man in each agricultural county to carry on demonstrations, to give practical instruction to groups of farmers and their families as well as to individual fruit-raisers and grain-growers. About twelve hundred counties are at present provided with a county agricultural agent. In addition, some four hundred women agents, located chiefly in the south, are trying to teach farmers' wives how to keep house economically and easily.

For the purpose of solving the farmer's selling and the consumer's buying problem, an "Office of Markets and Rural Organization" has been created. If you want to form a co-operative association for buying or selling produce that all-wise office will assist you. It will tell you whether or not your association is really necessary, teach you how to organize it if it is, supply forms of constitutions and by-laws, and help you in the incorporation, control and management of the body. And it will do this either by correspondence or personal visits. If the marketing of unmanufactured food is not soon placed on as sound an economic basis as the marketing of shoes, it will not be the fault of Uncle Sam. Even office organization, accountancy, auditing, office appliances, and plans of financing are subjects of advice for elevator companies, fruit exchanges, poultry raisers, livestock companies, and produce associations. In a season generally disastrous to cantaloupe growers one Colorado company was able to market every carload at a profit because of good packing and good grading. Why should not every cantaloupe grower succeed? He can if he will only ask Uncle Sam what are the best methods of picking, packing, and shipping his product. How many farmers and dealers know anything of railway terminal and transfer facilities and their bearing on the time and labor of unloading and loading? Or of the car supply of the entire country, of particular sections, or of private car lines? Or of the effect of demurrage laws and rules on car efficiency? All these vital questions in distribution are answered illuminatingly by your Uncle Sam.

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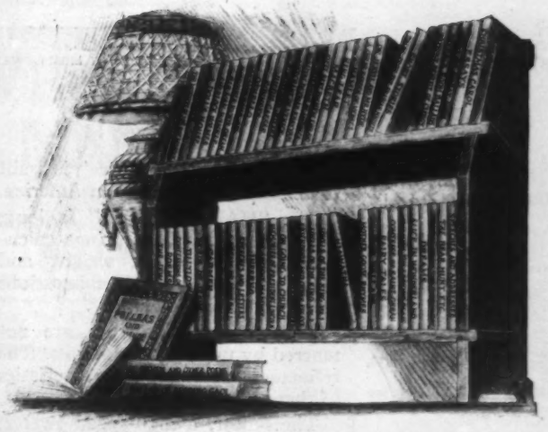
WHETHER you are interested in in buttons or battleships, gardening or Arctic exploration, Uncle Sam can help you. It would pay you to tell Uncle Sam about your troubles. But perhaps you don't know how to approach him—to what department, in other words, you should address your inquiries. If you want help in your business or help in your house and you feel that you want to get in touch with Uncle Sam, write to the Editor of McClure's Magazine. He will tell you exactly how to proceed.



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Washington Times, 7-29-16: — "The Marvel of Motordom."

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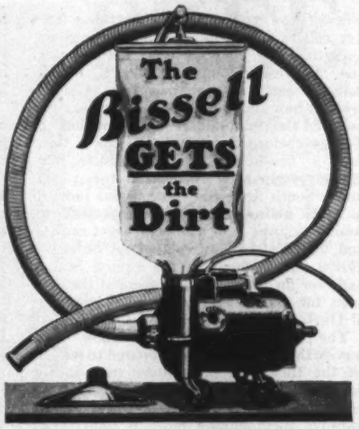
you and I and the other hundred million of us own millions of dollars' worth of instruments. You have a proprietary interest in one of the most wonderful timepieces in the world — a master-clock which never varies more than three-tenths of a second; which is kept for you in a hermetically sealed vault; and which is shielded from fluctuations of heat and cold more carefully than a royal baby, by means of a thermostat so incredibly delicate that it is as much affected by a rise and fall in temperature of the one-hundredth part of a degree as you are by a change of forty degrees. What's the good of it? You could not set your watch correctly or run a locomotive on time or know where you are at sea without the aid of that clock. Its time is telegraphed all over the country.

You also own a highly sensitive testing machine in the Bureau of Standards. Place a visiting card on a tool-steel shaft three and one-half inches in diameter and that machine will reveal how far the weight of the card bent the shaft. Near that machine is another of your marvelous pieces of apparatus. It is a balance so extraordinarily responsive that the decrease in weight of a piece of metal moved up only two inches from the earth is recorded.

When next you are in Washington by all means inspect your Experimental Model Basin and also your Wind-Tunnel for testing aeroplanes. It is not possible to estimate the money saved by the Navy and by private shipbuilders as a result of your serviceable Model Basin. By its means shipbuilding has been elevated to the dignity of a science. You send in plans showing the lines or shape of a vessel which you intend to build. From these lines a twenty-foot model is made, which is towed through the basin. Thus accurate data are obtained, which indicate the power required for the full-sized ship.

And in the face of all this we symbolize our Government by an indulgent, rather absurdly clad, gaunt gray-beard whom we call Uncle Sam! Why *Uncle*? Why not father and mother, too? In the person of Father Sam, the Government can be taken aside, as it were, and induced to tell what should be planted in a fallow patch of land or what measures should be taken against malaria. In the person of kind, old, crooning Mother Sam, the Government may be consulted as to the best method of feeding nursing babies and bringing up children, raising chickens and bottling cider.

No nation on the face of the earth is so paternal as ours. Germany is paternal by direct legislation. It makes it a legal offense to be uninsured against sickness, accident, and old age or to tramp the highways as a vagabond, or to build a factory in a district reserved for dwelling houses. But the United States is paternal in an almost unrecognized, far-reaching, constructive way. You may be arrested and fined for boarding a moving street car in many a German town, presumably because you have no right to jeopardize a life which may be of service to the state. But will the German Government teach you how to build a swimming pool? Ours will. Germany has a fine Consular Service, more alert and highly trained than ours. But will the German Government discuss with you the upbringing of your boys and girls? Ours will do that and more in the person of the Commissioner of Education. He will plan home-reading courses for you and your children, show you how to conduct a class in arithmetic or philosophy, and guide you in the building of a schoolhouse. The German Weather Service is one of the finest in the world. But will it ring you up on the telephone and warn you of impending frost if you are a farmer or orchardist? Ours will. Germany had a splendid parcels post system years before we established ours. Nearly everything except a red-hot stove can be sent through the mails in Germany. But I doubt if the German Secretary of Agriculture and the German Postmaster-General (or whatever their awesome titles may be) will take so lively an interest in your postal welfare as their Washington counterparts — if, for example, you would be told, as you would by Washington, how to do business by parcels post or how to sell the stock on your shelves or the potatoes in your cellar or the butter in your dairy; I doubt if Berlin would introduce you to your customers or officially teach you how to pack and ship eggs, vegetables, bacon, and all the other produce of your farm in the cheapest and safest way. For benevolent paternalism commend me not to the stern, fiercely mustached Kaiser, but to kindly, old, goateed Uncle Sam, clad in his ridiculous, blue, star-spangled coat and his ridiculous red-striped trousers.



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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Poisoned Onions

TODAY *I bought a bottle of pickled onions, marked as follows, "Flavored with Choice Spices, Prepared with .002% Aluminum Sulphate." May I ask if aluminum sulphate in the quantity stated above makes this product undesirable for general table use? Also, are cherries which are marked "artificially colored" to be tabooed? Also, can you tell me where I can get the natural brown rice? Is this superior in nutritive value to the polished variety?*
K. P., Pennsylvania.

Alum (Aluminum Sulphate) is a poisonous and deleterious drug. As a styptic in the barber shop or an emetic administered by a physician, it doubtless has a proper use. According to your label, the onions contain two-tenths of one per cent. of the drug. If this is an 8-ounce bottle, 7 grains are present. The medicinal dose varies from 5 grains up. We should say the product was decidedly unfit for table use. The city dump is the proper place for any food containing alum or other salts of aluminum.

You doubtless refer to the Maraschino type of cherry. We do not know of a single colored cherry of this kind that would pass a test as a genuine pure food product. Sometimes they are colored with unobjectionable vegetable colors; sometimes cochineal is used, but more often coal-tar dye lends its brilliant hue to these poor, sulphur-bleached travesties on a once honest, healthful fruit.

Natural brown rice is richer in fats, in protein and in mineral salts than the polished variety. As a food it is far superior to the latter. If the flavor is in the fat as is supposed, it is easy to see why people who have eaten the natural grain prefer it to the denatured or polished variety. Natural brown rice may be procured from the Seaboard Rice Milling Company, Galveston, Texas, or from the Great Valley Mills, Paoli, Pa.

A New Rye Preparation

THESE *cold nights our family enjoys eating a preparation called Ry-Krisp made in Minneapolis. It reminds us, in shape, of a Victrola record—hole in the center and all. We are interested in your pure food work, and wonder just how much food value there is in these discs, and whether it is adulterated or not. How does rye compare with other grains?* *R. E., New York.*

Whatever defects Ry-Krisp might exhibit as a Victrola record, are more than made up by their excellent showing in the food laboratory as well as on the table. The product is not adulterated. It is made from clean, high-grade rye with the addition of a little salt. Its food value is high, giving about 1615 calories per pound. Like all cereals, there is a deficiency in fat which is easily supplied by butter, oil, or oleomargarine. The following table shows the average composition of grains, and is compiled from the United States Bulletin No. 13, to which we have added an analysis of Ry-Krisp:

	Moisture %	Protein %	Fat or Ether Extract %	Ash or Mineral Matter %	Carbohydrates %
Barley	6.47	11.52	2.67	2.87	72.66
Corn	10.93	9.88	4.17	1.36	71.95
Oats	10.06	12.15	4.33	3.46	58.75
Wheat	10.62	12.23	1.77	1.82	71.18
Rye	10.62	12.43	1.65	1.92	71.37
Ry-Krisp	11.25	13.30	1.60	3.50	70.35

Disastrous to "Patent" Medicine

WE *read your department with much interest. Perhaps you will tell us the difference between a proprietary and a patent medicine. Have there not some regulations been recommended against their use?* *J. R. S., New York.*

According to our highest authority on the subject, the American Medical Association, nearly all nostrums are proprietary, very few are patent. Nearly every nostrum is given a fanciful name and is registered at Washington. The name becomes the property of the exploiter. Thus we have Rheumaticide, Jaroma, Essence of Life, etc.; these are proprietaries. In the case of a few medicines, their ingredients, method of compounding, or both, have been patented; their ingredients are stated, and a copy of the patent may be procured by anyone. A true patent medicine, therefore, is not a secret preparation; a proprietary usually is, although some few have published qualitative formulae. With reference to regulations restricting their use, you doubtless refer to the resolutions passed by the American Public Health Association:

"WHEREAS, The widespread use of and traffic in patent medicines and secret nostrums constitute a grave menace to the public health, and

"WHEREAS, Such patent medicines and nostrums, because of the deceptive advertising regularly employed in promoting their sale, consistently oppose the influence seeking to educate the public to a better understanding of the nature, causes and proper treatment of disease, and

"WHEREAS, The bulwark of this traffic is secrecy and mystery,

"BE IT RESOLVED, That the American Public Health Association oppose the sale of patent medicines and nostrums whose constituents are unknown to the health authorities, and

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That this Association heartily endorses the ordinance of the New York City Department of Health, requiring the manufactured or proprietary remedies, sold without a physician's prescription, to file with the department a statement of its active constituents and therapeutic claims, and

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That this Association recommend to other municipalities the adoption of this or similar measures for the proper safe-guarding of the public health."

Since many of the patent and secret nostrums are not only worthless but even dangerous, these resolutions are worthy of universal adoption.

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

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By Harold Bell Wright

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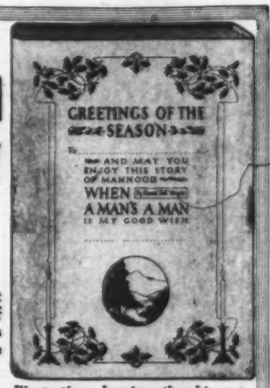

Illustration showing the biggest selling novel ever published, wrapped with special Christmas slip, cover in colors ready for Christmas giving—at all book stores.

What the Critics Are Saying

Boston Globe: Redolent of the open and the clean, wholesome life of the West.
San Francisco Chronicle: The persons in the narrative are flesh and blood.
Philadelphia Press: Mr. Wright's West is as real as reality can be.
Chicago Examiner: Deserves to become one of the widest-read books of the year.
Spokane Chronicle: He never has written a better or cleaner story.
Utica Observer: He has given in "When a Man's a Man" full measure, pressed down, heaped up and running over of his best thought and best work.

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Butter-Kist Pop Corn has made pop corn popular. People who used to consider it merely as a children's delight, now appreciate its food value and its flavor too. Grown-ups delight in Butter-Kist as much as children, and it will not hurt even those who have delicate stomachs. The white, fluffy, crisp morsels of Butter-Kist just melt in your mouth.

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There is no other way on earth that makes pop corn like the automatic Butter-Kist machine. No human hand touches Butter-Kist. It is scientific, clean, wholesome.

There are Butter-Kist Machines nearly everywhere. If there is none in your vicinity please tell us. Look for the machine like the one in the illustration and see that the bag has the Butter-Kist Kiddies on it. Then you know it's Butter-Kist—**5, 10 and 25 cents everywhere.**

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Common and Preferred

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge the nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

A READER wants to know the difference between common and preferred stock. The question is not a new or novel one. The distinction has been drawn many times before in books and periodicals. But here is a man whose perplexity is expressed with such freshness and force that to answer his question may clarify not a few present-day investment topics.

"Will you advise why some common stocks are considered better investments and their prices are quoted higher on the exchanges than preferred stocks? For example, $560 is asked for Bethlehem Steel Common, while only $137 is asked for the preferred. I was always of the opinion that preferred stocks were the higher priced."

The same idea was expressed to me last summer by a woman who had owned United States Steel preferred for several years. It had been bought for her at $100 a share and for some nine years she had regularly received $7 a year in dividends on each share. She had just been congratulated on the fact that the stock was selling above 115.

"But," she sighed, "the common stock is said to be earning fifty per cent. a year. They have just paid an extra dividend and the papers say it will go to 100. If I had only bought some when it was down!"

Few of us like to admit the law of compensation into our own lives even though we philosophically permit its operation in other people's affairs. Of course, preferred stocks are the higher priced when things are going badly. When the Bethlehem Steel Corporation was not earning such enormous sums it was paying dividends on its preferred stock and none on the common. The preferred stockholder is far more likely to get his dividends during bad times than the common stockholder, and as turn about is fair play the owner of common stock is more likely to get enormous profits when times are good.

Preferred stocks are in nearly all cases limited as to the amount of dividend. The company agrees to pay six or seven per cent. as the case may be, through thick and thin. Taken all in all the record is a splendid one. The preferred stocks of the better class of railroads, industrials and public utilities in this country have, with few exceptions, paid their dividends for years. Although not on the whole as safe as bonds, they have offered many of the advantages of bonds, have been for the most part safe enough and have afforded much higher returns. Almost any investor is justified in placing part of his funds in carefully selected preferred issues.

The investor who buys a preferred stock expects, and if he uses common sense gets, a regular and ample dividend through good time and bad. But he does not get extra profits when they come. If he tries to, he displays either total ignorance of his true position, or just plain cupidity. The familiar reference to "eating one's cake and having it, too," applies. But men always will try to eat their cake twice.

A few years ago the Union Pacific Railroad, which had paid four per cent. on its preferred stock for many years, decided to distribute a large extra payment to its common shareholders. At once the prior owners began litigation to force a distribution to them as well, but although they fought bitterly the courts decided that they had agreed to the four per cent. when they bought the stock and after receiving it for many years could not justly claim a share at that late day in what the common shareholders had so long waited for.

Dispute over their respective rights and privileges between preferred and common stockholders is one of the most frequent phenomena in the world of finance. The former are always afraid of some impairment of the corporation's assets which will endanger their security. This is right and natural enough, but the preferred owner cannot complain when boom times like the present make it possible to pay fabulous dividends on the common issue.

Today the many common stocks whose earnings, dividends and market quotations dazzle the onlooker may *seem* like "better investments," as the inquirer puts it. They are certainly more *profitable* shares to hold, and for those fortunate persons who bought at low figures and have actually cashed in, these stocks are perhaps "better." But they paid nothing until very recently and they may well pay far less and sell for far less a few years hence. Meanwhile the preferred shares will have steadily returned to their owners an invariable six or seven per cent.

There have been four great periods of preferred stock emission in this country. First came the railroads in the late '90's, then the so-called trusts or giant industrials in the early '00's, a group of smaller industrials, especially farm implement companies, about 1912, and at the present time a multitude of miscellaneous companies. Each of the earlier groups had a few failures. The present group will have them also. A preferred stock cannot be judged at once. It must settle to an investment basis. It must become seasoned. The purchaser of any new security, no matter how surrounded with theoretical safeguards or how plausible it looks on paper, must in the very nature of things take a considerable chance.

Many of the old, established preferred issues have risen to almost prohibitive heights. But there are others which still pay six per cent. or more, especially among the public utility group. These offer perhaps the most attractive opportunities of a strictly investment nature now in the field. They are strictly peace stocks, for people will continue to use electricity and gas and water power after the war is over. Numbers of these stocks pay as much as seven per cent.

There are countless preferred stocks available today. They afford a proper channel for the investment of funds whose owners are dissatisfied with the three and a half per cent. which the savings bank pays and who yet dare not assume the risks of oil, copper, motor, silver, munition, and similar highly profitable but speculative shares. True enough, there are hundreds of good bonds and mortgages to pay five per cent. or more. But experience shows that countless persons need something that appeals more to the imagination than a five per cent. bond. They are the people who either cling timorously to the savings bank

McClure's Financial Booklet

Seventh Edition

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or rush headlong into utterly worthless ventures.

I do not know why it is, but many people rush from one extreme to the other. If they could be persuaded to buy bonds to pay five to five and a half per cent., so much the better. But there is a class that will stick to the savings bank rather than do that. Such persons need to study preferred stocks.

Nothing is farther from the purpose of this article than to deny the possibilities in common stocks today. Never before have such large dividends been paid. The copper, silver and oil shares are making their owners rich. How long the bonanza days will last no one knows. Those who are nimble, who know when to jump and can afford a few bruises, never had such opportunities. But there are multitudes who should rigidly if regretfully keep away from such temptations.

Books about Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

On account of the interest in the bonds of foreign governments, A. B. Leach & Co., 62 Cedar Street, New York, have prepared for free distribution a rather elaborate pamphlet describing in detail the intricacies of foreign exchange, and also giving statistics regarding all the more important loans of the belligerent nations.

Hodenpyl, Hardy & Company, 14 Wall Street, New York, have issued a circular that describes one of the best preferred stock investments on the market. A copy will be sent upon request.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular dealing with the new 5 per cent. French Government Loans.

Pearl & Company, 71 Broadway, New York City, have issued an attractive booklet describing the partial-payment plan, which they will gladly send to those who write for Booklet "D."

S. W. Straus & Company, Straus Building, Chicago, and 150 Broadway, New York City, will send to McCLURE readers who write for it Straus's Investors' Magazine, also booklet No. L-551.

In addition to their Odd Lot Booklet U-2, describing the partial payment method of buying stocks, Hartshorne & Picabia, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, are distributing copies of an interesting letter on the earnings and financial position of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway.

Bankers Loan & Investment Company, 63 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request an interesting booklet entitled "Safety of Savings." Address Department B.

Williams, Troth & Coleman, 60 Wall St., New York, will send on request an interesting booklet [Mc-41] describing a varied list of high-grade public utility securities.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Company, 15 Wall Street, New York.

A pamphlet dealing with proposed changes in the Income Tax Law should interest a large number of McCLURE readers. This is being distributed by The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York City.

The Continental Trust Company, 244 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., upon receipt of a request, will mail you a list of Municipal Bonds yielding from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent.; also a list of high-class street improvement bonds paying 7 per cent., and all free from the Government Income Tax.

Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada. They will be glad to send it to investors on request.

Dawson, Lyon & Co., 40 Wall Street, New York, will send monthly, free of charge, to those interested in high grade unlisted stocks and bonds, the Unlisted Securities Review and Circular 68.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York City, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free upon request.

Possible pitfalls of the small investor are brought to light in condensed form in a new leaflet, "Partial Payment Precautions," just issued by John Muir & Co., of 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y. It will be forwarded to those interested on application.

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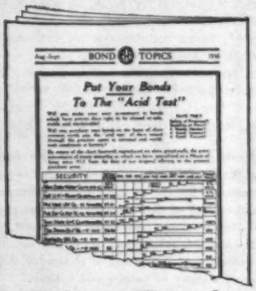

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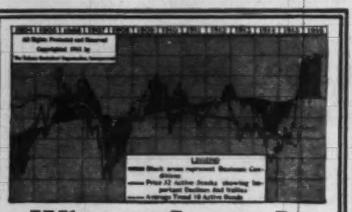

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To those interested, the Citizens' Savings & Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio, will gladly send Booklet D, which explains their system of Banking-by-Mail.

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A booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

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The Case of Beauvais

[*Continued from page 29*]

Roscoe Train was only a husk without a heart, slinking from place to place in the evasion of justice. For you men of the Royal Mounted were on his trail. You would have caught him, but you did not think of seeking for him in the Sulphur Hell. For two years he had lived there, and when he finished his story he was sitting on the edge of the cot, quite sane, gentlemen.

And for the first time M'sieu, my comrade, spoke.

"Let us bring up the dunnage from the canoe, *Mon père.*"

He led the way out of the cabin, and I followed. We were fifty steps away when he stopped suddenly.

"Ah," he said, "I have forgotten something. I will overtake you."

He turned back to the cabin, and I went on to the canoe.

He did not join me. When I returned with my burden, M'sieu appeared at the door. He amazed me, startled me, I will say, gentlemen. I could not imagine such a change as I saw in him — that man of horrible silence, of grim, dark mystery. He was smiling; his white teeth shone; his voice was the voice of another man. He seemed to me ten years younger as he stood there, and as I dropped my load and went in he was laughing, and his hand was laid pleasantly on my shoulder.

Across the cot, with his head stretched down to the floor, his eyes bulging and his jaws agape, lay Roscoe Train. I sprang to him. He was dead. And then I *saw.* Gentlemen, he had been choked to death!

I looked at M'sieu. He was smiling.

"He made one leetle meestake, *Mon père,* André Beauvais did not die. I am André Beauvais."

That is all, gentlemen of the Royal Mounted. May the Law have mercy!

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The Smile Factory

[*Continued from page 18*]

the curls and rouge and false flowers and dried joy, like crows in a cage of canaries. Dingy women, with dingy hair, and dingy black dresses, most of them — quite a lot of them widows. Women with thick hands, a good many of them, and thick bodies, and hard faces — like mechanics' widows, who have taken in washing for a living. All sitting, watching, just as still as the rest of the inhabitants there — stiller. I never heard them talk, myself — anything of importance — but just one time — by accident.

SUMMER had deepened into Fall and Winter in the clothing catalogs, now, I remember. And it was mid-July, and time for furs again, in the Commercial Photographer's studio — and Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving cheer. I was up there one especially hot afternoon, and while I was there, I happened to stand behind these two women, and heard them pouring out their secret hearts.

There were these two who sat together quite often, on a green velvet sofa, regarding the scene of bloodless gaiety before the camera — this child's mother, and a smaller woman, a pale blonde, with a sharp nose — the mother of two white-faced children with big eyes. Both women were in black, except for a new ornament, a lemonish white satin ribbon that had broken out on the black of Dolly's mother like a giggle at a funeral. A slight concession to hope, I suppose, and her assured position as a purveyor of Joy.

When I came up behind her, I remember, I was mildly shocked. She was talking in round figures like a bank directors' meeting.

"What's thousands to these people?" she asked, with a snap of her head. "Nothing!"

And the faded blonde head in the widow's bonnet nodded, too.

I looked off a while, watching something else. And I saw Jones come in.

"There's plenty gets two hundred and fifty dollars a week," I heard the woman say again.

I saw now. She was talking of the movies.

"A hundred thousand. Two thousand every week," I heard her again. "And I know it for a fact, she used to pose just like our little girls. An artist who had her told me. And now look at her!"

"Yes. Look at her!" echoed the blonde woman, bitterly.

The child Dolly, clothed in a Thanksgiving party dress, stood beside her mother, looking up — silent, listening, soaking it all in like a sponge, as children at that age do. She was all that she could be in clothing. All that could be imagined of outward joy.

"What was she so special?" her mother asked the other woman. "If the truth was known, she was no better than our children. All she did was to have a mother who looked out for her interest."

Jones, beside me now, dug me with his elbow.

"Oh, I've watched it!" continued the big woman, her hard, round eyes traveling around the room. "I've studied it all out, and I know!"

"You do, I believe," said the other woman.

"You're right, I do. So, as I said, I took Dolly down," she continued, with her coarse hand on the yellow head beside her, "and he wanted her right away."

The child nodded deeply, shaking those golden curls — so hard and round and brilliant, you expected to hear them rattle against each other. She was wonderful, wonderful — beyond anything in Nature. Curled and ribboned like a poodle — a glad figure in glad, glad clothes.

"Did he?" asked the other woman, with a touch of color in her pasty cheeks.

"What do you think of her?" I says. And he says right away: 'That child ought to have a big career in the movies.'"

"Did he?"

"Yes. He said she was the most *natural* child he ever saw."

The little girl, standing absent-eyed at her knee, looked up when her mother said this, and broke into a rarely beautiful smile — the smile of those who are never alone, who know always in their souls that there is someone looking at them. Then her face fell again to immobility — as she stood watching with professional calm, the scene before her.

"And they pay terribly big money," went on her mother.

"We'll have an automobile, won't we?" said the child, waked up again. "Won't we? And two satin coats — I'll have. I've got a silk one now," she remarked, "and a plush one for Winter. Haven't I, mother?"

"Keep still," said the mother.

"I'm sorry now," she went on to the other woman, "I ever came here. I wish I had gone right there in the first place."

"Yes, you're right," said the other regretfully.

I saw the little Jewess coming before she got there. She was after Dolly for her caps.

"Come. Hurry!" she said, brusquely.

And the child stood up languidly, and followed her. She looked tired, she was thinner and her color was gone. I noticed it then, through all her curlings and mincings. She didn't look well.

"Yes, he said," repeated her mother, getting up, "she'd have a great career before her. He said he could see that."

"Has she got started there yet?"

"No, not quite yet," said the mother, lingering. "He said he'd let me know."

"Come," said the girl with the caps. "You've got to hurry, if you're going to get ready in time."

The woman went, but still kept lingering.

The Jewess stepped before her finally.

"I'm going to tell you something," she said briskly. "If you act like this a few more times you won't have any more clients left."

"Oh, I'm not so sure. We got plenty of clients," said the woman.

"Maybe you have, just now. But you won't have forever. They won't stand for you."

"The movie people don't say so," retorted the woman, unable to resist saying it. "They want her all right."

"Do they? That's good!" said the girl with the caps, cheerfully. "Well, then, I'll tell you something else, too. Listen. What you want to do with that child is take her home — not to any movies now. She's positively sick looking. If you pushed her less, she'd be worth more to you, in the long run. It would be better business."

"I guess I know my business," said the woman, getting mad.

"Maybe you do. I don't doubt you. But you can take my advice, just the same," remarked the cap girl calmly. "I should know. I've been in this business longer than you."

"I'll take my own advice, thank you," said the mother, with high and flaunting politeness.

"You're welcome," answered the Jewess, sweetly — turning away.

"Did you hear her," she said, coming over to us — "and her movies?"

"What do you think? What chance would she have?" I asked.

"What do *you* think?"

"Well, you heard what she said!"

"Yes. I've heard that before. After a while they get that way. They get their ideas way up. Dreaming! Just dreaming," said the girl with the caps.

"Dreams. Golden dreams!" remarked Jones. "Millions — millions — and billions!" And vast wealth! All for innocence and joy.

"You bet you," said I.

"Hand painted night-gowns with fine lace! Gold forks, and toothpicks and strawberries every day in the year forever."

"Ah-hah!" said the Jewess.

"You don't take it seriously," suggested Jones.

"You saw that child!" she answered.

"I did," I said — and stopped.

"What did you mean," I asked her, "about her looking sick?"

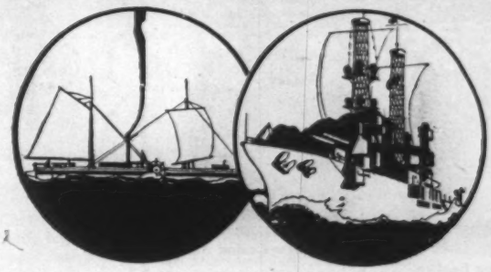
"Well, she does, doesn't she? Not sick — maybe. But not exactly well."

"What does she do to make her sick?"

"It isn't what she does. It's what she doesn't do, that's the trouble," said the girl. "Getting out, and getting the air, or anything — this weather."

I DON'T think any of us really thought then the child would be sick, not very sick, anyway. I know I was surprised when I heard it. It was several weeks after that, when I was going up in the elevator with the Commercial Photographer, and he happened to speak of it. She was quite dangerously

From Clermont to California



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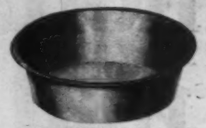

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ill, he told me — going to die, they were afraid.

"Yes," said he, "she's been down two or three weeks. They're having a bad time with her. I don't believe now that they're going to pull her through."

"Poor little devil," I said.

Some sort of gastric fever, it seemed. Hot weather, and poor food, probably. And standing around smiling, all bundled up in furs, and Winter coats, was no particular aid, probably.

"Quite a long pull, already," I said.

"Yes; it's cost them about all they've got — and more, too, I imagine," he added.

"What do you think of that?" I said, telling Jones of it, when I got upstairs. "Isn't that something hideous? If they hadn't brought her up there, and started her smiling in Joyland, she'd been as healthy as any kid in New York. Could you get anything crazier? Standing around smiling till she got sick?"

"Pretty wild," said Jones. "Smiled her life away — pure joy. You wouldn't believe it outside of this madhouse of the fine arts."

"Remember the time she first showed up there?" I asked him. "What a funny little lively thing she was?"

"Yes."

"Poor kid."

"And yet, I don't know," said Jones, "the last time I saw her, she wasn't a very cheerful sight at that. She'll be spared having the last few real smiles squeezed out of her, anyhow."

I DIDN'T happen to see the Commercial Photographer, or anybody else, who knew about the thing, for some time. And I got the idea, somehow, finally, that very likely the child was dead. You have funny experiences like that, in New York, with folks you only casually see. Every now and then you have that strange sensation of asking about a man you know, and finding he's been dead a month or two.

Then, one day, going out, I saw that woman — that mother of the child — in her black dress again, dingier than ever, out in the corridor. That sleek lemonish ribbon tie, that one concession to joy in her, was gone entirely. She looked tired and dingy, her eyes had that set, round look of the folks who sit up by night staring at great trouble.

"How is the little girl?" I asked, without thinking — and held my breath at my clumsiness.

But I saw right away that it was all right.

"Oh, she's getting well," she said.

"I'm glad. That's fine."

"I'm around," she told me, "seeing that they won't forget, that she'll have something to do after she gets up."

"They must have missed her," I said — to say something. "There'll be a lot of work for her, probably."

"Yes. Probably," answered the woman, staring a little absently at the wall back of me.

"She was always popular. She's been a fine little model."

"Yes," she said, suddenly waking up, and looking at me. "Do you know what they were going to do with her" — she asked me — "at first!"

"No."

"They were going to cut off her curls. They said they'd have to, because of the fever."

"Did they?" I asked her. "Did they do it?"

"No," she said, her lips straightening. "They certainly did not. . . . No," she went on, her voice softening, when she considered the curls. "And after she got over the worst of it — the saddest thing! The first thing she asked for — what do you suppose?"

"I don't know."

"A looking glass! And after that she burst out crying: 'They didn't take 'em, mother. They didn't, did they?' she said to me. All that time she'd been lying there, worrying about those curls."

The woman's own eyes were moist, speaking of them.

"She's been better ever since," she said then. "She keeps talking about when she gets back, what she's going to do. How much money she's going to make for me when she gets up."

But the woman's eyes were strained and anxious.

"I hope she will," I said.

"I hope she will, too. God knows we need it. It's taken everything we've got. We owe everybody."

"She's getting restless now," she went on. "She wants to get back. She keeps asking me if they want her; if they ask for her. And I have to keep telling her they do, of course."

"Of course."

"She thinks she's coming right back, and get into the movies — and everything. 'We'll be rich, mother, won't we? We'll have everything?' she keeps saying to me."

"Well, I hope so," I told her. "I think she'll be all right."

"Oh, I hope so," said the woman. "I hope so! But she isn't very strong yet."

"Don't hurry her too much," I said.

"The child is going to get well!" I told Jones, after I left her.

"Um," he said.

"They saved the curls!" I said, and told him about her.

"Thank God," exclaimed Jones. "Thank God! The curls are saved! And the ermine muff. Perhaps the ermine muff!"

They weren't around again for quite a little while after that, so the Commercial Photographer told me — not for several weeks. And then October came around again, and one day Jones dropped in, and said to me:

"Let's go up to Joyland. It's Christmas time again. I saw the models in the hall."

So we went up again, and sat around the wild photographic scenery, and watched the painted people along the wall, celebrating another merry, merry advertising holiday. A good many of them we recognized; a good many were gone, as usual — and new ones in their place.

"Hello," said the Photographer stopping a rush beside us.

"Hello," said Jones, "how are you?"

"I'm worn out," said the Photographer. "This Christmas thing is rushing me to death."

"That's the trouble with you," said Jones. "Too much gaiety. I've noticed it before. You celebrate too much. Life is just one Christmas after another in this business."

"I guess so," said the Photographer, rushing away again.

And then, while we stood there, I saw the mother of that little Dolly come in, and the child herself. I caught the ermine, and the gilded curls.

They stood around a while, and then came edging toward the center.

The woman was in that same old smooth black dress, with the child beside her in that same thing we'd seen before. That same purple plush, and white, and mock ermine collar — that royal raiment of the Spring. But the change in her face was awful. You'd hardly know her.

The woman was trying now to talk with the Commercial Photographer, who was ricocheting, as usual, from one end of the room to the other, with his mild, wild eyes, looking forward a decade into the future. Embarrassed, too, I think — trying to keep out of her way.

"You'll see. It'll be all right. You'll see," she kept telling him, her voice rising to reach him, as he left her.

You couldn't understand what he said — yes or no. He muttered something or other.

But she went back into the dressing-room with the child, anyway, and came out with her finally, in a white dress. The little girl justified your worst fears. Just the skin and bones and curls of a child — and great anxious eyes over her thin cheek bones. Her color was awful — yellowish brown.

Nobody noticed them at all.

They were still up near the little dressing-room, by the entrance, where I happened to be standing.

"Wait," said her mother. She acted very nervous.

She went over to another woman across the room then, and came back. The child was still standing there, in her white dress, staring out of round eyes at the familiar place. Just standing there, looking — with a motionless face, and the bright eyes of all those folks that smile for a living. She hadn't offered to move before her mother came. She was well able to stand still now.

"Just a minute, Dolly," said the woman, and plumped her great body down on her knees before the child. And then she reached over, with this chamois thing that the women have, and touched the sallow cheeks of the little girl, with these tiny spots of red. I don't know whether anybody else saw. They were all looking, as usual, toward the center of the place. But we were right beside them — near enough, so I could see the woman's thick, awkward finger, fumbling nervously as she put the stuff on.

I turned, and touched Jones, and saw he was already watching it.

The woman looked a minute, pulled at the

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hem of the child's white dress with her fussy hands, and got up, studying her — and they went along.

"That's all that was necessary," said Jones.

He was right. The figure of the child was complete. Royal clothes — golden curls, hard and round as a lead pencil; and those bright and joyous cheeks. All the trappings, and no child — just a shell, the ghost of a child. Something strange, and dead, and painted, like the box over a mummy.

They were having some sort of a Christmas carnival out in Joyland. Not Christmas fairies this time — something a little different than the year before. They try to vary these things, of course. The woman and the painted child stood at one side watching them.

The mother kept trying to get in the way of the Photographer, in his intermittent excursions, to capture more smilers for his camera.

"We'll see. I might," I heard him say once — trying probably to let her down easily. Anybody could see that it was most improbable he could use her.

The other figures in the festival garments along the wall looked at them furtively, occasionally, with their anxious, staring eyes — and looked away again.

"You'll have to wait. You'll have to wait!" he said more impatiently, when she tried again.

He was getting to the children now. The woman in black continued to obstruct him.

"No. No," he said abruptly — in his hurry to get through. "Wait."

"You'll have to stand aside," he told her finally. As kindly as he could — but finally just the same. "You'll have to let these others in. Stand aside!" he repeated. "Stand to one side, and let these children through!"

Then, all at once, the child herself spoke up — in a high, shrill voice, staring at the mother.

"Don't they *want* me?"

It was still in the place. You could hear it over the half whispers of those lifeless folk, who smile for a living — that shrill, quick terror of a suddenly panic-stricken child — when the bottom of the world has dropped away from under its feet. It was something real this time, too. The voice of a real fear, striking sharply through that strange caravansary of false joy and smiling.

Several of the still inhabitants turned their nervous eyes toward them — and back again immediately, toward the center of the room, where the children were getting started, in their white dresses.

"Not here *either!*" cried the child again.

"Come on," said her mother, taking her by the hand — back to the dressing-room again.

We watched them going out, a few minutes afterward, from the dressing-room. We were the only ones that did, I believe. They were, all the rest of them, absorbed in the joy of the Advertisers' Christmas — the children's party before the camera.

The woman did not turn to look once, but the child did. She had been crying a little, I think. There were streaks below her eyes. But she stopped; her big eyes were perfectly dry.

"Come on!" said her mother, pulling at her arm impatiently.

The bright yellow curls shook; it seemed as if you could almost hear them jangle against each other. The mock ermine cape, dislodged, half fell from her shoulders.

They stopped and gathered it up, and went on again.

"Don't, mother. Don't!" said the little high voice once. "You hurt me."

But the woman went on, her eyes straight ahead. And so they went along, out together — the hard-faced mother, and that unhappy little ghost — that thing that was a child — back to wherever they came from originally.

"Good Lord," said I, turning around to Jones. "What a thing to see!"

"Yes," Jones answered. "I believe you. There ought to be a law against that. It's wrong. When they take the souls of them that way," said Jones, "they ought to put the rest of them out of their pain — instead of letting them wander around, making mournful noises."

"Poor kid," I whispered — thinking.

"Yeah," said Jones, slowly — starting off by himself downstairs.

COMING: More of George Kibbe Turner's stories; and next month, "The Bitterest Pill," a political story by Sophie Kerr.

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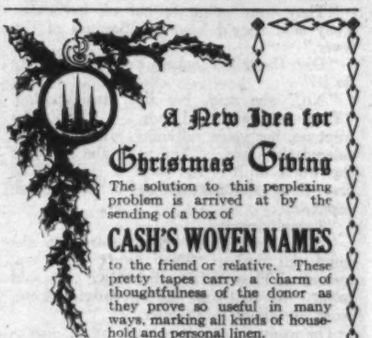

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The Rube

[*Continued from page 15*]

This morning he was to have gone free. Now bad luck played a foul trick on him and indefinitely postponed his liberty.

Grimes and his assistant had been working at top speed nearly a fortnight on the revision of Bigelow & Judkins's catalogue. The advertising manager had about half the copy in his desk ready for the printer. The new book was urgently needed by the firm. The injury by which Grimes had been incapacitated this morning, coupled with the coincident resignation of his factotum, was certain to demoralize their department. Tom felt that the emergency made it his duty to stay at his post until the catalogue should be completed. But he resented bitterly the obligation thrust upon him.

Fortunately, Tom reflected, he had not yet had time to telephone his prospective employers of his first plan to quit his present place at once and to assume his new responsibilities Monday. He would explain the circumstances to them over the wire this morning just as soon as he should be able to calculate definitely how long it would take him to complete the catalogue alone. The job could be done in ten days at most, possibly in a week. In all likelihood the Premier Manufacturing Company did not expect him to give Bigelow & Judkins less than a fortnight's notice. Holt's frown lightened a little. After all, his manumission would be delayed only a few days.

Then in a second his glare grew blacker than before. The beneficiary of his loyalty to his duty would be not only the firm that never had shown him any consideration, but also the one man in the world he really hated. Tom ground his teeth when he realized that by staying on with Bigelow & Judkins he would save Grimes his job.

If Holt should quit today as he had intended, the firm must take immediate measures to reorganize the advertising department. Tom guessed what heartless Bigelow was likely to do if simultaneously deprived of the services of both the publicity manager and his assistant. After swearing sulphurously at Grimes for getting hurt and at Holt for leaving without notice, he would crunch his heavy jaws in determination and telephone a Want Ad to the Sunday newspapers. The irascible senior partner often made important business decisions on angry impulse. Bigelow & Judkins probably would have a new advertising manager Monday morning if Tom were to leave the department headless this Saturday.

Holt was dominated a few moments by a savage lust for revenge. It was then that his ferocious look checked the garrulity of the telephone girl and made her stare at him. He was tempted to resign as he had intended. But his conscience interposed. It told him he would be a despicable cur if he should take advantage of his enemy's helplessness. To quit today, knowing that his defection would react on Grimes, would be equivalent to kicking a cripple. There was just one honorable course open to Tom now.

While Miss Bailey stared in perplexed amazement at Tom, his chest swelled with resurgent magnanimity. He flung from his mind with loathing the notion of hitting Grouch an unfair blow. His face flamed red in shame now. The rush of blood to his cheeks startled from the astounded girl the question: "Why, what ails you, Rube?"

"Nothing," he mumbled.

Without another word Tom strode past the telephone girl, up the aisle to Grimes's desk. He snatched out the sealed envelope he had poked under the edge of the roll-top when he came to the office this morning. Savagely he ripped his resignation to shreds. He ground them in his fists, and hurled the wad into his waste-basket. Then Holt banged himself down on the seat in front of his table. He jerked his rickety chair forward and attacked with ferocity the heap of articles he had piled in exuberation on his blotter only a few minutes before.

The girl stood ominously still behind him a few seconds. Then her French heels clicked up the aisle toward Tom. He raised his head to confront her.

"You're no gentleman!" Miss Bailey scathed him first for his bad manners. Her curiosity, however, was far stronger than her indignation at his rustic ill-breeding. In a moment she demanded with haughty impertinence, "Rube, what was that you tore up?"

"My resignation!" His answer was a growl. She was his goddess, but Tom resented any intrusion just then into his personal affairs. He was a bull-dog with a grudge. He wanted to be left alone. After a while he would explain everything to Miss Bailey, but not now.

"Your resignation!" she cried incredulously.

"Yes!" Tom blurted. "I meant to quit this morning. I was cleaning out my table drawer when you came in." He gestured impatiently toward the litter. "But I've changed my mind."

The girl exhaled her astonishment in a long-drawn "Oh-h-h-h!" that snapped to comprehension at the end. "And I've been thinking all this while you was game clear through!" she sneered. "But you've got a yellow streak a yard wide."

"Wha-what?"

Tom was dumfounded. Then his face flushed again, to the red of detected guilt. He believed shrewd Miss Bailey had guessed unerringly the despicable revenge he momentarily had intended to take on Grimes. He hung his head.

"No wonder you can't look a person in the eye!" the girl made Holt wince under the sting of her contempt. "What surprises me, though, is that I ever supposed you was a man! I've watched you, Rube, from the first day you came here to work. I've seen you swallow some awful bawlings from Grouch without ever spitting a word back. I called it grit. Now I tumble it was because you're a coward!"

Tom was blinking dazedly at the floor until Miss Bailey lashed him with the ultimate epithet. He sat as if stunned. The telephone girl resumed her merciless scourging.

"I knew you was wise that Grimes wanted to run you out of this office because he was afraid you'd get his job. I believed you had made up your mind like a mule not to let him do it, and to wallop him at the end. I admired you for hanging on and taking all the dirt you got. Now I know why you did it. Because you was yellow! Grouch gave you a terrible raking over yesterday afternoon about those electrotypes you couldn't find. Last night when you got back to your room, you decided to quit cold this morning. But when you find your boss is down and out, you tear up your resignation. Why? You figure now, while he can't help himself, you'll *sneak* the job away from him that you didn't have the nerve to keep on fighting for!"

Tom had jerked up his bent head. "Why, I never had any idea ——"

"Aw, what's the use of trying to stuff me with that bunk!" the telephone operator contemptuously snipped his protest short. "The way you've acted this morning gave you dead away. I read your scheme on your face as plain as if it was printed."

Without giving the accused any chance to interpose his defense Miss Bailey proceeded to demonstrate her keenness of perception. Her shrewdness was uncanny.

"You guessed it 'd be a cinch to queer Grouch, didn't you?" Miss Bailey charged. "You knew Bigelow doesn't like the crab a little bit. He won't give him any sympathy. He'll say it's Grimes's own fault he got run over, and he ought to be taught a lesson. Everybody around this office knows Bigelow ain't got any heart. You sized him up right. He'll grab the chance to fill a can with bricks for Grouch, and send it over to the hospital in a holy minute. Now didn't you figure just that way?"

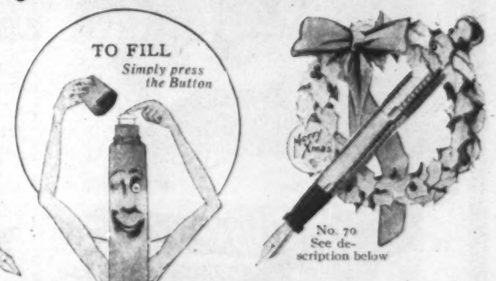
Tom could not deny the latter part of the indictment. He slumped in his chair, mute and miserable. Miss Bailey waited a moment after her challenge. Then she proceeded in malicious triumph to adduce more proofs of her perspicacity. But her new line of reasoning suddenly diverged from the truth and led her far astray.

"I didn't think you'd dare lie to my face!" she crowed over her own sapience. "I'll tell you the rest of your plan, too. You schemed to hustle — high, wide, and lively — all the while Grimes is laid up. You're going to spread yourself and show Bigelow you can fill Grouch's place. Grimes ain't any star as an advertising manager. Here's your opportunity to do some classy hammer work on the anvil.

"You've doped it out about correct. Show Bigelow that you can do the work, and the

Santa Claus Suggests
Parker Safety Sealed Fountain Pens

No. 14—See description below



No. 70 See description below

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Fills itself in two seconds by merely pressing a concealed, safety-sealed button.

See your Parker Dealer's special holiday display of Parker Pens in Xmas boxes. All sizes, $2.50, $3, $4, and $5.

The only pen in the world with ***no holes in the wall*** for ink to escape on the hands, clothing, fine linens, dainty purses. Carried in any position—it can't leak—it's **SAFETY-SEALED.**

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Parker Pen Company
144 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Initials or monogram on fountain add distinctiveness to the gift. Any jeweler can do this.

No. 20 — No. 24 — No. 21½ — No. 23½ — No. 20

PENS Illustrated

No. 14—Sterling, $5. 18 karat gold, same, $6. Ring for chain attachment.

No. 20—Bakelite Transparent barrel, $3.50.

Emblem Pen—Various orders. 18 k., $6, solid gold $10.

No. 21 1-2—Two gold bands, $3.50.

PENS Illustrated

No. 70—Collapsible, price $12.50. Unique. Beautiful. Cap and barrel covered with 18k. gold plate.

No. 24—No. 4 gold point, $4. No. 23 1-2—$3. No. 20—$2.50.

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A prominent business man said—"It would pay every ambitious person to get this book even if it cost him $5.00." Free with literature explaining how easily you can qualify for a Big Traffic job.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY,
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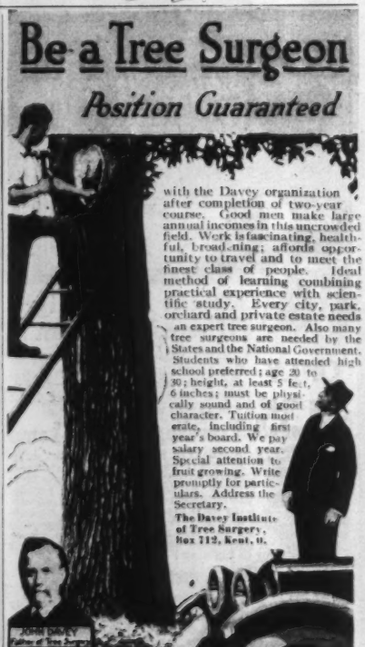
Position Guaranteed



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"FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN"

DROMEDARY DATES

old Shylock'll hop to the chance of operating on Grimes for his salary while the poor crab's flat on his back over there at the hospital. Most likely you can put your scheme across. You'll draw down a raise of about six bones a week for yourself — maybe ten. And you'd sell your soul and throw in your conscience for that much money!"

Miss Bailey here turned her back, as if she could not endure for another moment the sight of so contemptible a wretch as Holt. She kept on talking, however, while she swept toward the girls' locker-room, a dozen steps away. Without pausing she finished over her shoulder the harshest excoriation of her tongue.

"I've got no use for Grimes myself; but I'd be ashamed to take advantage of my worst enemy after he was crippled. I despise you! I only hope you get what you've got coming. And don't you ever dare speak to me again!"

The switchboard operator was at the door of the girls' locker-room now. She jerked it open, flounced in, and slammed it shut.

Tom was dazed when her tirade first swept away from the facts. The merited welts she had laid on him made him flinch. The beginning of her unjust flagellation astounded, rather than hurt him. Holt crouched beside his table like an enraged bull dog ready to hurtle himself at the wielder of the lash. Then he sagged back in his seat.

The damming of his passion of rage against the telephone operator had a quieting effect on Holt after two or three minutes. The longer he waited for her reappearance, the less was he inclined to do what he had intended when she put the door between them. He had meant then to hurl the truth at her the instant she should emerge. Instead he made up his mind now to tell her nothing of what he planned to do for Grimes. After the cruel things she had said, Miss Bailey did not deserve to know from his lips what his real purposes were. She should be humiliated later by learning from other people in the office and from his own conduct how cruelly she had misjudged him. Tom wondered how he ever could have thought he loved a girl so heartless. He was sure now that he hated her. He was very young, his ideal had been killed, and he had become a cynic.

THE other clerical employees of Bigelow & Judkins began straggling through the street entrance before Miss Bailey issued from the girls' locker-room. Promptly at half-past eight the senior partner himself came. His blustering arrival produced the effect of a hot brick plunged into a kettle of tepid water. Activity boiled up all over the general office. Bigelow evidently was in especially bad humor this morning.

Tom saw the switchboard operator beard the old bear in his den with her message about Grimes. He heard her shrill voice in apologetic narration of the particulars of the accident, so far as she knew them. Then the senior partner snarled a command at the girl. Miss Bailey scurried from his office.

"Mr. Bigelow wants you!" she called to Tom.

She flung up her head and sniffed as he passed her in the aisle. His jaw squared and hardened. He marched in stiff erectness to the sanctum. His ireful employer was stamping up and down the room.

"Grimes, the fool, got himself run over by an automobile this morning!" Bigelow charged wrathfully, in a tone that could be heard all over the general office. "Just when we need him most! I want that new catalogue right away, and it's only half done. How much do you know about it, Holt?"

"Nearly everything," was Tom's prompt answer. "I've been working on the revisions with Mr. Grimes for a week."

"Could you get the book out by yourself?" Bigelow asked sharply.

"Yes, sir."

The senior partner declared without further preliminaries, "You ought to be familiar with most of the work in the advertising department. You've been here over six months. Do you think you can hold down the job now Grimes is laid up?"

"I know I can." Tom spoke with confidence.

Bigelow appraised him shrewdly. Then he decided. "I believe you could, too—with a little coaching from me once in a while. Holt, I'm going to give you a chance at it." The senior partner stepped to the door, which Tom had left ajar, and latched it. Bigelow continued confidentially, "Grimes never has suited me. He doesn't get along with anybody in the office, either. He's too independent. I've been planning to let him out soon, and this is a good time. I'll send his salary over to the hospital and notify him he needn't come back. Now you do the best you can, Holt. Come to me if you get stuck. If I see you are going to be able to handle the work, I'll pay you eighteen dollars a week."

The senior partner dropped into his chair and smiled with complacence at the lucky young man he just had brevetted head of the advertising department. He rubbed his hands together unctuously. Then Tom spoke, and Bigelow's beaming face froze instantly in resentment.

"Thank you, sir, for your confidence. However, I don't care to take the position. I have an offer of another job, which I intend to accept today. Of course I won't leave you in the lurch about the catalogue. I'll stay and help out with it unless Mr. Grimes recovers in time to finish the copy."

Bigelow opened his mouth. Then he prudently gulped his choler.

"I am somewhat surprised, Mr. Holt," he commented icily, "that you don't consider the position of advertising manager for Bigelow & Judkins commensurate to your ability. If my recollection is correct, you had no experience at all in publicity work before we hired you. But you must decide for yourself whether or not it is wise to undertake new responsibilities with a different firm, whose line naturally will be strange to you."

"Yes," Tom agreed with disconcerting readiness, "I must decide that."

"Perhaps it is a question of compensation," the senior partner suggested haughtily. "I am not very familiar with what you have been doing; probably I have underrated your present value to us. If you are leaving our employment because you have been offered a somewhat larger salary elsewhere, I am sure we should be willing to meet your expectations in that regard."

"No, that wasn't it," Tom denied. He calmly explained, "I want to broaden my experience. There's a much better opportunity to do that where I'm going. Your line is dairy specialties only. I prefer a more general business."

Bigelow drew far back into his shell of hauteur. "Very well," he remarked, as if the matter were of trivial importance. "I understood you to say you would remain until Mr. Grimes is able to return?"

"I don't like to promise that I'll stay over two weeks," Tom cautiously amended. "It wouldn't be fair to ask my new employers to wait longer than that for me."

"I think we shall not need to detain you even a fortnight, Mr. Holt." Bigelow's tone was acid. "Without doubt you can finish the new catalogue within five or six days. By the way, have you the keys to Grimes's desk so you can get the copy he prepared?"

"No, sir."

The senior partner unclasped a jingling ring from his pocket chain. He tossed it across his blotter. "Try those," he ordered. "Probably one of them will fit the lock."

Tom walked out with the keys, thanking his lucky stars that he did not have to work much longer in that old curmudgeon's office. He came to his chief's desk and thrust the first key into the lock. The catch would not release. Holt jerked out the key he had tested and selected another. He glanced up quickly at sight of a green batiste dress beside him. Miss Bailey had summoned her friend the filing clerk to relieve her at the switchboard. While she kept her eyes warily on Bigelow's door, she modified her own prescription of relations with Tom, in order to sear him again with her contempt. She lowered her sneering voice discreetly.

"Well, Rube, I see you landed the job, I suppose you got the big raise, too? I guess you've changed your mind about hot-footing over to the hospital to see how Grimes is, haven't you? It ain't necessary now. He's a dead one, all right, and you're the heir. But it would have been kind of decent of you not to move into his place before the corpse got cold."

Tom glared in fury at the girl he had thought half an hour ago he loved. He would not deign to explain himself. He just blurted a harsh prediction.

"Miss Bailey, you'll be sorry for what you've said this morning!"

She mocked him with a laugh of derision. "You don't say so!" she jeered. Then her eyes snapped. "Much obliged for the warning; though I'd ought to have known without your threatening me, that a fellow who's yellow enough to sneak a sick man's job wouldn't be above taking revenge on a girl. Now I'll tell you something, Mr. Smart Aleck. I'll be working for Bigelow & Judkins a long while after you draw your last pay here."

"Of course you are right," Tom responded sarcastically, with equivocal meaning. "You couldn't possibly be wrong about anything.

I can improve

Your Health

I can reduce or increase

Your Weight

as you wish

I can make

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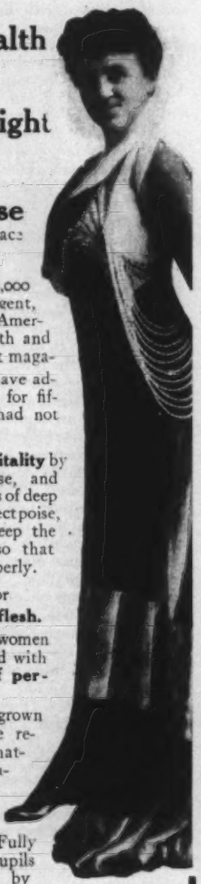

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We'll consider it settled, then, that I'm to leave the office first. But I have a few things to do before I go. Excuse me now, please."

He bent to fit another key in the desk lock.

His attitude of indifference to her opinion of him seemed to exasperate Miss Bailey anew. She stiffened with a jerk that left her chin two inches higher than its normal level.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Holt! Of course your time is very valuable since your promotion. I'll remember that hereafter." The girl stamped her foot. "I'll never speak to you again!"

She flounced angrily back down the aisle to her post.

"Thanks!" Tom called after her.

Then he laughed aloud, as unpleasantly as he could. He was gratified to notice that Miss Bailey's shoulders writhed under her green batiste. He gloated for two or three seconds over the anticipation of humiliating the telephone girl utterly when he should quit Bigelow & Judkins's employment next week. Then he savagely resumed testing the senior partner's keys in the lock of Grimes's desk. After nearly a dozen unsuccessful attempts, Tom sprung the catch and rolled up the lid with a bang. He went to the private office and returned the key-ring to Bigelow.

"Report to me the first thing Monday what you can do about the catalogue, Holt," grunted the head of the firm. "I sha'n't have time to go into it with you today."

The senior partner ferociously pawed at his mail again. On Saturdays the office closed at one o'clock. Judkins was out of town: so Bigelow had a double quota of letters this morning.

As Tom was leaving the sanctum, he remembered that he must telephone to the Premier Manufacturing Company. He cogitated briefly just outside the senior partner's door. If he should talk to his future employers through Bigelow & Judkins's switchboard, Miss Bailey in all likelihood would "listen in" during the conversation. He was not willing that she should know his plans just yet. Tom therefore decided to telephone from a public pay-station in the next block. He turned down the aisle toward the front door of the office, instead of in the direction of his desk. He halted at the railing gate and called nonchalantly to the switchboard operator:

"Back in fifteen minutes."

It was one of Bigelow & Judkins's rules that employees who left the office in the course of business hours must inform the telephone operator of their reasons and how long they expected to be away. Miss Bailey seized her opportunity now to humble the new advertising manager.

"Where 're you going?" she demanded snippishly.

The near-by clerks looked up from their desks in surprise. Her tone was purposely loud and insolent.

Tom turned so that he confronted the girl on the high stool. Her eyes were on a level with his, and he looked into them squarely. He replied to her sharp question with deliberate distinctness.

"Just to telephone."

Then he faced about and strode on to the door. Behind him he could hear a growing chorus of giggles and chuckles. Miss Bailey's penchant for "listening in" was common knowledge in the office. Tom grinned at her discomfiture.

At the pay station he called the president of the Premier Manufacturing Company. Holt very dignifiedly accepted the position that had been tendered to him by mail, and announced that two weeks from the coming Monday he would report for duty. Before he had time to say anything more, he was interrupted by a protest.

"Why, I understood you could come at once! From what you said when you were over to see us Thursday evening, I assumed you'd be able to leave where you are 'most any time."

Tom nervously informed the president about the accident to Grimes, and explained Bigelow & Judkins's consequent predicament regarding the catalogue.

"Of course I oughtn't to put them in a hole, Mr. Winslow," he concluded.

"We have nothing to do with that," grumbled the executive of the Premier Manufacturing Company. "Our work can't be held up two weeks. One of the reasons we decided to hire you was because we understood you could get away from your present place on short notice."

"But the advertising manager hadn't been hurt when I talked to you Thursday," Tom reminded placatingly. He was getting apprehensive. "I already have promised Mr. Bigelow that I wouldn't leave him in the lurch about his new catalogue. Won't a

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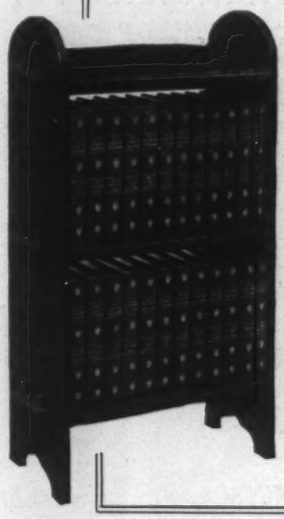

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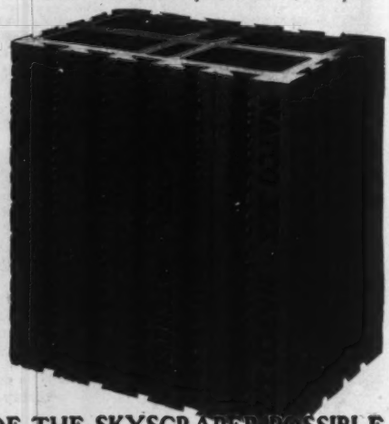

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week from Monday be soon enough?" anxious Holt queried.

"No," Winslow bluntly insisted. "There's another man I can get right off. If you aren't able to start with us the first of the week as we expected, we'll have to send for the other fellow. I'm sorry, Holt. I'd rather have you. But our advertising campaign is almost a month late now, and we can't afford to delay any longer."

Tom was panic-stricken.

"I—I'll see what I can do," he temporized. "How soon do you have to know?"

"Saturday is a short day with us. If I'm going to notify the other man to come, I must do it by ten o'clock. I'll wait until then for you to call me up," the president of the Premier Manufacturing Company concluded grudgingly.

"I will telephone you again within an hour," agreed Tom.

"All right, Holt. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Mr. Winslow!"

TOM hurried back to the office. He went at once to the senior partner's open door. The sanctum was empty. The flat-top desk was cleared of letters. There was no hat on the hook in the corner. A premonition made Holt look scared. He ran down the aisle to the switchboard and barked a peremptory question at the operator.

"Where's the boss? I must know instantly!"

His harsh voice and imperious manner plainly intimidated Miss Bailey. She appeared afraid to be impudent now lest she interfere in some important matter of business with which the new advertising manager had been charged.

"Milwaukee called up right after you went out," she snapped. "The Universal Dairy Supplies Company's pasteurizer outfit in their largest Wisconsin creamery just broke down. Mr. Bigelow turned all his mail over to Mr. Jones and ran to the depot to catch the nine-o'clock train."

Tom glanced at the clock. The hands at a right angle marked the hour. He groaned, and grew limp. He felt very weak. His midriff seemed to have caved. Dazedly he stared at Bigelow's pile of correspondence, now in the chief clerk's letter basket. Then he turned from the switchboard and stumbled up the aisle. While he passed the desks and tables, he was only vaguely conscious that the office had become very still. His own big problem filled his mind. Tom dropped heavily into Grimes's chair.

What should he do? Holt asked himself the question frantically. Temptation urged that he owed no loyalty to Bigelow & Judkins; that he would be a fool to sacrifice his new position just to keep a promise made to the firm he meant to leave in a few days anyhow.

After seven months in the city he was still "The Rube." He gritted his teeth. No matter what it might cost him, he must make good his pledge. If the Premier Manufacturing Company should refuse him longer time to communicate with Bigelow in Milwaukee, Tom would telephone Mr. Winslow at ten o'clock that he could not start work Monday. The fine new job he had almost in his grasp would be snatched by the other candidate.

If his problem had not involved his code of honor, Holt might have found another solution. But he was inflexibly determined to keep his costly promise to the senior partner.

While Holt brooded over his accumulated wrongs and desperately tried to find a way out of his predicament, the front door of the office opened. There was a stir of excitement in the big room. Tom, plunged deep in impotent wrath, futilely cudgeled his wits to show him how he could escape honorably from Bigelow & Judkins's employment within the next fifty minutes. He was unaware of the sudden rustle of voices and of the scraping of chairs. He did not raise his head until a man hobbled up the aisle to the desk where he sat. A familiar, snarling voice spoke to him. Astounded, Holt stared up at Grimes.

Bigelow & Judkins's advertising manager wore a gauze bandage over his forehead. Strips of pink court-plaster criss-crossed one lumpy cheek. The other appeared bruised and livid. Grimes's nose was discolored, and abnormal in size and shape. His mouth showed cuts, and the lips were puffed. One eye had swollen half shut. The clothes Grouch wore had been torn in many places and were stained with dirt. The advertising manager stood gingerly, as if he felt sore all over. But the one serviceable optic he fixed on his assistant glared balefully.

"It's too bad to disappoint you, Rube," Grimes drawled; "but I'm not dead yet. That's my desk. At least I haven't had any official notice that you're my successor." The snarling tone ended in a snapped command, like the crack of a whip over a slave's back. "Get up!"

Tom rose slowly. An ecstatic peace first prickled all through him. He wanted to sing and whistle; he felt so boyishly, gloriously happy. A broad grin illuminated his face. He was free! Grimes had come back!

Then for a second or two Tom saw red. The muscles of his whole body tensed as his fists knotted. Barely in time he remembered the better way to square his long overdue grudge against the tyrant.

"Grouch," he said very deliberately, and loud enough to be heard by everybody in the office, "you're an ungrateful, low-lived pup. Last night I was offered a better position with another concern. I meant to resign this morning. I stayed on here today and was going to stick until the catalogue was in the printer's hands, just to save your job for you. Bigelow wanted me to take it so he could kick you out. I refused, and treated you as if you were a white man that had got hurt. But you're a yellow dog! It's lucky for you you're bunged up already. If you wasn't," Tom finished with a growl of disappointment, "I'd change the color of your miserable carcass to black and blue."

Holt turned contemptuously from Grimes and jammed on his hat. Then he stalked to the switchboard. The operator, who had overheard every word, huddled on her perch. Her face blanched. He picked up a telephone from the nearest desk.

"Give me the city line," he ordered imperiously.

As though she were hypnotized, the girl obeyed. She sat silent and quivering while he talked over the wires.

Tom spoke a number to Central. Half a minute later the president of the Premier Manufacturing Company responded with "Hello!"

"This is Mr. Holt," Tom informed. "Mr. Grimes was not hurt so seriously as I thought when I 'phoned you a few minutes ago. He has just returned to the office; so I sha'n't have to stay here any longer. I've resigned. I'm ready to take charge of your advertising department this morning. I'll be over within thirty minutes."

"Fine!" Winslow exclaimed delightedly. "We'll be looking for you."

HOLT replaced the telephone on the desk. He transfixed Miss Bailey with the gleam from his eyes. There was a mixture of fright and anguish in the expression on her face. Holt exulted in his triumph. Then, all at once, he was unaccountably sorry for Miss Bailey. Always before she had appeared self-sufficient and haughty. Now she looked just frail and little. She was pitiably girlish—not at all like the young goddess who had held him awed for seven months. She seemed for the first time to *need* to be loved. And how lovable she looked! He forgot she had been a cat. She was only a scared kitten now.

Her dry lips parted tremblingly. A quavering whisper issued from them.

"Oh, Mr. Holt, I'm so ashamed! I don't expect you to forgive me, but I want you to know why I acted so. It—it hurt me more than I could stand when I thought you wasn't fine and square. It was just as if you'd killed someone I—I liked more than anybody else I ever knew."

His countenance was suddenly alight with glorious joy. In a rush all his great desire for Miss Bailey flooded back. But Mr. Holt was not timid and bashful as The Rube had been. He stepped forward and swiftly caught the hand of "his girl." He whispered ardently back to her.

"I understand—everything! We can't talk now. But I'll be here at one o'clock when the office closes."

She stared dumbly into his eyes. Then her lashes fell.

"All right!" she gasped.

Tom grinned, and squeezed her slender fingers hard. He loosed her hand, and straightened to his full height. He turned about to face his former associates. Holt had forgiven all the world, even Grimes. "Good-by, folks!" he called his valediction.

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The Straight Road

[*Continued from page 27*]

We saw mother and son shoulder to shoulder going up to the front steps of the Poinsettia; then Rosalie and I started for the bungalow.

"You look sort of bowled over," Rosalie began in that familiar drawl of hers as soon as we were alone. "This is the first you heard about it?"

"Yes," I said.

"I guess you've been too busy to read the papers." She was diving into that reticule which she called her war bag as she spoke. "We ran her picture yesterday." She brought out a copy of the usual Sunday *Clarion*, folding it to show a cut of Miss Chandler on the front.

"An overdose of medicine taken by mistake has fatal results," she read from the open paragraph below it.

"Oh," I said, "that was it."

Rosalie looked at me, her head on one side, her fine dark eyes a bit derisive.

"Sounds better than suicide. She fixed it so her friends could *say* the other, anyhow. Saved her face. It's what I'd do. If ever I get to where I can't go on, Cal, you just look for me to fix up a plausible theory for the coroner — it's only decent."

"Rosalie," I began after a moment's hesitation, "what makes you think that she'd got to where she couldn't go on?"

"Used to have lots of money," said Rosalie. "Been spending her capital. It's all gone. Life isn't worth living to that sort of folks without money, and plenty of it. It's her affair. She had the right to quit — any way she wanted to. Say, tell me about the riots."

I gave Rosalie the main points of what I had seen at Las Palmas.

"Gosh!" she kept ejaculating. "Gosh!" Then: "That's big stuff, Cal. Lord, that's big!" She sniffed contemptuously. "Doesn't sound much like what we ran in the *Clarion*. But of course we're always on the side of the dirty sneaks. Your friend Harvey Watkins — husband of the lady with the pillow that 'cost' — is attorney for the Stanleys. He got Bill on long-distance Sunday night and filled him up to the neck. You'd have thought the hop-pickers were cannibals. Well, so long, honey. It's awfully good to have you back here safe and sound — and this young'un of yours — he grows like a weed."

She swooped down on Boy near the door, pulled him around and gave him a little thump which he liked instead of the kiss a small boy is apt to be dodging when an admiring woman grabs him. "I'm going to come some afternoon and get you two and take you to a movie," she declared as she left.

How good and usual and commonplace it all seemed!

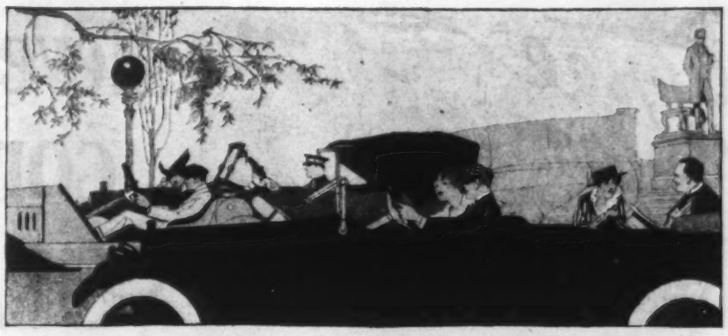
And Miss Chandler was safe.

Chapter XXI — Man's Justice

RIGHT there in that little wistaria-wrapped bungalow of Frank Hollis Dale's, the lovely place I had stared at so wistfully from my one window the first morning in San Vicente, I lived for the next six months. When the rains came Boyce tracked in mud over that kitchen linoleum I had seen our celebrity washing up. My typewriter sat where his used to sit; I plugged away at its keys, facing the historic spot where Dr. Rush had knocked him sprawling.

Now that I didn't try so hard, success came to me. To put it in a few words, long ago I had suggested to Dr. Rush popular articles on medical subjects, written just in the vivid, spontaneous way that he talked; he took up the idea, dictated the stuff to me, let me get it into the form I had planned for him, made a hit with it, gave me lots of credit, and I soon had the job of helping him revise, recast, and make ready the manuscript for a book publisher. I was to read the proofs. Dr. Rush was as pleased and excited as a boy over this success in a new line. He treated me like a partner, telegraphed me twice about the matter while I was up in Corinth at the trial.

My work with him led to other work. I was offered a part-time position at the Normal — visiting secretary — that paid very well indeed. It was easy for me to keep Boy with me, in kindergarten for the mornings, and with a school-girl to look after him when I couldn't be at home afternoons. A year and a half ago when I faced the question



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of running away, when I stood in the dark in the dusty side yard of the ranch up at Meagher, and felt as though I were about to jump over a cliff, I should have thought such a situation as this heavenly. I had pulled through, on the straight road. I was modestly successful, respected by my immediate world.

At Las Palmas, we heard how the hops were picked with militia to overawe the pickers. Money was spent like water on private detectives who raked and combed the country about for fugitive strikers.

They caught poor Dolph early. Very quickly the Corinth jail was crowded with witnesses and suspects, who were to swelter there through months, and shiver there through later months, many of them to be dismissed in the end, discovered to know absolutely nothing about the riots. From the first the eager detectives had a free hand with them, and beat and tortured them in the cells to extort confession. Later, when it was all over, a deputy got a year for mauling Dolph almost to death like this. There were several attempts at suicide among the helpless creatures; poor old Father Abraham did kill himself.

Joe Ed and I had to go back to Corinth to testify at the preliminary hearing; later we were up there nearly all of January at the trial that was nationally reported and discussed. For they had made the indictment against Monroe and Cluett murder, and tried to get the same against two others, but failed! Socialists worked with the I. W. W. in a defense league, and got for lawyer Arnold Llewellyn from San Vicente, devoted, eloquent, a famous fighter in big labor cases on the coast. Independent of this, and just to show what sort of people were on trial, the I. W. W. established what they called a "Jungle" in an old barn in Corinth. Forty youngish men, they lived there, cooking their own food, one of them who was a tailor putting in his time mending and pressing their clothes so that they could make a good appearance when, day by day, they marched into the courtroom, clean, attentive, serious, a friendly moral support. Corinth and Chavez County didn't know what to make of it. Even the fact that the "segregated district" never saw one of these men during that time, while the public library was fairly overrun by them, didn't keep the little town from looking at them as a mysterious threat, some new kind of outlaw band.

But what could be done where there was no question of human justice, even of legal justice? Every summer this district had trouble with its workers; here was its chance to show these drifting hordes, once and for all, that they dared not organize and strike.

The whole experience was to me like walking on hot plowshares. There were the Stanleys every day in court, having it their own way. Mrs. Stanley nearly always came, superbly dressed, and sat by her husband, looking on at everything with that slight smile of hers — the proud, handsome face, the lip of quiet defiance, that repelled me in her, and that I had fairly worshiped in her son. I had to go on the stand, there before them, knowing that my testimony would make them furious at me, proving as it did that Bice had killed both the officers for whose murder Monroe and Cluett were being tried, one when he was attacking me, the other by a wild shot from his gun as he fell. I saw in their faces as I swore to it that they hated me for every word. For from the opening day, when the big city papers everywhere began to print reports, the outside criticism of the Stanleys was free and bitter. Yet in the end they were able to send Barney and Cluett to San Quentin for life, convicted of murder in the face of all testimony. And there was poor little shattered Mrs. Pochin, Sonya with her, a ghost of her beautiful self, the rest of the family driven and scattered; Mrs. Monroe worse than widowed, Barney's two little children disgraced orphans — oh, there was plenty to wring my heart.

Even so, why should I have come back from Corinth down in the depths, ready to cry all the time? Why couldn't I put its bitterness behind me, and go on as I ought with my own affairs? Well I couldn't; I just drove myself to work that should have been a delight. The minute I was free from it and alone, I'd be fairly drowned in the old misery that I thought I was done with when I married Oliver Baird at seventeen.

Constancy is very much praised; but it seemed to me that I was to be pitied when the sight of Philip in the courtroom, the sound of his voice there, thrilled my heart just as it used to in the Stanleyton schoolroom. Then, I had been made happy by it for all day; but that was more than seven years ago; I had gone through a great deal since that time and got some very bitter knowledge. What had made a poor ignorant child happy only made me suffer.

Up at Corinth I was on such an emotional strain that I couldn't be natural in Philip's presence. I was like an intoxicated man trying to walk straight and talk straight and hide his condition. I know I was behaving strangely, because I could see it react on him and puzzle him. Continually on edge, I'd say something curt — almost hateful — to him whenever we met, and then be in an agony to see how he drew back from me and held off from me for a while.

Each time, I thought surely it was the end. And then we'd be together again, and he would seem to have forgotten his resentment; he would talk to me — look at me — oh, the see-saw of feeling had me nearly crazy!

WHEN the trial was over at last, when I could come home, sick at heart, but at least assured that I hadn't been betrayed into any humiliating revelations, the city papers got hold of the complete story of the early affair between Philip and me, and printed it with all the sentimental flourishes, the cuts of us that they had run during the trial, placed side by side, and below them such phrases as, "Early romance — Beautiful girl — Cruel parents — More light on the attitude of L. C. Stanley's son in the Chavez County industrial struggle."

I shall never forget the evening that I saw that paper for the first time. I felt so helpless. And everybody in the house took it up, congratulated me — wanted to know when the wedding was to be! I could see that my denials were not believed, yet I reiterated them frantically. If I ever met Philip again — and I almost wished I never might — I would at least clear myself; I would tell him I had nothing to do with letting the story get out.

It wasn't very long after this publication that I was down at Snow's, buying some valentines for Boy. Delia Watkins came up to the counter and began pulling over the bits of pasteboard with their verses and pictures. I'd made up my mind that I wasn't going to say a word to her beyond how-do-you-do; but she offered a wavering hand, and the moment I accepted it, dashed right into congratulations on my supposed engagement to Philip Stanley.

I stopped her short with a flat contradiction. She was easy to convince, and said over and over: "Well, I'm sorry it isn't so, I'm sure." Then: "I — Foncie, I'm your true friend still — whether you believe it or not."

"That's all right," I agreed hastily. "Never mind!" The saleswoman brought my package. Delia saw that I was going to leave and put in:

"Well, Foncie — or would you rather I'd call you Mrs. Baird now? — there's something I have to see you about — I was going out to your house, if I hadn't met you here. Come on up to the restaurant — where we can be by ourselves, won't you?"

I know I looked reluctant, but before I could think of any way out of it Delia had got me back to the elevator. Going up she began nervously:

"Oh, I miss Gene so — Gene Chandler."

I looked at her, startled. Was she getting me off to myself to ask something about Eugenia Chandler? We stepped out into Snow's Pompeiian Court restaurant, quite a wonderful place where big meetings were often held. Today, at three o'clock, there was scarcely anyone in it; but Delia led the way to a secluded corner under the mezzanine, talking as she went.

"Gene and I and Celia — Mrs. Judge Hoard, you know — were all girls together. Celia's older — she was in High when we were in Grammar — but those girlhood ties — Did you notice the pall-bearers? All members of the bar. One of our firm — Walter McBride."

There was no need for me to answer; Delia ordered nut sundaes for us both, and when the girl went to fetch them, put her elbows on the table and remarked with a sigh: "Wasn't it funny how the Boggs-Pendleton prosecution slacked up?"

"Slacked up? I didn't know that it had. Since when, do you mean?" and I watched her face.

"Well, outsiders wouldn't know. Judge Hoard just stopped taking any interest in the Anti-Vice committee after being the main one — almost. Why, it was through him that our firm was engaged. I hated that, too, with poor little Mrs. Pendleton right there next door. I think I'd die if my troubles were all in the papers like hers are."

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She caught my eye, and was suddenly silent. It dawned on me with a great light that she hadn't meant a thing by her allusions to Miss Chandler; there was no connection in her mind between Miss Chandler and the Boggs-Pendleton case. She was just talking against time, working around to her own affairs.

"Men haven't a bit of sense," she went on. "I had to put my foot down hard to keep Harve from wading right into the middle of that prosecution — never seemed to think of what the defense might dig up about him."

She stopped significantly. I said nothing. She had to go on. "I've learned a lot since I talked to you last. They aren't all you think they are when you marry them. I've had my eyes opened. Oh, it wasn't you, only — I came onto plenty. And I told him what I thought of him; we had it up and down — Foncie, you've been revenged, all right."

"I'm not looking for revenge," I said. "Don't feel that you have to tell me anything about it."

"No — but while we're on the subject," Delia hung to it. "See here, Foncie, I've been hoping you wouldn't *talk* — you know — about Harve." She glanced up from the menu she was twisting; then her eyes dropped in a shamefaced way. "I always thought it was so perfectly awful to be talked about! Some people don't seem to mind it, but I just couldn't bear to go into a room and feel that all the women in it had been cat-hauling my private affairs. More than once I've had my hat on to come and beg you not to say anything — for my sake."

I shouldn't have thought that Delia's plump, solid, self-satisfied face could look so doleful. When I didn't answer up at once, she almost whimpered.

"I never told anybody about Harvey — and my quarrel with you people," I said. Then with a sudden recollection of that Sunday afternoon and Miss Chandler: "Well — never but one person; and she ——"

"She?" Delia sat up in her chair; her eyes were round as she fixed them on me — I saw that she would much rather it had been "he."

"Yes, I met her after I left you and your husband that Sunday so mad I couldn't see. She knew right off something was the matter. She cared enough about me to notice."

"You went straight from our house to Mrs. Eccles's," Delia breathed heavily. "I thought that woman had been looking at me awfully queer. Well ——"

"You've forgotten," I said. "Mrs. Eccles was at Corinth that Sunday. I had to wait around with Boy till she got back. It was afterward — at the Country Club."

"The Country Club — oh, Foncie!" The very name of the place hit Delia below the belt. "Was — was it somebody who would be likely to repeat what you said?"

"No," I answered, with a little choke, "you needn't be afraid. She'll never tell on you. It was Eugenia Chandler."

"Gene — oh, goodness! I'd rather anyone else in the world —" Delia was beginning. Then with a great wave of relief: "But she's dead!"

"Yes," I said bitterly, "your dear friend, Eugenia Chandler, that you miss so, is dead — isn't it handy?"

"Well, there's no use being sarcastic. It's everybody for themselves in this old world. Anyhow, you've taken a weight off my mind. I thank you for that, just the same." She rummaged for her handkerchief in the little velvet bag at her wrist, and scrubbed her nose absently. "If nothing's been said in so many words — but of course it's been noticed that we're not friends any more. Mrs. Eccles must have suspected. She's a good deal of a talker in her way. Foncie, you could fix that — easy — just dropping a word here and there to show that there's perfectly good feeling between us all again."

"I wonder at you," I said, "asking me to go around fixing up a story to shield a man like Harvey Watkins! Do you think I kept still out of any consideration for him — or for you, either? Why, Delia, when we were quarreling, you were worse than he was!"

"I don't see how you can say that," Delia argued. "I've been for peace, always, and for everybody's best good. I've tried to think of — of something I could do, ever since the split. I'd have sent Jack a Christmas present — if I'd dared."

She waited, but I didn't see why I should help her out.

"Well," she said, like a person turning over distasteful things with a stick, "sometimes I almost wish I'd had children. I suppose I

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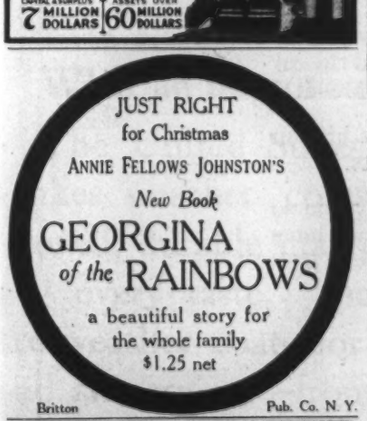

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might as well. Bringing a child into the world wouldn't have been so much harder than the operations I've gone through; and after all we've got the home to keep up. Things might have been different; perhaps it would have held Harve — but it's too late now." She looked at me dismally, saw how I fidgeted with my gloves, and wound up: "You're in a hurry, aren't you? I oughtn't to take up your time talking about my troubles."

I didn't contradict. I only reminded her, "You said you wanted to see me about something."

"Yes, it's about the banquet. I told them I didn't believe you'd *think* of going."

"Banquet?" I was glad to change the subject. "I've not been invited to any banquet."

"Oh, it isn't an invitation affair," she spoke slowly. "If you ask me, I think it ought to have been — but it isn't. Here in the Court next Saturday night — a dollar a plate. Anybody that's a mind to pay for their dinner can come. I told them that way they'd get a lot of folks they wouldn't want. I offered to see you."

"About what?" I asked.

"Listen, Foncie; it's this way: the Local Federation's giving it. Well, the entire Federation's behind it — State and all — but it's under the direct auspices of the Women's Civic League. Mrs. Judge Hoard will preside. There's to be speaking — a discussion. The idea is to have both sides get a fair hearing, as they couldn't in court."

"Both sides of what?"

"Oh, didn't I say? The riots — up at the Stanley place."

The Stanley place! I began to see light. She hurried on:

"Mrs. Stanley feels all this misrepresentation they've had in the newspapers more than he does; a woman would. She does certainly take it hard — wants to leave California — go to Honolulu — they've a lot of property down there in the Islands. But first, she wants them to have this chance to give their side of the case properly, before nice people. She's president of the State Federation. She planned the banquet with some of the most prominent club women we've got. The Stanleys will motor down and stop at the Richelieu. You see I'm on one of the committees, Callie, and so —— "

"See here," I stopped her, "are you asking me to come to this thing, or not?"

"Well — er —sort of not." Even Delia felt that this was pretty raw, for she faced me red and embarrassed.

I jumped up, and reached across for my gloves and parcel.

"So you're on the nice people's committee," I said. "And you undertook the job of seeing that I stayed away. That's what you brought me up here for. Well, you might have saved yourself the trouble."

I walked straight to the elevator. Delia had to stop and pay the check, but she caught up with me there, and stood waiting beside me.

"Foncie," there was that old trick of plucking at my jacket edge, "you won't hold spite against me for anything I've said? You wouldn't if you knew how miserable I am — and scared, for fear we'll lose our standing. If anybody so much as looks crossways at me, I think it's come. Days when I'm blue, I just imagine that everybody's talking already behind my back. I know then how Mrs. Stanley feels. I'd be glad to get out of San Vicente — Las Reudas, anyhow. But we've got that lovely house out there, and all."

"You make me tired," I said, looking sidewise at her. "I've been around with people lately that wouldn't believe you've got a trouble on earth, with your fine house, your good clothes, your money, and three square meals a day."

Next minute the elevator came, with someone to get off, and us getting on. I thought this would be the end of it. But Delia kept right with me to the store entrance.

"Good-by," I was beginning there, when she stopped me with, "Foncie, what did you mean — back at the table — by saying I might have spared myself the trouble — about the banquet, you know? Are you coming? Or did you mean that you won't?"

"Delia Watkins," I said, "you beat anything I ever saw. Suppose you wait and find out!" And I flounced away and left her.

[*To be concluded*]

Admirers of Callie Baird who have not already met Somebody in Porter Emerson Browne's new novel, "Someone and Somebody," should do so at once. The story begins on page 7 of this issue.

New Stomachs for Old

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around to-day with entirely remade stomachs. They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the foods we like best *correctly combined!*

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist who has successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

In a recent talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of various ailments through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble —but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition —all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After a few months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative, as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 1012, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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At this moment, as at every other period, although producing a large volume every day, Dodge Brothers are "losing business" by their policy of keeping production within the bounds of continuous betterment.

In that sense they have doubtless suffered a great loss in the past and will endure a great loss in the future.

But over against this great loss is an infinitely greater gain.

The people of the United States have implicit faith in the integrity of Dodge Brothers manufacturing methods.

One hundred thousand owners—or rather, one hundred thousand families—are of one mind concerning the car and the men who make it.

This business and its product are blessed with a friendship probably without parallel in the history of American manufacturing.

Fresh from the factory, or sold at second-hand, from one end of the nation to the other, the car has special value and a special reputation, because of the name it bears.

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Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

A Scotchman Started It

ON a dull, rainy day in Glasgow, many years ago, a Scotchman wearing an odd-looking cloak sauntered along in the drizzle

His good neighbors wondered what he could be about. Doubtless they thought him daft. Little did they know how much he was to add to the future comfort of the world. For this was the first practical test of Charles Macintosh's discovery that rubber could be fabricated.

Rainproof coats came into favor very slowly. Rubber was expensive, the wearing qualities of the rubberized fabrics of that day were poor, and the styles were hideous. The old caped "macintosh" soon grew brittle and leaked.

What an improvement today!

The United States Rubber Company makes weather coats of standard, well proved, durable materials, tailored to satisfy every taste. Among them are weather coats for all people and all services—from the lightweight garments that modish women wear to the heavy storm coats used for hard work —or play.

The making of thousands and thousands of weather coats is a great business by itself. But it is only one of the many activities of the United States Rubber Company, **the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.**

Included in the output of its 47 factories are also **all styles of rubber footwear, canvas rubber-soled shoes, tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other vehicles, druggists' rubber goods, insulated wire, soles and heels, belting, hose, packing, mechanical and moulded rubber goods of every description.**

To furnish this vast output the United States Rubber Company has built up an immense organization, based on a foundation laid 74 years ago. Some of its units are especially skilled and equipped for the production of one kind of rubber goods, some for another. But every unit in the United States Rubber System is guided and dominated by this fundamental policy: **the standard of quality must be maintained.**

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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